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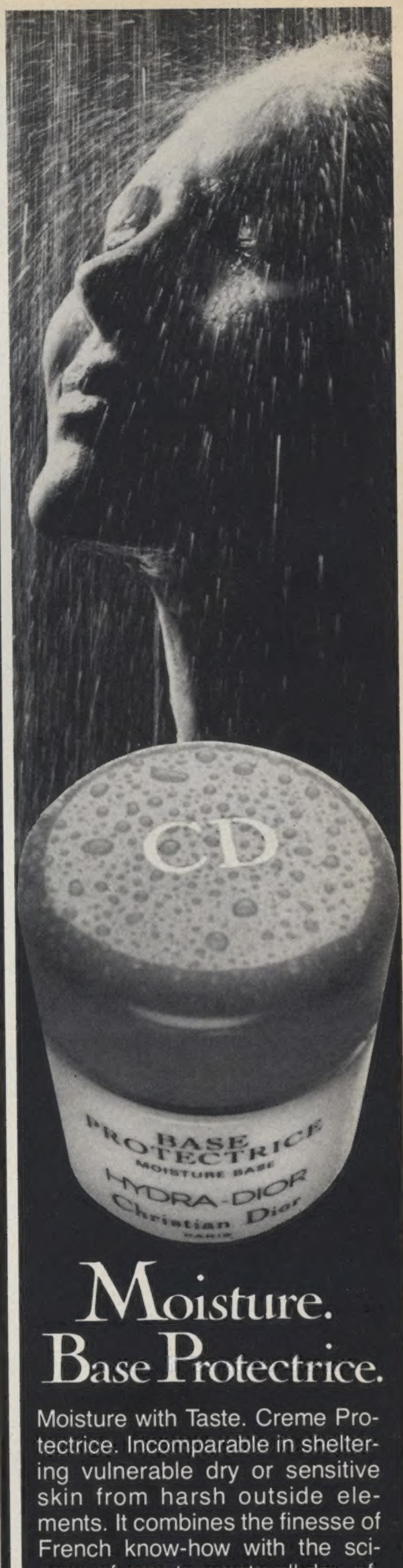
BEAUTY ON OUR COVER Jaclyn Smith, one of TV's Charlie's Angels (more about her on pages 258-261), and shining example of . . . American good looks—looks that start with healthy skin and makeup so clear and light that it just intensifies the natural glow. All Rick Gillette has used here from Halston's new collection of "clears"—Damson over Cocoa sheer color for lips, Greige and Buff sheer color for eyes. FASHION What goes with a vibrant, natural look—rich, beautiful color . . . Halston does it in fuchsia silk cloqué—short, fitted jacket with dolman sleeves, and narrow, straight-legged pants. Abraham silk. About $1,250. Halston Made To Order, Olympic Tower, NYC. Diamond/platinum earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Hair by Rick Gillette. Photograph, Richard Avedon.

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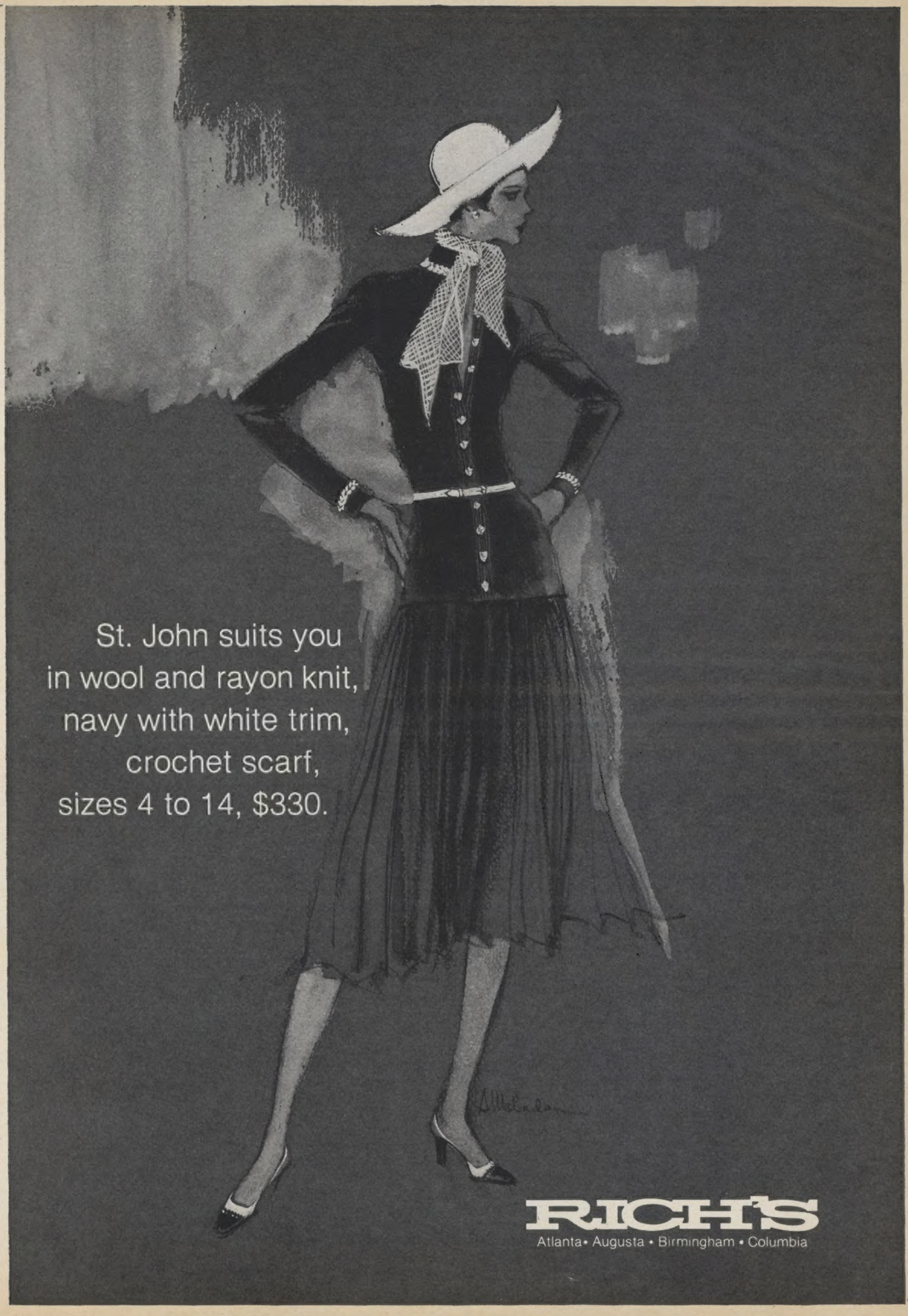


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Your Letters

Suntan vs. health

Re: "The Fitness Cult" by Francine du Plessix Gray, October 1978 issue: The issue of the beneficial or deleterious effects of rigorous exercise is far from being resolved, with much learned and vehement evidence mounting up on either side. The problem is further complicated by the fact that fitness has now become a religion, so that the passionate assertions of both the crusaders and the infidels begin to leave reason behind.

But the key question to pose in both camps is whether exercisers and non-exercisers alike are *health* conscious. One phrase in Miss Gray's entertaining article reveals the health I.Q. of fitness fiends at the Calabasas Ashram: the staff there were "chocolate-skinned blonds." Chocolate skin is beautiful when it is natural; it is not beautiful when it becomes leathery and cancerous. We assume that these were not Black women with bleached hair, but white women for whom the possible benefits of exercise are offset by the sure danger of soaking up ultraviolet rays.

And when will Vogue itself stop counterbalancing anti-sunbath health columns with pictorials featuring heavily bronzed amazons?

Allison Brennan
New York, NY

Cats as superpets

I wish to express my disappointment and frustration over the article, "Is Your Cat or Dog Acting Out Your Own Psychic Hangups?" in the October 1978 issue. Cats are pets as well as dogs, yet in this entire article, which I assumed would encompass information regarding all the usual household pets (i.e., cats and dogs), only one paragraph was devoted to the greatly ignored and much maligned feline species. Unfortunately, this is the rule and not the exception to most articles claiming to discuss "pets," with many articles not giving any mention at all to the beloved cat. Cats are as deserving of articles as the highly touted dog, and I, along with many of my feline-loving friends, would like to see more articles concerning their behavior.

The one saving grace of this article is that since it is about deviant behavior in pets, one can only assume the dog is malad-

(Continued on page 154)

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Blassport



Bill Blass as seen through the eyes of Scavullo

Travolta grows up—in a movie romance...where Disco gets its soul...devilish art...Shakespeare's TV takeover

MOVIES

By Rex Reed

Moment By Moment
Starring Lily Tomlin and John Travolta; written and directed by Jane Wagner
She's Trish, a bored Beverly Hills housewife who flees her land-developer husband's infidelities and hides out at the beach with a poodle and a survival kit from Gucci. He's Strip, a drifter without family, job, or roots; and he remembers her because he once put a dent in her Rolls while parking cars for one of her Malibu parties. Two souls, washed up on the beach like driftwood, getting tangled in each other's ids in the bleached-out sunny afternoons of California leisure. The rest is harmony, convertible rock, and melted Popsicles.

That's the premise behind *Moment By Moment*, which looks outwardly like another of those May-December infatuations between a rich housewife and a lonely street kid—the kind of script that movie executives' wives type out and send to New York publishers between shopping excursions on Rodeo Drive. But looks are skin deep; this star-crossed romance has been conceived by Jane Wagner—one of the brightest and most brittle of the screen's new writer-directors—and executed by the Lily Tomlin-John Travolta team, about whom much nonsense is written but from whom none is forthcoming.

There's more than flim-flam to the Travolta phenomenon, and this movie gives him the chance to grow up. Gone are the sub-mental mannerisms from *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*. What emerges is an endearing portrait of a colt turning into a Thoroughbred. One can even forgive Tomlin's monotoned exhaustion (she's supposed to be uptight, as contracted as a wire coil) when Travolta stares her down with target eyes deep and gentle as a swimming pool: "If you don't love me, forget it—I've had it with cheap sex!" and Lily, half-grinning, says: "I've never had cheap sex before—I was sort of looking forward to it."

What we have here is a standard cliché: but this unlikely duo get to know each other in ways adult, conventional couples never do. I, for one, ended up cheering the movie's decency and its sensitivity, while the glow of that Tomlin-Travolta charisma left me feeling like I'd just spent a week at the beach myself.

The Deer Hunter
Starring Robert De Niro; directed by Michael Cimino
A saga desperately in need of a pair of scissors, this ambitious, often shocking, sometimes deeply moving, but ultimately tedious spectacle about three buddies from a Polish mill town in Pennsylvania whose lives are wrecked by Vietnam is one of the year's most bewildering films. I was bored stiff by every character in it ten minutes after the opening credits. Three hours long, the film spends its first hour and one-half establishing unnecessary details. The boys and their comrades speak in grunts, burps, giggles, and graffiti bubbles, and director Michael Cimino doesn't know when to stop. The first half of *The Deer Hunter* does more to promote, authenticate, and legitimize the Polish joke than a coven of Vegas comics.



Robert De Niro (above, center) and cast of "The Deer Hunter": from wedding to war

Then, too, the film gets pretentious. After slaughtering animals to Gregorian chants, the fattest and stupidest of the town slobs sits down in a beer hall and plays a piano concerto. Suddenly, we are in the Vietnam jungle, where we are treated to endless scenes of human massacre, cruelty, and horror. The effect of such a radical life-change on American kids, who entered the war as dopily as they would a Flash Gordon movie, makes the second half of *The Deer Hunter* riveting, heady stuff.

There is no denying the impact of the film, but it should've been twice as harrowing in half the time. Robert De Niro, John Savage, and the usually catatonic Christopher Walken are compelling figures in the tarot of soldiering; and Meryl Streep is genuinely moving as the girl back home who waits. The film is nevertheless a maddening exercise in self-indulgent eccentricity.

ART

By David Bourdon

Mark Rothko, 1903-1970: A Retrospective
The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston; February 10–April 1
Sublime. That word has become almost trite since critics began applying it to certain types of Abstract Expressionist painting. Yet, to any spectator who stands entranced before a luminous abstraction by Mark Rothko, the word is singularly apt. Rothko could evoke the creation of the world simply by situating a couple of horizontal slabs of color within an atmospheric field. His nearly magical fusion of color and light provide some glorious spectacles.

This beautiful exhibition—the most comprehensive Rothko show ever assembled—confirms his stature not only as a pioneer color abstractionist but as one of the greatest artists of his time. Containing approximately one hundred and fifty paintings and works on paper, the show meticulously charts Rothko's career, from his beginnings as a figurative artist in the 1920s to the somber, black-and-grey abstractions that he produced just before his suicide in 1970.

Like many of the Abstract Expressionists, Rothko struggled to achieve an imagery that was new and original, even though it was inescapably rooted in traditional landscape. Many of Rothko's Surrealist compositions of the 1940s are horizontally banded to suggest beach, ocean, and sky. Gradually, the line drawings disappear and the horizontal bands begin to take over. In the transitional paintings of 1947-49, the amorphous color patches are jammed together like a fuzzy mosaic. Then they coalesce into fewer but larger shapes, asymmetrically positioned. By the end of 1949, Rothko arrived at his "classic" image: the stacked, cloud-like forms that appear to float elusively on a field of contrasting color. He varied the format from painting to painting and constantly experimented with color to evoke a wide range of moods, from absolute serenity and ecstatic joy to crushing melancholy.

Brilliantly organized by Diane Waldman for New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum of Art, this exhibition travels to Minneapolis and Los Angeles.

(What's News, continued on page 34)

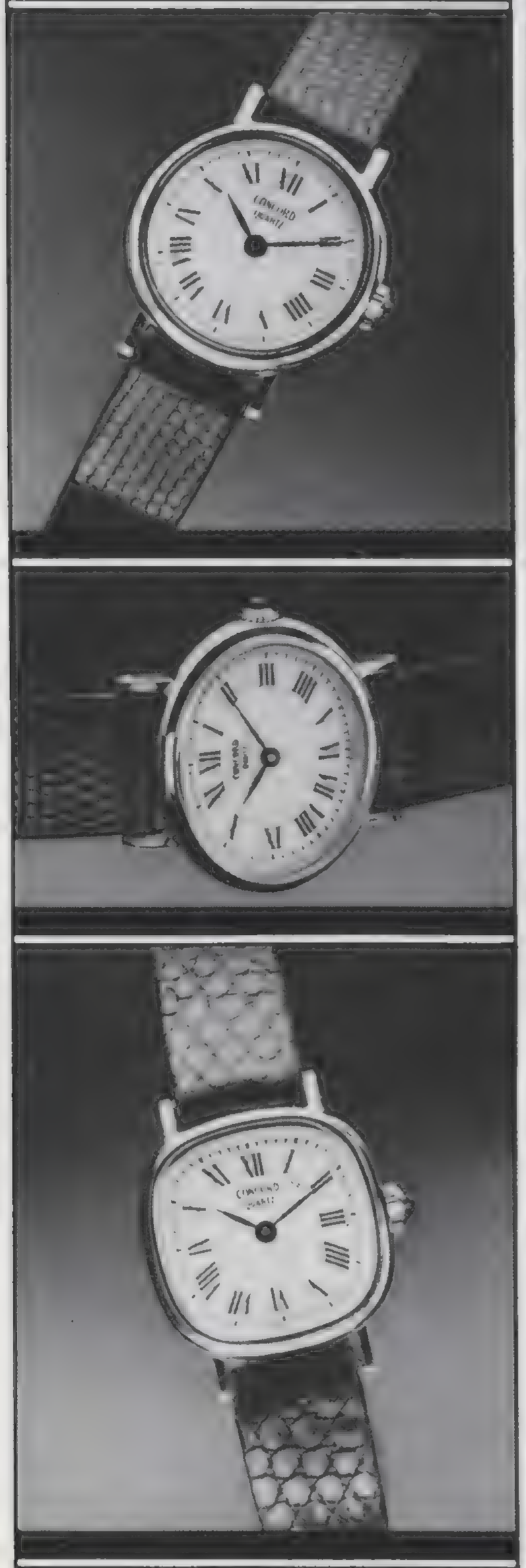
This "classic" Rothko composition, below, is a luminous example of the master's art



Adele Simpson hits another high note.



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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Jackie Winsor
The Museum of Modern Art, New York; through March 6
Minimalism, that major style of the 1960s, continues to be a vital influence on many younger artists. Jackie Winsor, one of the more gifted artists to emerge in this decade, is a latter-day Minimalist with a rustic touch. She favors elementary, universal forms—like spheres and cubes—but then questions their universality by giving them quirky, individualistic treatment. Her materials are as plain as can be: rope, cement, bricks, slabs of rock, and, occasionally, tree trunks. However, the juxtaposition of materials is often startling. For instance: Winsor's "Bound Square" consists of four tree trunks, fastened together at the ends to form an open, six-foot square that leans against the wall; the corners are heavily wrapped with hemp twine, suggesting fat balls of yarn. It is a rational form, all right, but it is hardly the product of conventional logic.

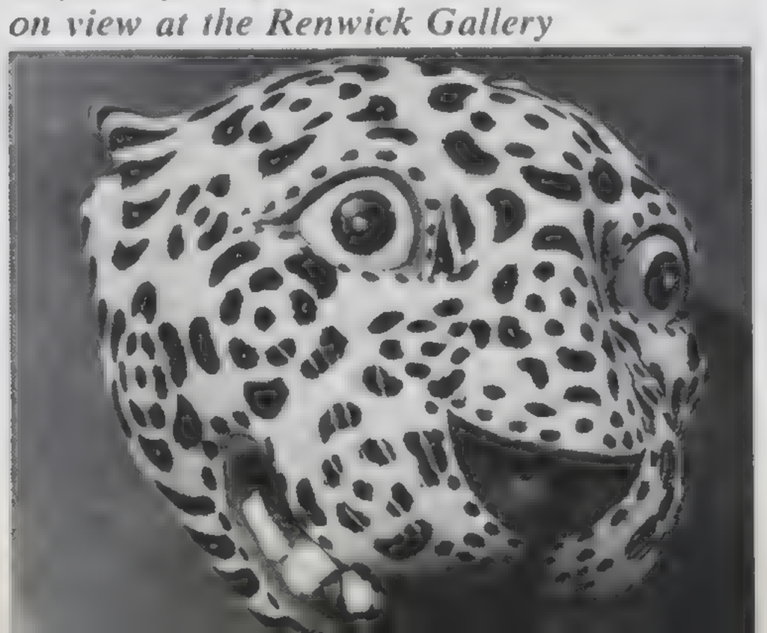
Winsor's other, always enigmatic works include a concrete hemisphere, embedded with rows of bricks, and a cluster of thirty-six upright sticks (in a six-by-six grid), each wrapped at midsection with balls of copper wire. Unlike the austere and impersonal sculpture of many Minimalists (whose work was often fabricated by factory workers), Winsor's pieces are handcrafted with seeming obsessiveness. Process remains an important constituent of her sculpture.

Winsor is an intriguing artist whose work merits a larger audience. MOMA, by the way, deserves a word of praise, since this is the first time in years it has given major exposure to a younger artist not yet certified by history. The show travels to museums in Ontario and Forth Worth.

MORE ART:

Mexican Masks: Fanciers of folk art will have a devilishly good time at this spirited exhibition of nearly seventy-five masks, initially made for dancers and mimes engaged in traditional Mexican festivities. The ingeniously crafted masks—all contemporary—were acquired by the Mexican government and given to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC, where they are currently on display (through February 19) at the Renwick Gallery. Devils, skulls, and animals predominate. A horned, fiendishly whiskered leather mask from Capultitlán and a carved-wood mask of a skull from Ocumicho, both symbolizing evil, were intended to be worn during Holy Week. Other masks were meant for carnival time or to insure a good harvest.

A fiercely original Mexican mask, below, on view at the Renwick Gallery



BOOKS

By Allene Talmey

The Body in Question
By Jonathan Miller (Random House)
With a critical, salty style and a wit drier than a Martini, Jonathan Miller—the British M.D. who, in the 'sixties, clowned himself into fame on two continents in the revue *Beyond the Fringe*—has written a serious, bountifully illustrated history of the human body. Miller writes about the blood, the heart, the nervous system, and other important systems—plus political events, social patterns, and technical inventions. It's a broad spectrum; for, as Miller points out, the body is "the medium of experience and the instrument of action."

A smart doctor, explains Miller, can find out much from the "pantomime" of a complaint—the way a patient signals pain, for example, by an expressive gesture of the hand. Complaints of heart, kidney, and liver disease never cause pain in these organs; however, they do cause pain in associated areas (the pantomime). For instance: ". . . the pain of coronary heart-disease . . . is felt across the front of the chest . . . and often in the neck and jaw. . . ."

In this book, Miller shows how medicine has made enormous, unprecedented strides in the last twenty-five years. In the process, he has given us a cogent, non-bewildering, extravagantly worded experience.

SS-GB: Nazi-Occupied Britain 1941
By Len Deighton (Alfred A. Knopf)
This is Len Deighton's (*Bomber, The Ipcress File*) best mystery. Serenely, the book opens: "Himmler's got the King locked up in the Tower of London. . . . But now the German Generals say the army should guard him." The place: Scotland Yard. The date: November, 1941. Nazi Germany has conquered Great Britain; the German SS now controls the English police force. There are even secret concentration camps in England. Suddenly, quietly, a top Nazi officer comes to Britain to investigate a mysterious murder—a murder which could have consequences even more deadly than the Black Death of 1348.

The details of the plot are wrapped in a Deighton enigma involving little-known, deadly effects about radiation and the atomic bomb. Even America is deeply enmeshed in the political and scientific web, of which the unsolved murder is a crucial thread.

Deighton is a fresh, daring writer. This book, with its terrifying—and fascinating—vision of Nazi-occupied Britain in 1941, is detective fiction at its imaginative best.

Stravinsky in Pictures and Documents
By Vera Stravinsky and Robert Craft (Simon and Schuster)
He was a tiny, elfin man, a genius whose dogged "habit of self-criticism" (together with his intense egotism) made his music as various and unpredictable as its composer: Igor Fyodorovich Stravinsky. Robert Craft, Stravinsky's long-time musicologist friend, and Vera Stravinsky, the composer's

(What's News, continued on page 38)



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Swiss Performing Extract.
Its amazing capabilities can help
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Fact: Swiss Performing Extract is more than a moisturizer. It is a super nourishing lotion blended in the U.S.A. with natural ingredients including soluble protein: a substance plentiful in young skin.

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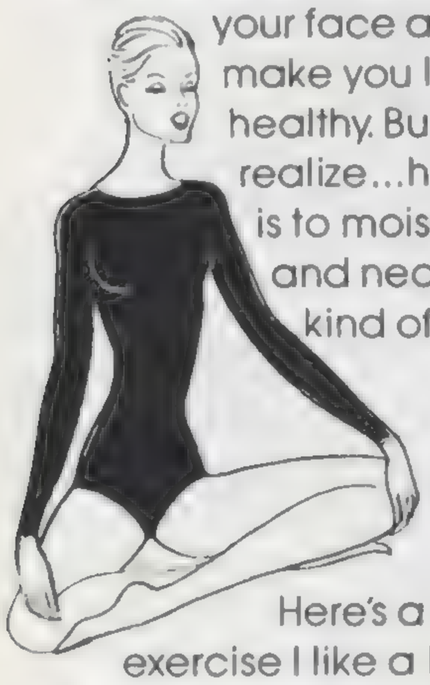
Swiss Performing Extract.
Because makeup and moisturizers can't do it all.

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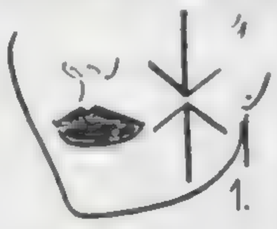


The Denney® Beauty Line

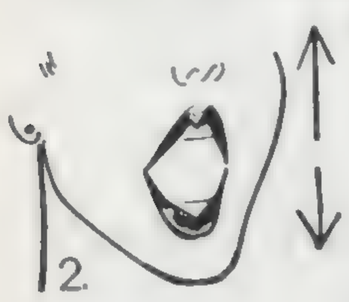
You know what exercise does to trim your face and body...and make you look and feel healthy. But you may not realize...how important it is to moisturize your face and neck... *before* any kind of facial exercise.



Here's a face-firming exercise I like a lot...but before I begin, I use our new Moisture Care lotion.



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It takes about 1 minute, and you'll do a good thing for your skin as well as your facial contours. Moisture Care works on the surface *and* on what we call the *sub*-complexion... penetrates the outer layers of your skin, fights dryness and helps maintain skin elasticity. It also contains a sunscreen.



Susan Payson Finz

Creative Director

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

widow, have illustrated the ample text with sketches, portraits, photographs, letters, even manuscripts in Stravinsky's own hand. We see the world in which Stravinsky moved: a world where genius—embodied by such artists as Picasso, Diaghilev, Gide, Debussy—was commonplace; a world in which Stravinsky, nevertheless, was always a focal point.

From his own words, and from his friends' memories of him, we see Stravinsky's perfectionism; his passion for clear terms, sharpness, precision; his icy wit, dandyism, and charm. "Beneath Stravinsky's intellect," writes Craft, "lurks an athlete, all muscle and bone, and the man is a constant reminder of one's own indolence."

Vera Stravinsky—actress, painter, Stravinsky's companion for fifty years (they married in 1940)—offers us, with her memorabilia, her unique perceptions of this quixotic man. When asked if living with a genius is difficult, she has replied, "Why should it be?" This book is a portrait, not only of a great talent but of a highly original romance.—C.M.

RECORDINGS

By David Sargent

Disco—with its pulsing insistence of beat and its rigid, simplistic formulas—has become a new orthodoxy in late 1970s popular music. Certainly, it's not the only style; and certainly, even within disco, it's possible to make different kinds of music. But, for Black artists in particular, it's become increasingly difficult to make an up-tempo hit without coming to terms with disco in some way or another.

Two recent albums help to illustrate the problems—both for older Black singers struggling to come to terms with disco, and for younger Black singers who achieve success as disco stars and then try to transcend the genre's limitations.

Al Green reached the apex of his commercial career in the early 1970s. His musical format, honed by producer Willie Mitchell, was a tight, slick extension of 1960s Soul music styles—essentially an urbanized, secularized variant of gospel and rural blues. But what distinguished Green's disks was the plaintive sound of his high tenor, his teasing, insinuating way of phrasing.

But then things started to go downhill for Green. Mitchell's production began to sound repetitive. Green's own eccentricities grew obtrusive. His stage shows wandered distractedly. He kept interrupting his career for religion; even now, he has his own thriving church in Memphis.

Green's worst problem, musically, was that disco made his style sound dated. Now, he's taken to producing himself. On his first such effort, *The Belle Album*, and on his new *Truth n' Time*, he comes to terms with the present in a way that pays heed to disco without denying his own style. Both these records are intense, individual statements. They haven't yet (as of this writing) found large-scale commercial acceptance. But they've won critics' praises and indicate that Green's back on the track again.

What makes these two Green records successful—their fusion of disco formulas and vocalistic individuality—is both the secret of Donna Summer's success and the reason she needs to grow still further. Her *Live and More* double album has not only been her top seller so far: it represents the most all-encompassing attempt she's made to date to prove herself as a stylist in both disco and pre-disco repertory.

With the help of producers Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte, Summer has successfully developed a way of singing to project an enormous, sensual personality working *with* the disco beat that seems to deaden and depersonalize so many other singers. But on the second side of this set she assays such non-disco tunes as "The Man I Love" and "The Way We Were," and the results are less sure. Coming to prominence as a disco singer, Summer hasn't yet developed the musicality that would make her versions of such songs distinctive or interesting. But she has a strong voice and demonstrable performing personality; so perhaps the rest will come in time.

MORE RECORDINGS:

The Art of Eduard van Beinum; eight-disk memorial album (Philips). A fine tribute to an underrated and misunderstood conductor, this album covers sixteen composers, from J.S. Bach to Stravinsky, in performances that are always sensible and musical and often surprisingly passionate.

(What's News, continued on page 40)

WHERE TO EAT NOW

The Algonquin hotel

People go to Manhattan's Algonquin hotel for one basic reason: to be part of its legend—to consort with prides of literary lions and galaxies of international stage and screen stars. Celebrities are to be observed at their feeding, from breakfast (the best oatmeal in town—thick, richly creamy) through after-theater supper. Lunching is high time here: Special Fish Salad Bowl which adroitly mixes lobster, crab meat, tuna fish, anchovies, cheese, hardboiled eggs. For dessert: Coconut Layer Cake whose essential smooth sweetness is sharply cut by superb lemon filling. These are to be had in my favorite Algonquin dining room, The Rose Room (*right*)—a plushy red, white, cut crystal-embellished high-ceilinged chamber that looks as if it had been designed for *The Duchess of Duke Street.*

—Leo Lerman



Jade Albert

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Then skin gets dry. Shows feathery lines. Mostly because it's losing something important: its supply of soluble collagen.

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No other cream we know of does more than Sub-Skin Cream to attack the reasons for fine, dry lines. Used regularly, it improves the look of skin freshness and facial fitness.

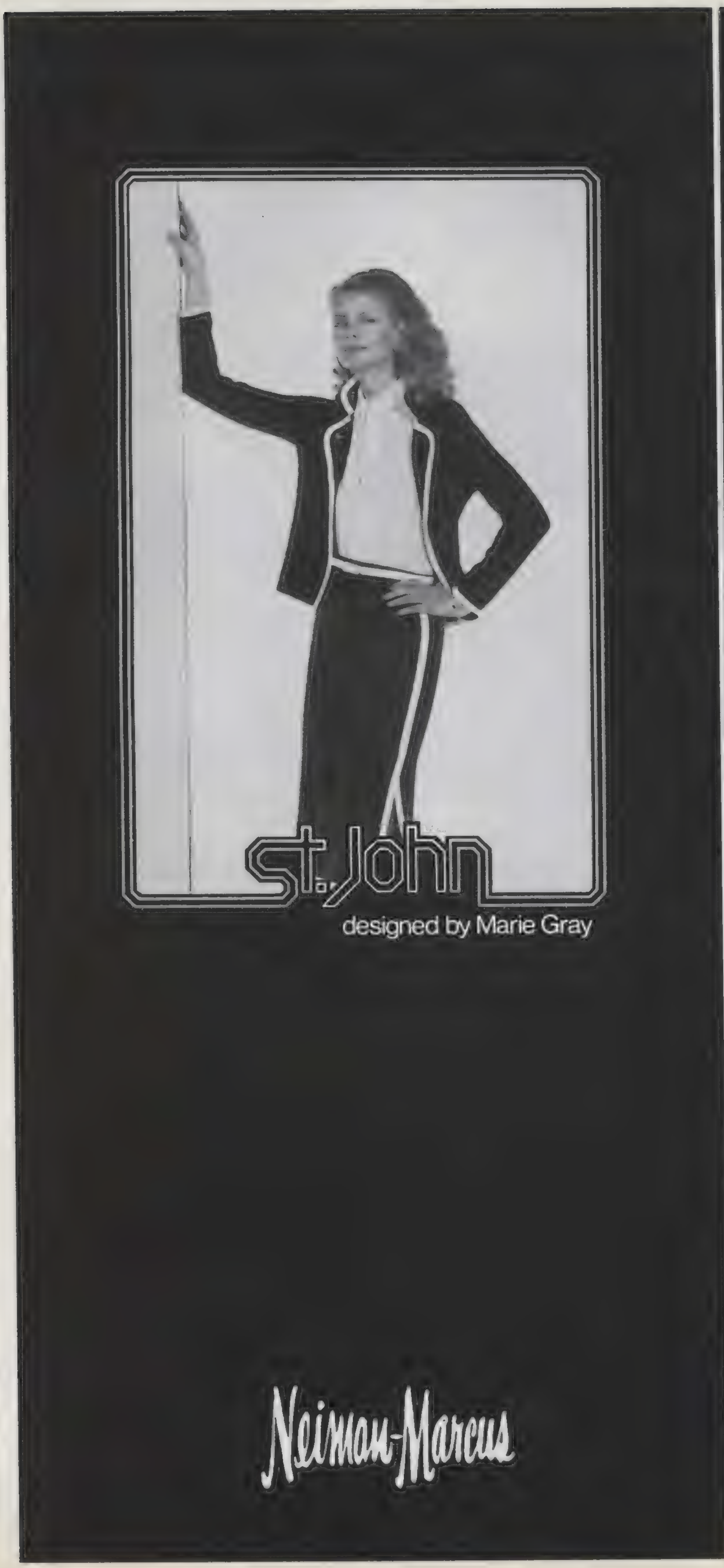
Sub-Skin Cream is not for every skin—only those that truly need it. To learn if it's right for you, consult the Clinique Computer wherever Clinique is sold.

Sub-Skin Cream helps support needy skin. It's a good cause.



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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

SPORTS

By Kay Gilman

Ice hockey's dashing hero

Ice skating, made glamorous by such incomparably graceful superheroes as John Curry and Toller Cranston, is a worldwide passion these days. This elegant sport's alter ego: ice hockey, a game of blinding speed and bone-crushing body contact—and, possibly, the most rough-and-tumble of all team sports. In Canada, hockey, at both the amateur and professional levels, is nothing less than a religion; its most skillful practitioners are national idols incarnate, with a white-hot recognition factor that eclipses politicians and movie stars. The best known man in contemporary Canada is probably *not* Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau or fiery Quebec Premier René Lévesque but a dashingly handsome twenty-seven-year-old hockey player: Guy Lafleur, forward and leading point scorer for the world champion Montreal Canadiens.

Lafleur, slender for his profession at six feet, 175 pounds, began tearing up the ice as a toddler in Thurso, Quebec. Like most Canadian youths who have the natural talent to immerse themselves seriously in hockey, he left his home and parents at age thirteen to join a junior hockey team in Quebec City. There, he gained instant adulation as the highest scoring player in the history of the Quebec junior leagues.

Drafted first by the Canadiens when he turned twenty, the shy Lafleur struggled to fit in with the high-powered Montreal team in the National Hockey League and to live up to wildly inflated expectations. His first three years were only moderate successes; the fourth season he exploded, surpassing the fifty-goal mark for four years in a row and leading the Canadiens to three consecutive Stanley Cup victories.

On the ice, Lafleur weaves fanciful plays, combining slashing moves with the classic puck-handler's skills that leave his opponents open-mouthed in awe. Off skates, he is a poetic young man who, until recently, bordered on being an introvert. These days, there are Guy Lafleur colognes and bath oils—sold in puck-shaped bottles—plus Guy Lafleur hockey sticks and skates; and Guy emotes easily on radio and television, as well as on the requisite banquet circuit. His overwhelming popularity with the volatile fans of his native country prevents him both from appearing in public places and from spending appreciable amounts of time with his wife, Lise, and three-year-old son, Martin; but Guy Lafleur is a superstar *sans regret*.

"I really love my family," he said recently, "but first of all comes my hockey career. I'm on the road for one hundred days a year, but I like the life—I wouldn't change it for anything."

(What's News, continued on page 44)

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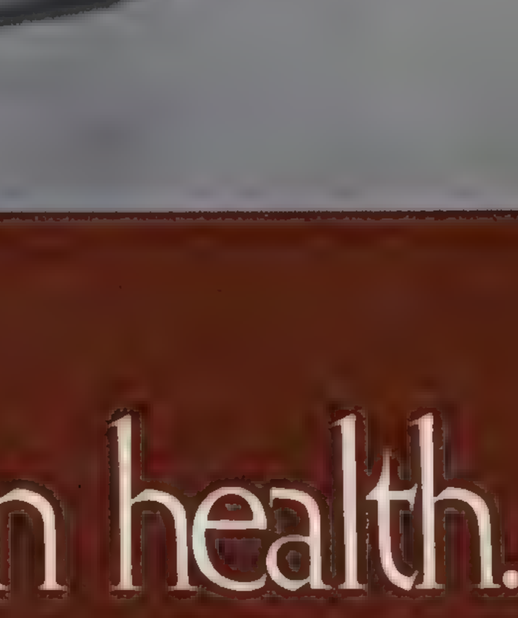
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Lasting benefits—so effective you maintain the improved condition of your skin even if you miss a day.

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Skin protectant—soothes and aids dry, chapped, peeling or scaling skin due to sunburn, windburn, scrapes and abrasions.

A scientific advancement for all of your skin. For your face, as part of this unique treatment series, there is Moist Environment Night Treatment with moisturizers that penetrate at least 35 cell layers deep to plump and texturize your skin.

For your eyes, Moist Environment Eye Cream, a high performing product for an area that needs very special attention.

Now you can have soft, supple, smooth, healthy skin all over



Moist Environment Treatment Series.

For your body, your face, your eyes, by Charles of the Ritz

Because you'd rather be yourself than anyone else.

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

TV

By Diane English

Shakespeare: a storm of controversy

In 1979, the TV industry may still be under the powerful influence of its Fred Silvermans and its Norman Lears; but, this year, it is William Shakespeare who is making us take a hard look at the state of American television drama.

One year ago this month, John Jay Iselin, president of public television station WNET/Thirteen, came before the assembled press at The Players Club in New York City and said, "It is my honor and pleasure to announce the great Anglo-American alliance of the twentieth century. It will bring the entire dramatic works of William Shakespeare to the television screen through a six-year collaboration of the British Broadcasting Corporation and public television in this country." What had seemed a momentous and exciting announcement almost immediately evolved into a storm of controversy that has steadily gained momentum until this month when *Julius Caesar*, the first in the thirty-six play series, premieres. At the root of it all is the fact that although American dollars will be utilized by the BBC in the production of *The Shakespeare Plays* series, American talent will not.

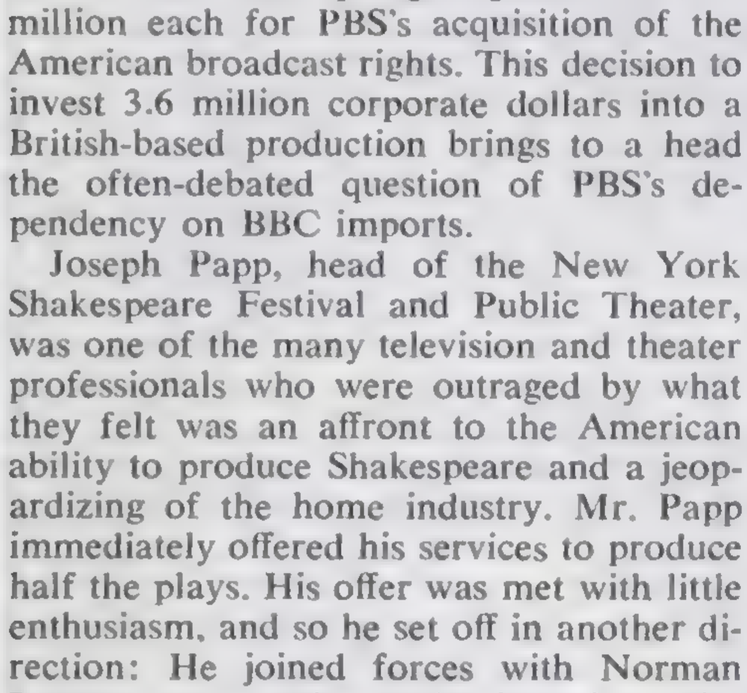
Three American firms—Exxon Corporation, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York—have pledged grants of $1.2 million each for PBS's acquisition of the American broadcast rights. This decision to invest 3.6 million corporate dollars into a British-based production brings to a head the often-debated question of PBS's dependency on BBC imports.

Joseph Papp, head of the New York Shakespeare Festival and Public Theater, was one of the many television and theater professionals who were outraged by what they felt was an affront to the American ability to produce Shakespeare and a jeopardizing of the home industry. Mr. Papp immediately offered his services to produce half the plays. His offer was met with little enthusiasm, and so he set off in another direction: He joined forces with Norman Lear to propose the production of a series of weekly plays for commercial television. "NBC turned us down because they felt it was too risky a commitment for a network in third place," said Lear. "ABC didn't want to jeopardize its first place position, and CBS clearly wasn't interested." Papp and Lear were forced to abandon the project. "As long as the 'Be Number One' syndrome continues to exist at the networks," said Lear, "our audiences will not have the chance to acquire the taste for good television drama."

The debate has become a favorite topic among actors here who call the project everything from "unconscionable" to "a travesty." But Jac Venza, director of performance programs at WNET/Thirteen and executive producer of PBS's *Great Performances* series, has a different point of view: "The British were going to do the series anyway, with us or without us. The real issue was whether PBS should acquire the broadcast rights to these plays. And frankly, for the relatively small amount of money it took, I think that to deny our audiences this experience would be an irresponsible programming decision."

And so, on February 14 at 8:00 P.M., ET, we will see the first of this year's six plays, *Julius Caesar*, followed by *As You Like It* (February 28), *Romeo and Juliet* (March 14), *Richard II* (March 28), *Measure for Measure* (April 11), and *Henry VIII* (April 25). The plays will be broadcast at the rate of six per year for six years, and will feature the *crème de la crème* of the British acting world—including Derek Jacobi (of *I, Claudius* fame), Wendy Hiller, Angharad Rees, Sir John Gielgud, Helen Mirren, and Claire Bloom. "I predict," said Iselin, "that 1979 will mark a Shakespearean renaissance . . . and everyone has a front row seat."

Shakespeare's "As You Like It," below, will air, amid debate, on PBS



COLLECTING

By Judith Goldman

Art Nouveau prices—still spiraling

Art Nouveau prices keep rising. Convinced that the interest in Tiffany lamps, Beardsley drawings, MacKintosh chairs was only a fad, people waited for prices to drop. But the taste that looked decadent in the 1950s and hip in the '60s wasn't a passing fancy. Acknowledged as art, Art Nouveau objects—particularly Tiffany glass—bring higher and higher prices.

Before nostalgia became popular, hanging Tiffany lamps were easy to find in junk shops at low prices. Considered camp, they gave old-fashioned pubs a "with-it" look. At auction, those lamps now bring five-figure prices. Last November at a Sotheby Parke Bernet sale in New York, a rare favrile glass and gilt-bronze red-turtleback tile chandelier with a presale estimate of $10,000 to $15,000 sold for $26,000. The same sale set a record total for an Art Nouveau and Art Deco auction of $969,060.

At Christie's December Art Nouveau sale, the object that showed how far Tiffany prices have really come was the unique Gould peacock lamp by Tiffany. Made on commission for Charles Winthrop Gould, a relative of robber baron Jay Gould, the lamp was sold by the Tiffany Foundation in



Art Nouveau elegance, above, in a silver tea and coffee service, circa 1900

1946 for $225. Christie's presale estimate was $35,000 to $45,000; the lamp sold for a total of $77,000.

Some dealers worry that too much Art Nouveau has come on the market, that prices will fall. But it seems unlikely. The sensuous line of Art Nouveau, which wraps around itself to create forms, has a narcissistic aura in keeping with these times.

Christie's New York isn't worried. Their February 17 sale includes one of the finest collections of Tiffany lamps ever to be sold at auction. The highlight of the collection is a highly important Spiderweb lamp, estimated at $60,000 to $75,000.

If you love Art Nouveau but can't afford Tiffany, look at art pottery by Rookwood and Moorcroft, bronze sculptures, and silver tea services. They're all still good buys.

TAXES

By Julian Block

When to double check with the IRS

Before you mail any check to the Internal Revenue Service, make sure to write the following on it: the reason for the payment, plus the form number and year of the return for which the check is being sent—for instance, the balance due on Form 1040 for 1978—and your Social Security number or your employer identification number.

Also, IRS asks that you use separate checks and note the necessary information on each one when you pay two different taxes at once—say, past-due income taxes and interest for an earlier year and an estimated tax payment for this year. Doing that will make it much easier for the IRS to identify and credit you with the payment if the check becomes separated from the correspondence or return.

Overlooking this simple step may confuse the computers and require otherwise avoidable correspondence. Even worse, such an oversight may cause those relentless computers to charge you erroneously with a penalty for failing to make a timely payment—and with interest to boot.

Your tax tab could double if you merely make the check payable to "IRS" instead of "Internal Revenue Service" and it winds up in the wrong hands. That "IRS" can easily be altered to "MRS" followed by a name or by combining the initials "I.R." with a last name: for instance, "I.R.Smith." Some obliging taxpayers even send checks without filling in the payee line. ▽

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Confirmed: Majority of 100's smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT 100's.

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
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Face it. The reason you use all those creams and spend all that time is in an attempt to have a younger looking skin. Progrès Creme de Lancôme was developed to do just that. To bring a new freshness, vitality, an "alive" look to your skin. The moment you use it, today and tomorrow. On the surface and below. Its unique formula keeps your skin moist and supple, as it works with your natural skin rhythms to help your skin breathe more effectively. But promises alone won't give you younger looking skin.
Progrès Creme de Lancôme will.

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Between Us

How to make a fresh start...learning for earning...women "man" the doors

By Lorraine Davis

GOOD BEGINNINGS

"All the forces of the personality gather in adolescence, ripe to burst into glorious, naturally successive future accomplishment. It's an aberration within our society that most of this energy is squandered. There's more genius left dormant than ever comes to fruition, and most of it gets knocked off in adolescence. Adolescence is a survival trip. Many of us are sunk by the time it's over."

This insight comes from Helen Yglesias, who did not sink, in what may be the most riveting part of her book *Starting: Early, Anew, Over, and Late* (Rawson, Wade), an "autobiographical fragment" that lets us witness her anguished destruction of her own first novel, written when she was sixteen, because of its belittlement by an older brother. This talented woman did not again write and finally publish her novel until she was fifty-four; and her book takes us through her years as a wife/mother, her demeaning job hunts (she finally had to lie about her lack of college education), her eventual luck through the mediation of her husband's friend, and her final breakthrough to her writer's vocation.

Still not confident enough to tell just her own story, Ms. Yglesias gives us the stories of seventeen other individuals of both sexes and of two couples, all of them making starts of one kind or another at various stages of their lives. These tales, ranging from her own son's precocious success as a novelist at seventeen to Alberta Hunter's comeback as a singer at eighty-two, tell us more about "self-realization" than all the self-help books combined. Which is exactly what they were meant to do.

MORE DOORS OPEN

Doorwomen—that's the latest job neologism now in use at The Halloran House, newly restored and the first major New York hotel where there are two women "manning" the door, a bell staff of six women and four men, and a woman manager.

General manager Mary Diem said the terms *bellhops* and *bartenders* remain unchanged. Women in all three of these jobs, she said, will learn how the hotel industry works, get invaluable experience from direct contact with the guests, can shoot for management careers.

In her own career, Mary Diem began with the Hilton chain; she was manager of the Café Rouge in the California Statler Hilton at age twenty-one, then opened Oscar's at New York's Waldorf Astoria, where she became employment director. While in that role for Sonesta Hotels Corporation, Ms. Diem also founded her own executive-search firm; she then became director of corporate personnel for National Hotel Management Corporation, developers of The Halloran House, where she now heads operations.

FOR FLYING FEMALES

Boarding an early-morning shuttle flight from New York to Boston or Washington, a lone businesswoman may suddenly feel, sandwiched between grey flannel and pinstripes, that all the rest of the airplane-riding public is male; some airlines' advertising gives that impression, too. Eastern Airlines, however, with an eye to increasing female flyership, publishes a handy mini-magazine called "Eastern's Businesswoman," with news of interest to women whether on the go or not, mailed three times a year to about one hundred thousand women who travel frequently. Write Eastern Airlines, Businesswoman, P.O. Box 530, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019.

YOU ON THE TV TUBE

Want a videotape of the birth of your baby . . . child's birthday party . . . family reunion? Two New York women with multimedia skills, Judy Drosd and Leslie Teicholz, have formed a partnership called VideoView (135 Sullivan Street, New York, NY 10012), also servicing businesses, institutions, museums, et al., with videotapes of conferences, lectures, openings, as well as making training tapes and presentations of all kinds. What's more these women produce films, slide shows, sound tapes.

Apparently, there's no end to the uses these two women can find for a video camera; latest offerings are videotapings of artworks or other property inventories for insurance purposes and of performances by actors, dancers, and singers for showcases and auditions. No glaring lights, they say; "the intimacy of the occasion is always respected."

IS THERE A PLAY IN YOUR FUTURE?

Under the directorship of Julia Miles, associate director of The American Place Theatre, a Women's Project there for the development of women playwrights and directors has gotten underway with a grant of $80,000 from The Ford Foundation. After a series of twenty rehearsed readings of plays by women playwrights, four plays will be done in studio productions this spring. Ms. Miles's group has been reading plays by women from all over America, welcoming scripts of any length or subject, but will stop accepting manuscripts at the end of this month in order to ready the studio productions. Among the plays already read, many of them dealing with women's problems, she cited Sophy Burnham's reworking of the Penelope legend in which the faithful wife becomes a woman of property while on her own, reluctant about divvying up with Odysseus when he comes home.

NEW NAME FOR NON

After seven years of working to change the perception of parenthood from an obligation to an option and trying to gain social acceptance for those who choose not to have children, the former National Organization for Non-Parents has changed its name to National Alliance for Optional Parenthood, is helping people to decide whether or when they really want to be parents (one of life's irreversible decisions) with an Optional Parenthood Questionnaire.

WHEN BANKERS ARE WOMEN...

Women can turn out to be definite assets to a financial employer. Barclays Bank of New York acquired all-female staffs in seven of its Westchester County branches by filling existing vacancies with well-qualified people who just happened to be women, according to its president John Whicker. Results? Increased business in all seven branches, which their women managers attribute, in large part, to increased lending to women with their own businesses and to increased referrals of new women depositors by satisfied women customers. Another plus: decreased personnel turnover and absenteeism, said to come from the raising of female-employee morale by the newly obvious chances for upward mobility.

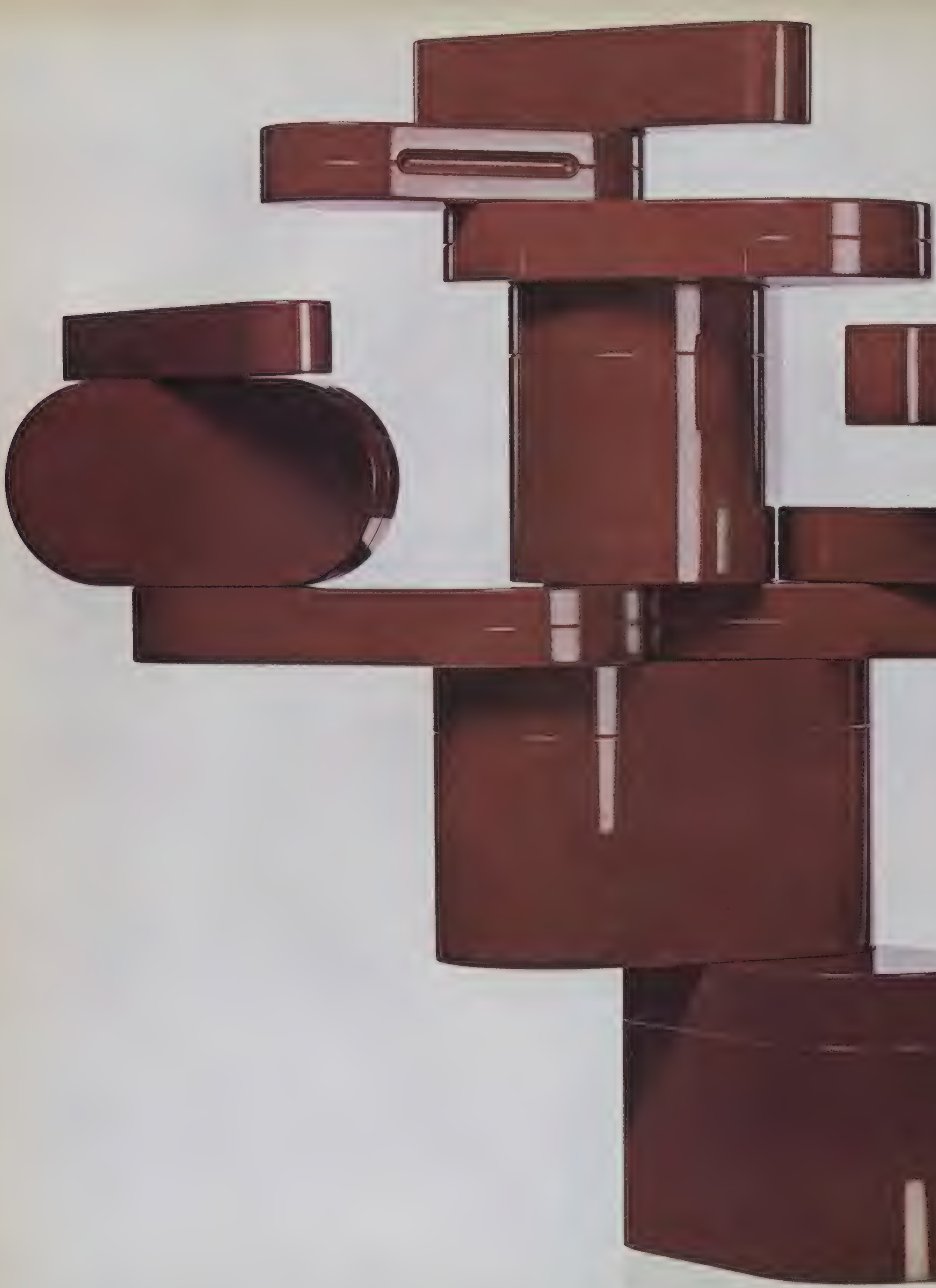
SURVIVAL SKILLS: EDUCATING OURSELVES

To help women twenty-five to fifty-five prepare for better jobs, the Business and Professional Women's Foundation gives Career Advancement Scholarships, money to be used not just for tuition but for child care, etc. Selections are made twice yearly; total funding now over $1 million, from thirty corporations, foundations, and BPW members. Write: Business and Professional Women's Foundation, 2012 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, DC 20036.

Writing a grant proposal that will melt collective committee hearts is a survival skill for any woman who must depend on foundation largess to support her educational project. The U.S. Office of Education again will fund tuition-free proposal-writing workshops this spring in twenty states, at locations to be decided this month. Write Women's Educational Equity Proposal Development Project, Far West Laboratory, 1855 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

Calvin Klein

photographed by Irving Penn

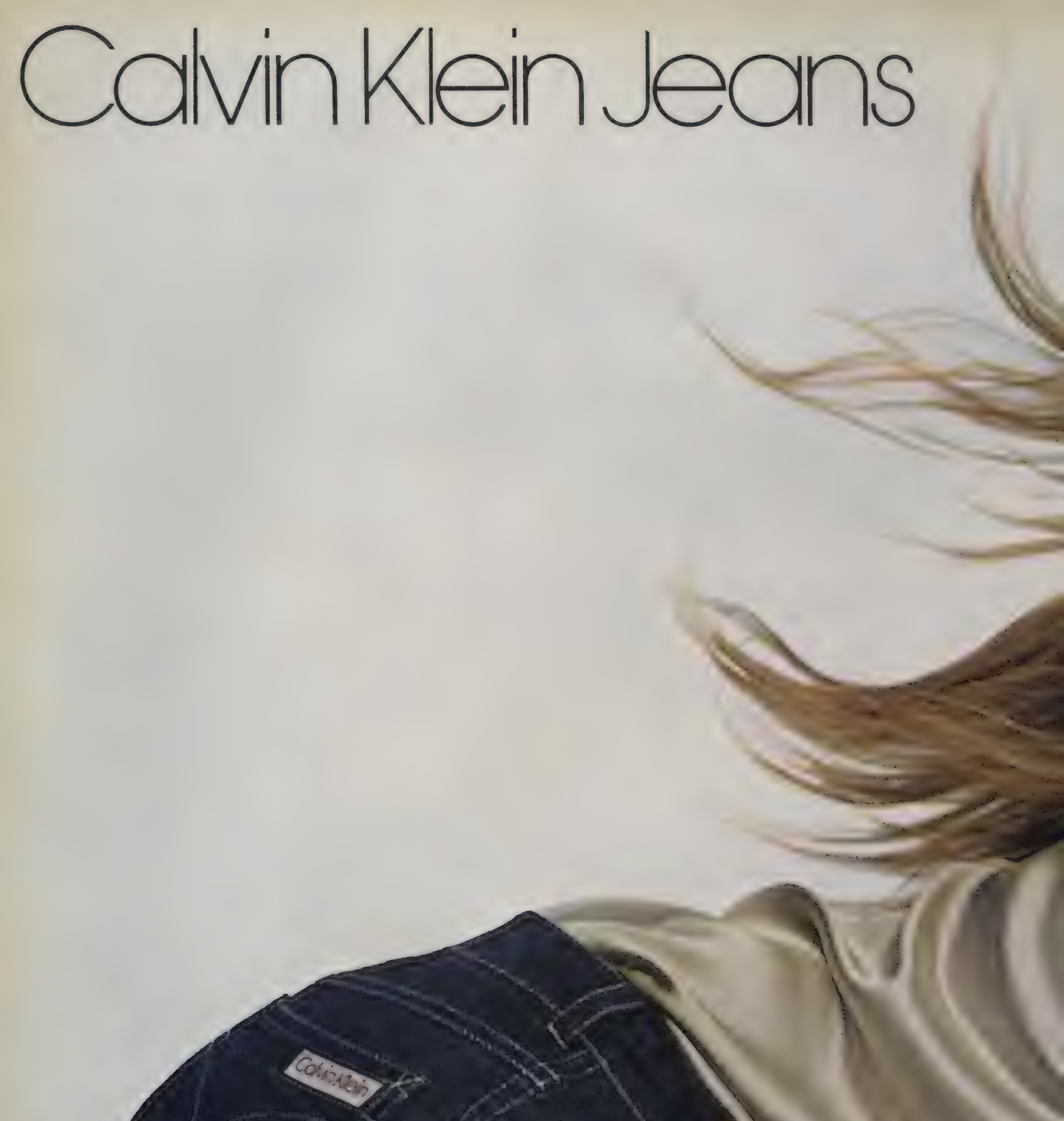




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Summer gardening starts now

It's time for plant planning, indoors or out

By Sara Baerwald

It may seem far away for many of us in northern areas, but spring is really just around the corner. It's time to prepare for our summer gardens.

If this is the first year you have decided to grow more than a pot of coleus, then you must start making decisions now. How will the garden be contained? For the city dweller, there are many things in which vegetables, flowers, and even trees will grow.

Window boxes: Inexpensive boxes can be had at variety stores or garden shops in several sizes. Before planting, be sure the box is well secured to the sill. When planning your window-box garden, remember to consider the size limitation. Many dwarf or miniature vegetables will fit. Small Fry or Cherry tomatoes will thrive on a sunny window as will all of the leaf lettuces—Black-seeded Simpson and Salad Bowl are tasty lettuce varieties to try. Herbs such as basil, thyme, and chives are also easy to grow. Begonias, mint, and lavender will do well in northern window boxes. If you like, you could match the flower color outside to the room color inside. You might even paint the window box to blend in.

Tubs and planter boxes: For those with terraces, rooftops, and small yards, larger containers provide more gardening space and variety: tubs, redwood boxes, fiber-glass planters, terra-cotta pots, used whiskey barrels, fruit crates, and almost anything that will hold soil and let water drain through.

For your kitchen garden, try Gemini slicing cucumbers and Big Boy tomatoes, Sparkler radishes, Burpee's Black Beauty eggplant and Golden zucchini in containers.

If your space is large enough, try planting a dwarf fruit tree for a harvest of pears, apples, or peaches next summer. If you are very ambitious and want an entire garden environment, think about consulting and/or hiring a professional landscape designer. If you are a novice, get ideas about what you can grow and how to do it from seed and garden catalogues. Examples:
Vegetables, annual flowers, fruit trees: W. Atlee Burpee Company, Riverside, CA 92502; George W. Park Seed Company, Greenwood, SC 29647; Gurney Seed & Nursery Company, Yankton, SD 57078.
Perennials and ornamental trees: Wayside Gardens, Hodges, SC 29695. Catalogue $1. White Flower Farm, Litchfield, CT 06759. Catalogue $5. Redeemable on purchases over $20.
Wildflowers: Gardens of the Blue Ridge, Box 10, Pineola, NC 28662. Catalogue $1.
Herbs and gourmet foods: Le Jardin du Gourmet, West Danville, VT 05873.

Early flowers, indoors: For those with sunny spots indoors, marigolds are terrific bloomers. Plant seeds now; by the end of May, orange and yellow flowers will be on their way to brightening your home. The compact dwarf or French type is well suited for indoor container culture.

To germinate your marigolds, fill a four-inch clay pot with sterilized soil; evenly distribute about twelve seeds. Cover lightly with soil and water well. Label each pot with seed variety. Keep the soil moist in a warm spot with bright light.

In a few weeks, your tiny marigold seedlings should be about two inches tall. Being careful not to disturb the fine feeder roots, gently remove the seedlings. Place two each in other four-inch pots, arranging them so that the soil line remains at the same level. Tamp the soil lightly, water, and give the plants some verbal encouragement.

Feed these little plants every two weeks with a general-purpose house-plant food, diluted to half the recommended dosage. By the time spring comes and the marigolds are in bloom, you may want to put the plants outside in a window box, where they will thrive but need more frequent waterings.

If you find marigolds' fragrance overpowering, remember, it is the foliage that releases the scent, only when it is handled.

If your windows do not get direct sunlight all day, your conditions are probably better for raising impatiens. Impatiens come in a variety of colors; purple, pink, white, red, orange, and combinations of these. Given plenty of water and fertilizer, impatiens will bloom until autumn.

Follow the instructions for germination above. After about three weeks, the shoots will appear; just keep the soil moist.

Forcing blossoms: As early as two months before the normal flowering of some shrubs, branches can be cut for indoor forced blooms. The most successful are forsythia, flowering quince, dogwood, pussy willow.

When the outdoor temperature is above freezing, gently cut branches at least two feet long. Be thoughtful in your pruning so as not to destroy the form and shape of the shrub. Wrapping the boughs in damp newspaper, place the stems in a deep bucket of water at room temperature. Keep the boughs damp in a cool place. After about two weeks, the buds will begin to swell and then slowly the flowers will emerge.

Tips for warm-climate gardeners: Those who live in areas where the danger of frost is over by mid-February can begin planting outdoors now.

- Early varieties of celery, leek, spinach, and radish can be planted when the day temperature is around 60 to 65 degrees.
- Window boxes can be set out now with ageratum, petunias, and sweet william.
- Plant roses now in Florida, Southern Texas, and the milder parts of California. Be sure to use lots of humus or compost.

Remember, if the weatherperson forecasts an unseasonal frost, the newly planted vegetables and flowers should be covered at night. Newspapers or plastic bags are sufficient. Remove the covering in the morning to let the sun warm the plants. ▽



People in fashion are talking about... what's coming

The shoe boom...wear a Porsche... new looks—under everything ...fall forecast: "feel good"

More and more, fashion is getting like pop music or cans of Coke: across-the-world currency or global entertainment that everyone, anywhere, can understand. Some sort of international body language—coming out of New York, Milan, or Abidjan, Ivory Coast.

This year, the U.S. fashion industry is flocking eastward: to Japan (Calvin Klein, Kasper, Stephen Burrows are now selling there) and to China. Six hundred Americans—many of them textile and apparel people—trekked off, this fall, to the Canton trade fair; U.S. clothes manufacturers have signed pacts with the People's Republic.

Today, textile traffic between the U.S. and the mainland Chinese is a two-way, 300-million-dollar business (the People's Republic shops here for raw cotton, synthetic fibers, acrylics). Now, the Chinese say they want to be a major industrial power by the year 2000. Will their fashions woo the West?

"If this spring is 'look-at-me' time—bright colors, sheer fabrics—next fall could be 'touch me'"

The saga of women's underwear, over the past ten years, reads something like *War and Peace*: new chapter upon chapter upon chapter. We've gone from stages of major construction to liberated wear-it-and-bare-it to foxy lady to, this season, a kind of functional femininity: Lingerie with a Purpose—and some new twists on classic, multi-use pieces to accommodate this spring's narrower, body-baring clothes.

For slit skirts, there's a wealth of slips—slashed at the side, in front, or tulip-wrapped—and the return of the very short chemise. For narrowness: refined, bias-cut, tailored-to-the-body slips and camisoles; light-control bodysuits and body stockings. Briefs have returned—to eliminate bikini lines. Straplessness brings back the underwire bra and a new Lily of France strapless body stocking. Sheer tops have evolved new underfabrics (Lycra, with a bit of glitter for bras and body stockings); a raft of body tones; bits of bright; and, everywhere, soft, feminine edgings.

As a first layer—or only layer—for running, disco-ing, or just dashing to the store, the bodysuit reigns.

Occasional complaints about aching arches and death-wish heel heights evidently haven't hurt the women's shoe industry: it's booming. Women are taking to the new, pretty looks and some are buying five or six pairs at a clip. Shops are reporting individual yearly expenditures of thousands of dollars; young working women are often the big spenders. They're collecting shoes as though they were pantyhose and are willing to invest a week's salary on a single pair of shoes. Says a Charles Jourdan spokeswoman: "More and more, people are thinking 'shoes' first."

Athletes are training, coaches are coaching, and the people at Levi Strauss are worrying about what they'll all be wearing.

That's the state of things at the start of '79, the Year of the Sheep, as we head toward 1980, the Year of the Olympics, when the Olympic Winter Games will be held at Lake Placid, New York, and the Summer Games at Moscow. For both competitions—and for the Pan-American games—Levi Strauss is designing the official uniforms of the U.S. teams: warm-up suits, travel and leisure clothes, parade costumes. (Competitive clothing for the athletes—swim trunks and ski parkas—comes from a host of different U.S. sports manufacturers.)

In 1976, the Olympics went to Seventh Avenue and Halston designed the U.S. teams' uniforms for Montgomery Ward; but, for next year, Levi Strauss is ready to stand on the power of its own very American name.

If this spring is "look-at-me" time—bright colors, sheer fabrics, body-baring clothes—next fall could be "touch me": The earliest reports on fall talk up the softest, most luxurious outerwear textures in cashmere, llama, camel's hair, bouclés, chenille, soft lightweight worsteds. At night, there are opulent-to-the-eye (and touch) brocades and tapestry weaves, soft fine-gauge jerseys, appliqués, glitter, embossing, embroidery. Rich, "feel-good" fabrics . . . at a price.

Adorning an environment—not just a body: that's the idea that immediately comes to mind when you walk through the new gift store, beauty-of-a-home-accessory boutique, latest venture of jewelry designer/manufacturer Kenneth Jay Lane. On Manhattan's Upper East Side, the Kenneth Jay Lane shop stocks specially made china, glassware, Floris potpourri, Rigaud perfumed candles—and no Lane jewelry; and, says Lane, is the result of his infatuation with hunting out attractive objects . . . and, like everyone else, total inability to pass up a great object/buy when he sees one.

If you have racing-car taste but a moped pocketbook, there's good news these days from Salzburg, Austria, and the Porsche Design studio there. Independent—but a relative—of the famous German car company, Porsche Design was established, a few years ago, by grandsons of Professor Ferdinand Porsche—engineer, designer, driver, and originator, in the 'forties, of the first Porsche sports car and, in the 'thirties, of the People's Car: a cheap, serviceable German auto that eventually took life as the Volkswagen Beetle.

Porsche's grandsons obviously have much the same design ideals as did their famous ancestor: to mix economy and clean lines in good-looking products where form's integral with function. Some designs are fashion-related—a sleek leather or suède woman's driving shoe, molded sunglasses, wristwatch, wallet, belt; others are as worlds-apart as a racing bike, a child's automobile safety seat. The studio may initiate only one model of a particular item—i.e., the perfect shoe; the Porsche design is then produced by only one manufacturer in Europe. Distribution in the U.S., right now, is limited but gearing up.

And Porsche Design does make a moped.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN



Parfums Van Cleef & Arpels Paris

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Skin shock

A doctor talks about skin care when you travel from one climate to another



Q If you're living in a winter climate and heading south for some sun, what should you be most aware of in caring for your skin?

A According to Paul Lazar, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology at Northwestern University Medical School: In the natural sequence of events, one goes through a relatively gradual seasonal transition, which allows the body to prepare itself for the differences in temperature and humidity. With the advent of fast transportation, however, winter-adjusted skin can be plummeted into a summer environment. Almost instantly, the skin has to adjust to this sudden change—and may not be able to do so adequately. For example, you may not be able to perspire as much as you need to at first, or shed skin cells fast enough—two physiological changes that are stepped up in hot weather. Dysfunctions in either area could lead to prickly heat or rashes, particularly under the arms or breasts, or around the groin—where skin rubs against itself. One note: Most people think of skin scaling as dry skin, which it usually is not. They make the mistake of applying lots of heavy cream or oil instead of a specific treatment or a lightweight product in an attempt to combat the scaling and lubricate the skin.

Q Can you spell out exactly what is best when going from hot to cold?

A I suggest using a *lightweight* moisturizer rather than a heavy one—and using it more often if you have to. Put it on in the evening, too, when it's cooler and you're not sweating as much as you would during the day. If you play sports outdoors, keep a damp towel around to wipe off perspiration periodically. This will cut down on skin irritation. Remember, however, that as you wipe off perspiration, you're also wiping off sunscreen; so reapply your sunscreen often.

Q Are there any things you can do beforehand to protect your skin when you are going from cold weather to hot?

A If you can, acclimate your skin by using a sunlamp *very carefully* for two or three weeks before flying south. I suggest going under the sunlamp just long enough to get a blush—a good base. I also tell patients, whenever they go in the sun, not to use any protection for the first five or ten minutes, then to put on a good sunscreen or block. Never take too much sun the first day or two. And don't forget that sunscreens come off—in the water and accidentally when you wipe your skin. If you're on any kind of medication, it's essential to check with your doctor. Some medications, such as birth-control pills, diuretics, and tetracycline, are photo-sensitizing.

Q What if you live in a warm climate, such as Houston, and travel north to ski, say, in Vail?

A In this case, you have to be careful of skin dryness and winter itch, which can be prevented in two ways. One is the frequency with which you shower or bathe. The other is how often you lubricate your skin. Both frequent cleansing and hot water tend to dry out your skin. If you ski (or do any exercise), you may find that you're showering more often—and then jumping into a hot whirlpool right afterward to soothe tired muscles. To help prevent dryness, lubricate your skin *every* night, after *every* bath or shower—and always while skin is still damp. Use a good sunscreen outdoors, too, because you need sun protection in cold climates as well as hot ones. If you don't already, start using a lip balm and moisturizer well before you head to a cold climate—so you get into the habit and use both regularly.

Nature takes us gradually through each season's temperature changes. But there is a significant shock to your skin if you go from a cold to a hot climate (or vice versa) in a few hours.

Three terrific ideas, all great ways of helping your skin to make the smoothest transition between hot and cold weather. . . . In whatever direction you're headed, have on hand a really good *lightweight* moisturizer or oil—such as Neutrogena Sesame Seed Body Oil. It is absorbed fast, leaves skin soft, glowing. . . . Head first to a spa for the best entry level into a different climate. If you happen to be going to Palm Beach, a week at La Coquille By The Sea should be your first stop. Write: P.O. Box 2528, Palm Beach, FL 33480. . . . There's no excuse for Colorado-bound skiers not to visit skin expert Ilona of Hungary, who's conveniently located in Denver, en route to either Aspen or Vail. Not only do you get great skin caring but all of Ilona's wonderful treats, such as Hydrating Night Cream and Honey-Lecithin Mask—which are also great to take back home. Write: 3201 E. Second Ave., Denver, CO 80206.



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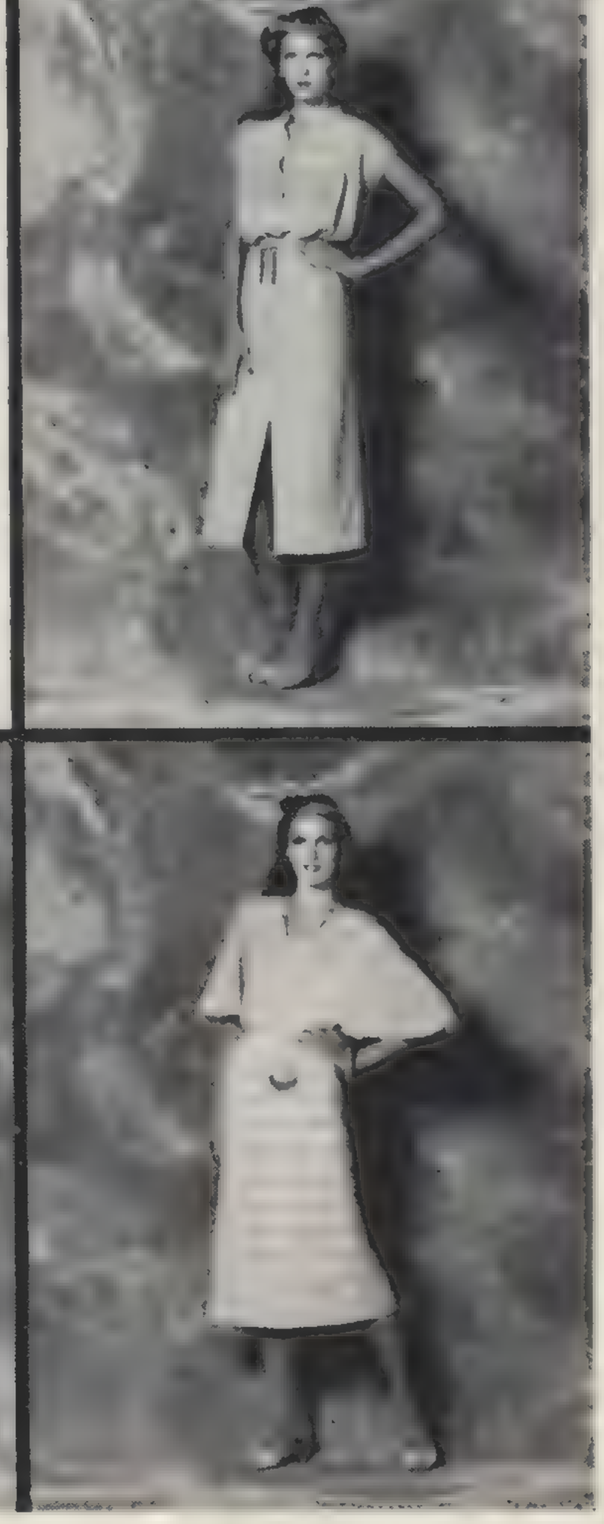
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FABRIC BY
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IDEACOMO

Are you either too hot or too cold?—clues to your inner "thermostat"

Whether you prefer snowy alpine slopes to warm southern sands may depend on your metabolism

By Barbara Lang Stern

"I'm cold." "Put on a sweater!"

If you recognize these comments, maybe you've wondered why you're sometimes warm or cold when the person right next to you, in the same circumstances, feels the opposite. And what makes some people *like* it hot, while others would prefer to feel cooler?

Your internal body temperature, of course, remains very close to 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. A change of even one degree is usually noticeable and can make you quite uncomfortable. But a variety of physical and emotional factors can cause people to react differently to the same external temperature.

Although an oral temperature of 98.6° is considered the average norm, healthy individuals may have slightly higher or lower temperatures that are entirely normal for *them*. So, if your personal norm happens to be 98.2°, your body will have relatively less work to do in cold weather because you won't need to stay as warm as the 98.6° individual. But, in hot weather, you'll have to do relatively more cooling off. You may feel "cold" less quickly and "hot" more rapidly than those around you.

Your basic heat is generated in the metabolism by cells of nutrients—that is, by all the processes or chemical changes involved in growth, cell reproduction, tissue repair, or energy production. All other things being equal, if you have a high rate of metabolism, you tend to burn up your food quickly and produce more heat, so you're apt to feel and stay warmer than someone with a lower metabolism. Of course, all other things are seldom equal, and they will affect your metabolism. For example, if you're hungry, sick (but not feverish), tired, or depressed, your metabolic rate may temporarily drop, and you probably feel uncustomarily chilly. Your metabolism also slows down when you sleep, so you compensate with a blanket. When you exercise or become excited, your metabolism and heat production accelerate.

Understanding a little about how humans maintain their stable temperature can often give you clues about your personal reactions to heat or cold. In response to cold, nerve impulses automatically cause your skin capillaries to constrict. Less blood flows near the surface of the skin and less heat is lost through radiation. Your sweat glands become inactive, so less heat is lost by evaporation. And your muscles, which produce the greatest amount of heat, become more active. You tend to move around more when it's cold than when it's hot. Even if you're not exercising, your muscles automatically contract in the cold, which you notice as shivering.

This automatic process reverses itself in response to heat. The skin capillaries dilate, allowing more blood to flow closer to the skin's surface, and (assuming the temperature outside isn't hotter than you are!) heat is lost through radiation to the cooler air. The sweat glands secrete perspiration, which facilitates cooling by its evaporation; and your muscles tend to relax and therefore produce less heat.

Almost everything about your physical fitness and your personality is apt to affect these self-regulating mechanisms. For instance, if you're high-strung and tend to move around in lots of little ways as you sit reading, you produce more heat than someone who sits absolutely still.

Age also plays an important part.

"The older person is less able to adapt to temperature changes— or changes of any kind," says Samuel Vaisrub, M.D. "Advancing age brings a slowing of metabolism

"When you become excited, heat production goes up"

and of reflex responses. There's less ability to increase heat production, and often less ability to sense the cold." Writing editorially in *The Journal of the American Medical Association,* Dr. Vaisrub pointed out that accidental chilling is more common and more lethal in the elderly, who may be found nearly dead in a room with a temperature that would be well-tolerated by a younger person. ". . . The old need a warmer environment and . . . current recommendations for maximal room temperatures do not allow for this need. If there is a conflict of interests between energy conservation and preservation of life, the resolution is not in doubt."

While we understand many of the physical reasons for different reactions to the same temperature, why is it that, if forced to choose, some people would prefer being too warm while others would rather feel a bit chilly?

One possibility is that we associate coldness with distress because of many everyday experiences. How do you respond when you feel threatened? If you're a "vascular responder" (most people are), it means that your blood pressure rises and your *hands turn cold* as blood is diverted from

(Continued on page 110)

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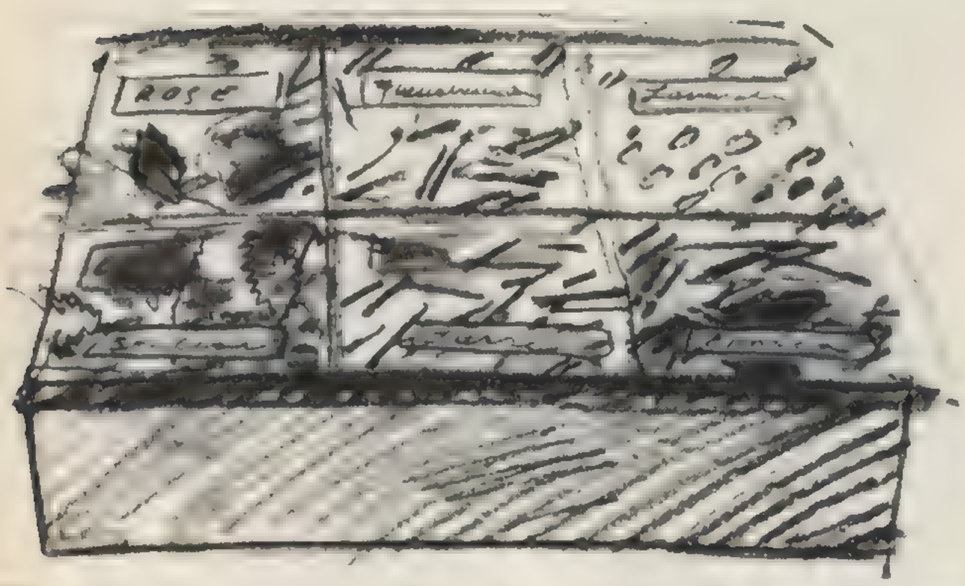
Beauty Now

At every turn in London now, there's a charming new (or very old!) scent boutique. Penhaligon's is both. This lovely fresh take on an Edwardian gentlemen's shop still blends the same fragrances at 41 Wellington St. . . . Just opened on Fulham Road, L'Herbier de Provence, where you can get rose water or orange-blossom water to rinse your face with—as well as foaming Provençal bath oils and soap scented with the flowers of Grasse. . . . Floris, 89 Jermyn St., is almost synonymous with fragrances based on a single flower. One of the prettiest, Stephanotis. To dab on before you go to bed! Available here at Cambridge Chemists, 702 Madison Ave., NYC.



Fragrance *Scent shops*

Paris fragrance. The newest perfume bar: Lady PEPS, 54 rue St. Denis. It carries almost every scent—for men/women. At L'Artisan Parfumeur, 84 bis rue de Grenelle. Jean Laporte makes his own fragrances, all natural ingredients. As well as bath oils, sachets, soaps. . . . Everyone goes to Diptyque, 34 Blvd. Saint Germain, for perfumed candles —in what amounts to a bouquet of glorious scents!



The little crate of potpourri, *above*, is one of the delights of the tiny scent shop at Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57 St., NYC. To order, $16.50 ppd. . . . More delights at Scentsitivity, run by Ann Pellegrino and Grace Fowler, 39 E. 65 St. Find soaps, essential oils, almond-scented Rich Nourishing Massage Cream by Maureen Hurley of London.



New scents, unexpected sources: Isadora is here from France in a beautiful crystal bottle—or a fragrant jewel, *left*, $55 ppd., Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Ave., NYC 10028. . . . Faubourg Saint-Honoré is the name of a jasmine/gardenia-steeped French fragrance that has just arrived here. . . . At his boutiques (NYC and California), a rum/leather-laced Ted Lapidus Pour Homme. . . . You'll find Tatiana in a Natural Spray Perfume, as well as tiny sachets to go in your pocketbook. Diane Von Furstenberg, 681 Madison Ave., NYC.

***Above:* Anne Klein for Hattie Carnegie stud earrings. Black-and-"gold" jeweled ceramic necklace from Terrafirma; store information, next to last pages.**

(Advertisement)

"I feel with my line of work, it's more likely for me to look older."



■ Because of Mary Ray's profession, the fear that she could look much older much too soon is very real. Mary trains polo ponies and is constantly out of doors combating the sun and the wind.

"I'm always out in the weather so I have to do something." Something for Mary means taking care of herself now so she won't look older than she really is. So Mary schedules in an hour of beauty every day when she comes in from the track. "I take a bath and wash my hair and I always soak. I always have bath oil. And I always put Oil of Olay on."

Mary feels Oil of Olay is very important because it eases away the dryness caused by tough weather. She particularly likes the fact that "it sinks in so well and goes on smoothly." She also mixes it with her make-up to get a smoother finish.

For Mary, this hour of beauty ritual is critical. "Because it makes me feel more like a woman." After working all day with horses, it enables her to emerge "fresher, more feminine." And she feels that how she takes care of herself now is what's going to be important ten years from now.

BEAUTY TIPS

1 Take time out for a beauty bath. Pour bath oil into your tub, generously apply Oil of Olay® beauty lotion to your face and neck and lie back. Let the tropical oil and precious emollients in Oil of Olay sink into your skin, to bring out your own natural radiance. You'll feel refreshed and your skin will feel soft and smooth.

2 After a day in the sun, your skin really needs Oil of Olay. Wash away perspiration and grime with a mild soap or cleanser then smooth on Oil of Olay. It eases dryness, disappears completely into your skin. And leaves no trace of greasiness.



"I feel with my line of work,
it's more likely for me to look older."
–Mary Ray
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woodland strawberries from Europe



a charming edging plant
for the perennial border,
luscious berries, too...
from June until frost.

Clumps of cool green leaves, white blossoms, and red berries grace these lovely plants all summer long. They grow to eight inches and a foot wide — and do not send out bothersome runners. Propagating instructions are sent with the order. Divide these large field-grown plants when received, then again the following spring. You will then have 100 plants or more from the first dozen, yielding ample servings of this great European delicacy every week.

Because of their luscious flavor, woodland strawberries were first cultivated in the gardens of the Louvre in 1360 by Charles V — and we named our strain for him. Order 'Charles V' now and we will ship it in time for spring planting. These are large field-grown plants. Orders postmarked after June 1 will be shipped in early fall. One dozen 'Charles V' $15.00; please add $1.50 per dozen for delivery to Gulf States, $2.50 west of the Mississippi. This is a fruit — no Connecticut Sales Tax.

Or order a dozen 'Catherine the Great,' our new Russian variety. Its plants are slightly larger than Charles, the berries bigger and pointed — with the most concentrated strawberry flavor we have ever tasted. Per dozen $20.00, plus above prepaid delivery charges. — Amos Pettingill

Spring and Fall editions of *The Garden Book*, our catalogues, which tell more about how-to-garden than the 1200 plants listed; plus three issues of NOTES, an invaluable reminder publication, are offered for $5.00 (deductible from first order of $20.00). It's our Gardening Publications Service and is sent at no charge to active customers. — A.P.

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His looks —

What has he picked up from you?



Moisturizer? Shampoo?
Deodorant? Orange stick?

Sometimes, it's fairly obvious. He walks into the bathroom while you are brushing your teeth, opens the medicine cabinet, reaches for your orange stick, and is out the door before you can say a word—your mouth is still full of toothpaste. Sometimes, it's less direct: you see great "paw marks" in your Dorothy Gray Hand Cream jar . . . you find your Blistex in the pocket of his jacket you are sending to the cleaners . . . your Johnson's Baby Shampoo turns up in his bathroom for the third time. That's stealing! You tell him so. He just laughs.



One man we know volunteered that he helps himself to his wife's Moon Drops. His skin, incidentally, looks great. . . . A product men are very fond of making off with (in their luggage, especially) is Pacquin Hand Cream—don't ask us why. And another marital bathroom A.M. favorite is Doak's Formula 405—they make inroads on either the Lotion or Cream. Not *too* choosy, it seems!

● If he doesn't think twice about lifting your shampoo, what is to stop him from being light-fingered when it comes to your anti-perspirant —that little glass bottle of Scandia Ultra Chexit that costs a fortune, has to be back-ordered because it's always in short supply, and is as much a part of your A.M. ritual as espresso!



Marianne Barcellona

YOU CAN TELL WHEN HE HAS OPTED FOR A BATH INSTEAD OF A SHOWER: YOUR ARPÈGE SOAP IS DOWN TO A SLIVER, AND HE SMELLS GLORIOUS. . . . ANOTHER SIGN: WHEN YOU GO TO INDULGE IN YOUR BATH RITUAL AND YOUR LOOFAH IS MISSING — LOOK FOR IT IN HIS SHOWER (HE HAS JUST HELPED HIMSELF TO IT IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE). AND MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU ARE IN CASWELL-MASSEY, BUY HIM A DOZEN — EVERY SHAPE AND EVERY SIZE!

bill blass: fly-away feathers



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I.MAGNIN

Living: Ideas and Trends

One-handed seasoning...instant words ...visionary schemes...clock sandwich

By Barbara Plumb



One-handed pepper grinding or sea-salt grinding is particularly useful when you are balancing a buffet plate in the other hand. Of brushed or black anodized aluminum with plastic knobs, the six-inch towers (left) are imported from Denmark; $15.50 each. Ad Hoc, NYC.



Electronic successor to the pocket dictionary, Lexicon LK-3000 is the next best thing to having a personal translator when traveling. You slot a small cassette-like language module into the hand-held computer *(left)*, then punch out words, letter by letter, on the keyboard. They appear translated on the screen. Vocabularies of fifteen-hundred most-used words in each language chosen by experts; so far, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Portuguese modules available. $225, Macy's.

What would England be without the country house? Impossible to imagine. Five hundred years' worth of the eccentricities, peculiarities, and special character of that *sine qua non* of civilized rurality are documented by Mark Girouard in *Life in the English Country House—A Social and Architectural History;* $19.95. Yale University Press. (Pictured, *right:* a gatehouse in Essex.) As evocative and spicy as *Upstairs, Downstairs.*

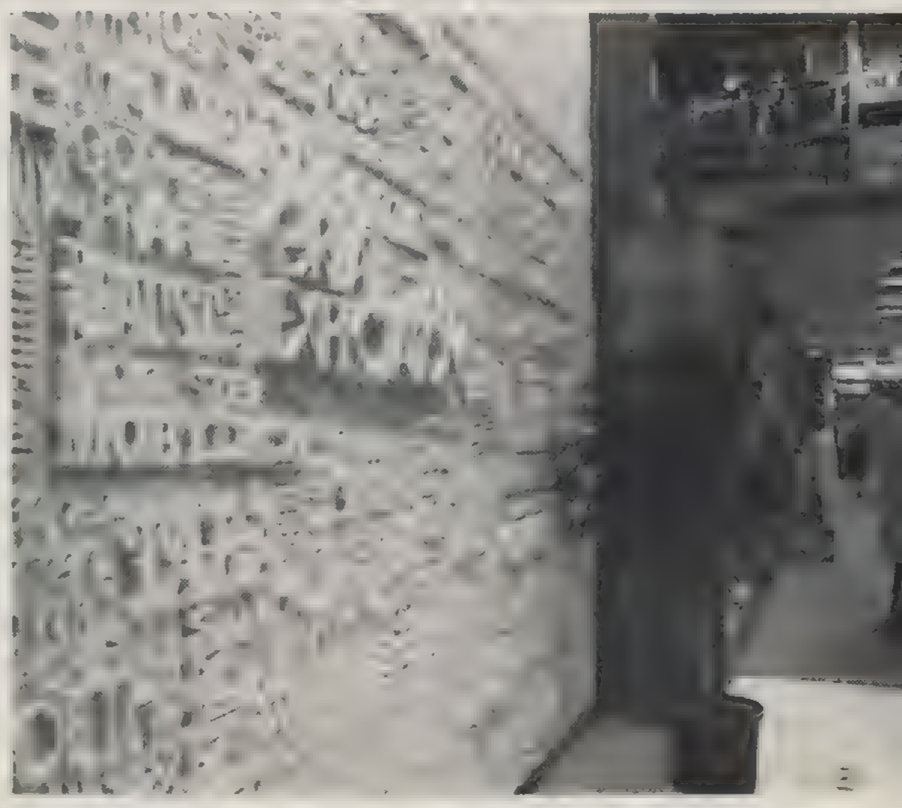




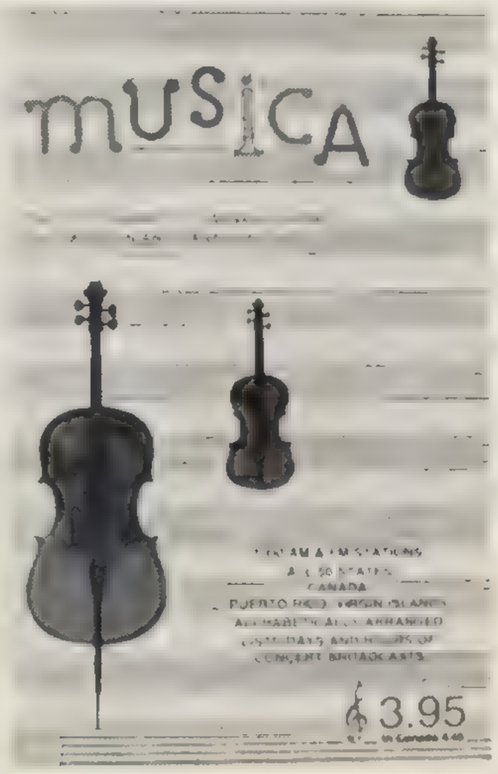
A better world, some architects believe, will come with better buildings—particularly buildings that reflect the future as they envision it. "Visionary Drawings" show at The Drawing Center in New York treats us to Utopian schemes by twentieth-century architects and planners. (Example, above, Exposition building by the German Expressionist Hablic, 1921.)

A sandwich for awakening is the way designer Richard Sapper perceives his battery-operated pocket-sized (3¾-inch-high) alarm clock (below). A squeeze of the two halves shuts alarm off. There is no sleepy groping for the offending button. Chrome-plated with a black face, red hands, and blue alarm hand; $60, Ambienti, NYC.





● One of the two largest bookselling chains in America, B. Dalton, has opened a showcase store (one view, *above*), designed by Ken White, on Fifth Avenue in New York. Among the innovations in a shop that boasts 100,000 titles in 125 categories on two levels are an author's plaza (sunken area where writers can speak to readers and autograph books), boutique-like galleries by category, a glassed-in escalator, color-coding by subject, "remaindered" books by category, and hard-cover and paperback books combined on one shelf.



Classical-music lovers often despair of finding classical music on their car radios when traveling. With *Musica*, the first guide to the American and Canadian radio stations offering classical music, their frustrations are over. *Musica* lists wavelengths, mile ranges, times of good music; $4.95 (including postage). Musica, Box 1266, Edison, NJ 08817.

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Skin

Watch what you do!

Lines! Crowsfeet! Puckers! Furrows! Did it ever occur to you that the gestures you make are what make *them?* Squinting, frowning, pursing your lips, raising your eyebrows, leaning chin-on-hand, even sleeping with your head buried in the pillow—any of those can do it. But those lines *can* be smoothed away in seconds—for a matter of hours, with Jovan Wrinkles Away. It goes on over moisturizer, under makeup.



DON'T

touch your face except to put on and to take off makeup. Habitual gestures like the one *right* seem to stretch the skin, so you end up with wrinkles and furrows—just the things you want least.



DO

be careful not to stretch the skin just beneath the eyes. Dot—do not slide—on makeup/creams with the cushiony tip of your finger, working from the outer edge in towards the nose, as *left*.

Although some wrinkles do still come in time, you can break some of the habits—the gestures—that just make matters worse. Together with Barbara Rowes, skin-whiz Georgette Klinger tells you how in *Georgette Klinger's Skincare* (William Morrow), out next month. For instance, every time you catch yourself frowning, press two fingers of one hand against one temple, using two fingers of the other hand to stroke the lines straight across the forehead. Hold position (one hand on each temple), press. Count five, release. Gradually, you'll become aware of frowning . . . and stop. . . . If your eyesight checks out, but you still squint, close your eyes, relax your face, squeeze gently but firmly with your forefingers against the bridge of your nose. Relax. Do it again and again. . . . Re pursing your lips. Look in the mirror to see the lines that form around your mouth, especially if you smoke. This may be the incentive to stop! And bad posture, says Georgette, "has a definite effect on the appearance of your skin and the development of wrinkles around the neck and chin."

Instant face-lift: Payot's moisturizing Hemera Mask. The trick is to *leave it on!* Wait five minutes and you will see that it is as good as a makeup base . . . and holds the line all evening long.



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Add to any of this, harsh shampoos and sun and swimming, and you've got battered, damaged hair. And great big problems.

The Problems. Damaged hair looks dry, lifeless and dull. Feels rough and brittle. Breaks and splits and just will not behave. And it won't get better without the help it so desperately needs.

The Help. Pantene's got it – the Treatment de Pantene.® In one minute it begins to undo whatever you've done to your hair. We know it sounds like a miracle. But there's a scientific explanation.

The Explanation. The Treatment de Pantene is an intensive corrective conditioner. With its carefully balanced blend of very effective ingredients, it restores the look and feel of health to damaged hair.

The exclusive Pantene Swiss Conditioners* Pantyl and Phytantriol, combined with Panthenol (which converts to Vitamin B_5 on the hair), penetrate deep into the hair shaft, regulating its moisture balance, and giving hair a soft touch, lustre, and highlights.

A special Pantene protein and massive doses of emollients smooth and soothe the hair, fill in damaged areas on each strand, prevent flyaway, and instantly add the look of health to your hair.

Use the Treatment once a week on damaged hair until it becomes normal. Then once a month to maintain its healthy look, body, and manageability.

More on damaged hair. Go easy on heat appliances. Cover hair in the sun. Be gentle. Use a natural bristle brush – Pantene makes them. And get the Treatment.

You do so much to make your hair gorgeous. Doesn't it make sense to do something to help it stay that way?

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Beauty Q & A

Nail news . . . How-to tips on buffing, patching split nails, making short nails look long!

Q Do you have any fast, good nail-care tips? I have such awful nails—they just keep breaking and splitting.

A We asked Jessica Vartoughian, nail expert at Lord & Taylor in New York City, if she would answer your question. She had lots of good ideas: 1. Try to put aside a little time each week just to care for your nails. And, if possible, have a professional manicure once every two weeks. 2. Use nail clippers to trim your nails, not scissors—when you use scissors, you are apt to get splits and breaks. 3. Always use the fine side of an emery board or file. File in one direction only. 4. Try not to use your fingertips for things like dialing the phone, slitting open boxes—anything that might make them break. 5. In winter, nails tend to become brittle and may need a little extra moisturizing at night. Or try a twenty-minute soak in warm olive oil. That helps, too.

Q My nails are in good condition, but once in a while one of them gets a tiny crack on the edge, just where the white tip starts. Even if I file down the nail, the crack snags on everything and eventually I lose the whole top of the nail. Is there any way to keep this from happening?

A Make sure your nails are well moisturized with a cuticle cream or a nail oil—either should help prevent cracks. And never file your nails down all the way on the side—this is what weakens them and usually causes the cracks. If you do get a tear in a nail, the best remedy is to patch it. Elizabeth Arden has a terrific One-Step Nail Mender just for that. Two coats of this clear liquid seal the split—and stop it from snagging—until the nail grows out.

Q I never have time for a manicure and don't like to wear nail polish because of that. What can I do to keep my nails looking nice—something that won't take hours?

A Your best bet is buffing. Once a week is all it takes to work up a good lasting shine. It's best if you soak your hands a minute or two and push back the cuticle with a towel and *then* buff. Diamon Deb has a new Nail Care kit that has everything you need, including a wonderful new Buffing Powder. You'll find that buffing regularly stimulates circulation and helps your nails grow faster and stronger!

Q Are there any terrific new things in the nail-care world?

A Yes. There is something called Spray Nail Polish Remover that is great news and also great fun! You just whoosh it on and the polish whisks off. And you know what else? It even conditions your cuticles as you spray! If that isn't news!

Q Is it possible to lubricate my nails if I have polish on them? Can any treatment sink in?

A This is a frequently asked question. Whether it is a cream or an oil, the lubricant cannot penetrate nail enamel, but it does sink in around your cuticle. And this is what counts anyway—the nail bed, where growth occurs, is just below the cuticle. A brand-new one to try: Dior's Huile Vitale (Lubricating Oil). You just brush it on once a day with a tiny brush. It helps strengthen nails and prevent hangnails. And if you take an extra second to massage it in, you help stimulate circulation in the nail bed—always a healthy thing to do!

Q Why is it my nails keep turning yellow? I don't smoke, so it's not nicotine stain. I really can't figure out what does it.

A Dark shades of nail enamel often cause this when the color is applied directly onto the nail—that's why it's always best to use a base coat. Incidentally, Cutex has a great Basecoat that doubles as an Overcoat!

Q After three days, my nail polish begins to chip. Until recently, I would peel off the rest of the polish, but a friend told me that peeling the polish wasn't such a good idea.

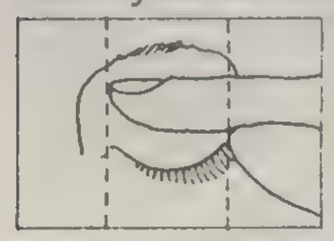
A Your friend is right. Stop peeling! The reason: As you peel off the enamel, you also peel off the protective top layer of your nail. Obviously, this weakens the nail and guarantees splitting and breaking problems as the nail grows out. Try to make a point of always using a polish remover.

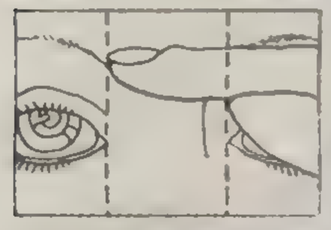
Q My nails are very broad, so even when they are long, they don't look it. What do you suggest?

A One way to give your nails a more streamlined look is to leave a hairline strip on each side of the nail free of polish. Also, a pale shade of polish will help give the illusion of longer nails. ▽

AZIZA DEMONSTRATES WHY YOUR NOSE IS IMPORTANT WHEN YOU MAKE UP YOUR EYES.

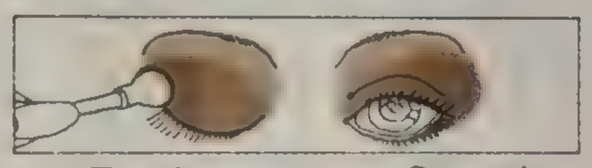
You may not realize it, but if your nose has a bridge that's very narrow or very broad, your eyes can look too close together or too far apart. But with Aziza Shadow Trios it's very easy for you to make up your eyes so they appear to be more in proportion with the rest of your facial features.





Ideally, the space between your eyes should be the same as the width of your eye. To find out about your eyes try this: look into a mirror. As in diagram, align tip of index finger with the inner corner of one eye. Place thumb at outer corner. Now move hand over until thumb is at inner corner. If the tip of your index finger extends beyond the inner corner of your other eye, your eyes are too close together. If it falls short, they're too wide apart.

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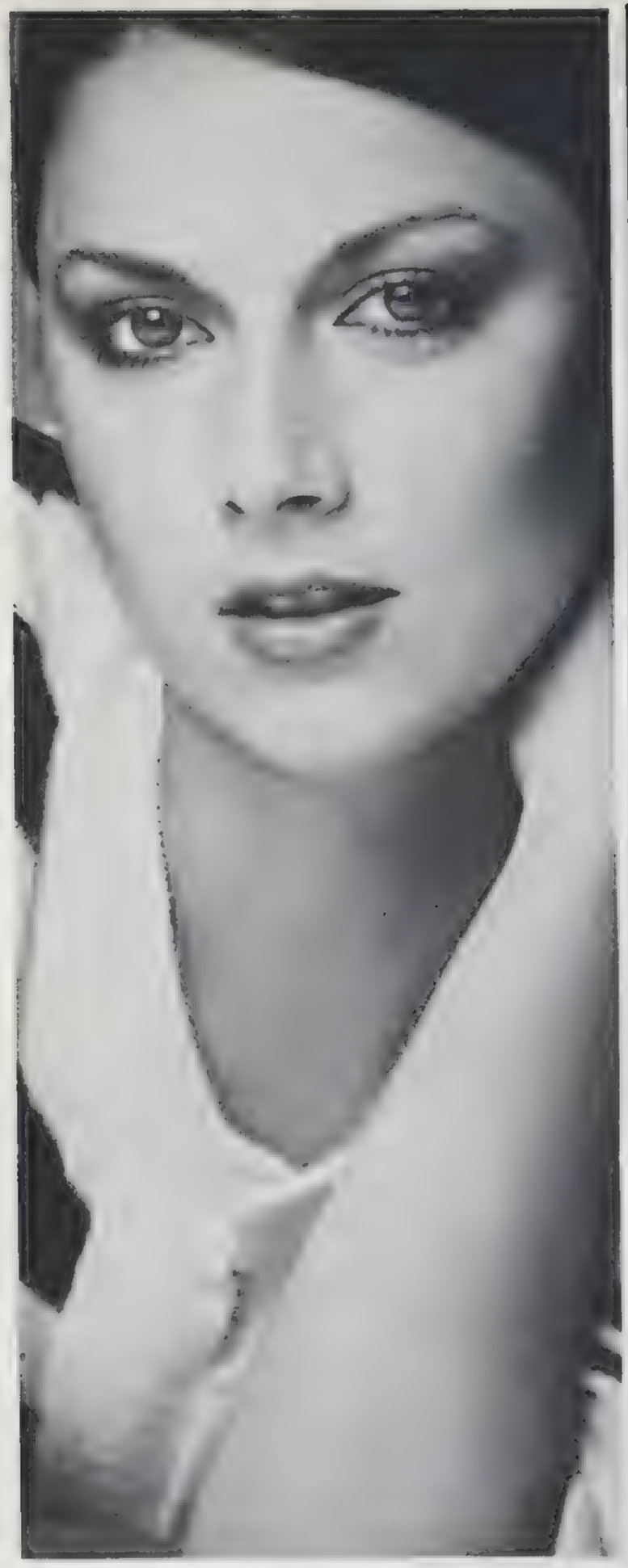
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SECOND TAKES

A fresh look at two astonishing novels

Reflections on the wit and rage of "Final Payments" and "The World According to Garp"

By John Leonard

I hadn't read John Irving's astonishing novel, *The World According to Garp*, until I sat down for this assignment. I did read Mary Gordon's *Final Payments* last April and reviewed it enthusiastically for *The New York Times*, but that book was vague in my mind and needed another look. (Meanwhile, both books had been nominated for National Book Critics Circle Awards, given in January.) These—ignorance and vaguenesses—are occupational hazards. If, as I do, you make your very peculiar living by reading new books and forming opinions about them and submitting these opinions several days a week to a newspaper, two things happen. First, you seldom read merely for pleasure. And second, so many books have tramped like a defeated army between your ears, behind your eyes, across the crabgrass in your brain-pan that you have trouble remembering any of them at the end of the year.

Final Payments, a first novel about growing up Irish-Catholic, is just as good the second time around as it was the first. Isabel Moore's father—a right-wing teacher of literature at a second-rate college in Queens, whose sympathies are "with the Royalists in the French Revolution, the South in the Civil War, the Russian Czar, the Spanish Fascists"—is disabled by a stroke when Isabel is nineteen. She gives up the next eleven years of her life to care for him, reading aloud and emptying the bedpans. She is regarded in the neighborhood as a saint; she is actually more of a masochist, redeemed by a fierce sense of humor.

Indeed, one of the ideas *Final Payments* obsessively contemplates is the relationship between self-sacrifice and masochism. It may be true that pleasure, as Saint Francis of Assisi with his bed of roses and Saint Thomas Aquinas with his hair shirt believed, is dangerous because it leads you "to putting yourself in the center of the universe, your own body blocking the vision of God like an eclipse, like the moon off its proper orbit." But it is also true that virtue, made hideously abstract, can be pathological. To whom do we make our "final payments"; in exchange for what? The past itself, one character suggests, may be "a bad investment."

When Isabel's father finally dies, she is free to flee her self-made "convent," to seek sex and a job. The sex, with a do-gooder so loutish and a veterinarian so sensitive as to render neither of them credible, is not especially interesting. We've had more than enough of human plumbing in fiction, which sometimes seems to be a search for new uses for old organs. The job, interviewing old people in foster homes to find out whether they'd be happier elsewhere, is absorbing. Isabel, having been afflicted with a father who told her when she was six years old that "I love you more than I love God" and "I love you more than God loves you," finds that the old people aren't as greedy as she is: they have never been loved enough, or too much; they settle for less, for gestures.

Isabel's freedom begins to feel like oppression. What is it *for?* She reverts, or regresses, to self-abnegation. The object of this abnegation—like the way she rationalizes abandoning it—is arbitrary and improbable; the book seems almost to have gotten tired from thinking too much. That, in fact, is the book's biggest problem: too much control, the neat balances and clever oppositions of ideas and people bound up too tightly in a ligature of steel. (For example, if one of Isabel's friends, the dreamy Eleanor, gives up on sex entirely, then the other friend, the practical Liz, *must* turn out to be a lesbian.)

"The surprising resourcefulness of love"

Still, *Final Payments* has to be the best first novel of 1978. Wit, style, intelligence and an absence of self-pity, precision of social details, shades of caring combine to delight and instruct. Mary Gordon's characters for the most part are so strong and rounded that one flinches in their presence. The names that come to mind are Marina Warner, Mary McCarthy, perhaps Flannery O'Connor, and even Jane Austen. It is impossible to know, and impertinent to ask, how much of *Final Payments* is autobiographical. We'll just have to wait for her next novel; I have high hopes.

John Irving, on the other hand, has arrived with a bang. After three previous novels, *Setting Free the Bears, The Water-Method Man,* and *The One Hundred & Fifty-Eight-Pound Marriage,* he knows exactly what he's doing and goes about doing it ferociously. *The World According to Garp* is a marvel of invention and construction, of wit and rage. Mothers and sons, fathers and children, radical politics, the art of fiction, the disasters of sex, the tragic pratfall—Mr. Irving covers all the bases in a game against God, or the terrible principle of chance, of randomness,

(Continued on page 110)

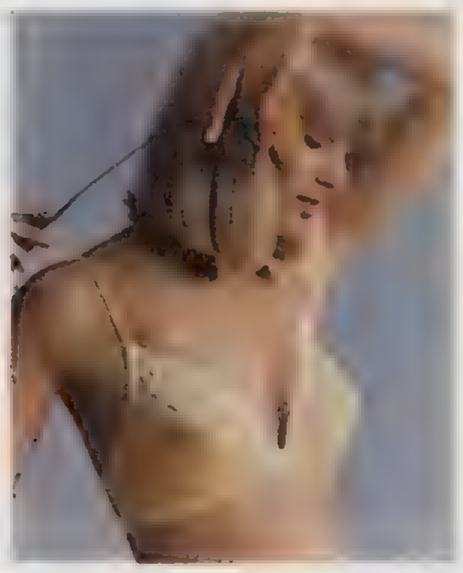


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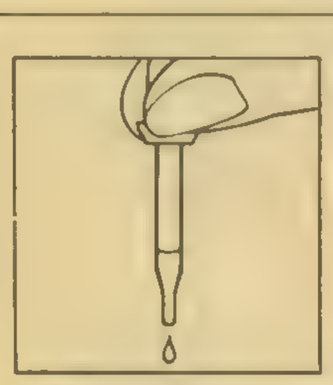


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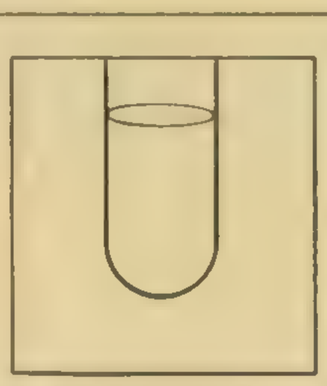


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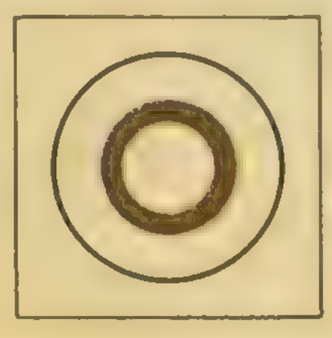
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HOT OR COLD?

(Continued from page 72)

the skin to the vital organs. The temperature of your fingertip can drop five or six degrees in the space of three or four minutes.

"It's got nothing to do with maintaining your body's core temperature," says Lowell Cohn, director of the Biofeedback Study Center of New York. "It's part of the fight/flight response to stress. We're doing a lot of work here teaching people how to control the temperature in their extremities. We try to reverse the fear reaction and physiologically open up the vasculature, allowing more blood to come in. For instance, I'm working now with a professional guitarist who's marvelous when he's playing for friends but gets tremendous stage fright when he has to perform in front of an audience. Can you imagine trying to pick a guitar when your ten fingers are as stiff and cold as icicles?"

"My experience is that more people prefer being a little too warm to being a little too cold," says Nicholas P. Dellis, Ph.D., psychoanalyst and clinical professor at the Adelphi Postdoctoral Institute for Psychotherapy. "In many ways, warmth seems less threatening. If you're too warm, you may be uncomfortable and sweat, but you can take off some clothes. Unless the heat is overwhelming, the body seems to have more recourse. You may say you're 'broiling,' but you say you're 'freezing *to death*.' There are all kinds of negative connotations about being cold. You talk about cold indifference, doing something in cold blood, being left out in the cold, or having someone react to you coldly. There seem to be more positive associations with warmth: warm-hearted, warm feelings, warming up to a subject, warmed by someone's admiration, or basking in the warmth of someone's love. Of course, there's also the possibility of being smothered by too much closeness and love.

"Coolness may suggest intellect"

"I suppose each of us has things in our background that determine our individual response to warmth—like seeking or rejecting a mother if she was a warming figure. I do think warmth is associated with closeness, and coolness with separation. Perhaps people who'd rather be warm need a sense of closeness and connection, while those who'd rather be cool have a greater need for separateness and distance around them. Warmth may also indicate a more emotional approach, whereas coolness may suggest the intellect. I doubt that we have all the answers, but I'm interested in the question!"

So before we get into hot water, perhaps we need to keep cool heads and do more research! ▽

SECOND TAKES

(Continued from page 100)

in an indifferent universe. If, according to Garp, "we are all terminal cases," we have nothing to fall back on but brains, energy, and the surprising resourcefulness of love.

Garp is a famous novelist who is the son of a famous feminist. His mother, Jenny, a nurse, conceived him in her single experience of sex, raised him in a New England prep school, and then hauled him off to Vienna where she wrote her autobiography and he acquainted himself with nuance. He will, later on, get married, write books, lose one child and maim another, and be hounded to his death by the past and a fanatical cult of women who have had their tongues cut out in order, silently, to protest rape. All of this is sinister and hilarious and more: it is brave. Novels about novelists are usually dreary; stop telling us about the problems of your craft, please, and get on with the crafting. However, Mr. Irving not only has a splendid story to tell, but he seems to have assembled all the ways such a story has been and could be told, in one book. *Garp* is a text that breathes and breathes and hoots.

As Mr. Irving tells Jenny's story, Garp comments. As Mr. Irving tells Garp's story, we actually get the stories Garp is writing, and appreciate the displacements of art, as though the displacements themselves give meaning to a life that otherwise seems accidental, a hard rain of random events. "The world *is* a bed of pain," says Garp, "people suffer terribly, few of us believe in God or bring up our children very well. . . . It is also true that people who have problems do not, as a rule, think their problems are 'funny.'" And yet: "People's problems *are* often funny and the people are often and nonetheless sad." Garp, "who made everything baroque," who "believed in exaggeration," an "extremist," tries to improve on reality; he writes his own death:

> It was a death . . . which in its random, stupid, and unnecessary qualities—comic and ugly and bizarre—underlined everything Garp had ever written about how the world works.

And the way the world works is baroque, exaggerated, extreme, comic, ugly, bizarre. Every life, like that of Roberta Muldoon, the former tight-end of the Philadelphia Eagles who undergoes a sex-change operation, is *complicated*.

I haven't read a novel as intellectually exciting as *The World According to Garp* since Nabokov's *Pale Fire*. But Mr. Irving is also infected by Faulkner: the doomed gesture, the tragic slapstick. He is so knowing that he might have written *Garp* as a send-up of the sort of literary modernism that postulates, from the safety of the academy, all that is Absurd—John Irving won't be assassinated by a cult, for instance—and then punishes the professors of Absurdity by finishing them off with their own literary demons. I think not, though. I think he is saying that we must try to redeem ourselves by whatever talent, perhaps genius, is available. In Mr. Irving's case, there is more than enough.

John Leonard *is a novelist and chief cultural correspondent for "The New York Times." Knopf is publishing "Private Lives in the Imperial City," a collection of his columns.* ▽

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MONEY

Are you getting all the credit the law allows?

More women have become eligible for credit under the three-year-old antidiscrimination statute

By William Flanagan

You have to give women credit—whether you like it or not. That more or less was the message embodied in Federal legislation several years ago. One aim of the Equal Credit Opportunities Act, in effect since 1975, was to make sure that, when women applied for credit cards, loans, mortgages, and charge privileges, they would be treated the same as men. The bill aimed at helping both married and single women—who were often denied credit in the past without explanation or reason—to get credit when they were entitled and to get adequate explanations when they were not. The law also set up a procedure for redress—and even opened the door for legal action against creditors who did not comply.

This isn't the place to explore in full why credit is so important to you. Suffice it to say that a large percentage of the major purchases made in this country—houses, cars, major appliances, furniture—are made on credit. Credit is so much a part of the American way of life that often when people go bankrupt and are cleared of their debts, they will repay the debts anyway, so they can again establish a credit rating.

The original Federal legislation is now three years old, and the record is . . . mixed. Recently, Bloomingdale's department stores were charged with not complying with the new law. The store's parent, Federated Department Stores, agreed to pay $50,000 in civil penalties but acknowledged no guilt. (This provides the chain with at least some protection in case there are any civil suits brought by individuals who were denied credit illegally. The law allows suits for actual damages, attorneys' fees, and up to $10,000 punitive damages in such cases.)

Bloomingdale's hardly has any active anti-women bias—the vast majority of its credit customers are, obviously, women. The court complaint brought by the Federal Trade Commission was based on the stores' point system. Under Bloomingdale's credit-scoring system, applicants were not given any points at all for "Additional Source Income," which would include such things as alimony and child support as well as retirement and public assistance benefits, and part-time income.

Note: Some credit applications can be very tricky when it comes to the matter of "additional income." The way some applications are worded can make you think that to list such information is a *disadvantage*. For example, Chemical Bank's personal loan application form states: "Income from alimony, child support or separate-maintenance payments, need not be revealed if you don't choose to disclose such income and do not wish the bank to consider it in its credit decisions." This is contrary to the spirit of the law, which states that applicants for credit may not be discriminated against because of sex or marital status. In the Bloomingdale's case, which charged such discrimination, the court-approved settlement required the store to consider alimony and child-support income in evaluating applications for credit. For a full explanation of exactly what your rights are under the Equal Credit Opportunity Act, you can obtain a free booklet, "Women: To Your Credit," from the Commercial Credit Company, 300 Saint Paul Place, Baltimore, MD 21202.

Bloomingdale's maintains that few women denied credit in the first place will wind up with credit cards, anyway. The store maintains that other credit considerations are probably what made these women bad credit risks. One attorney for the company has been quoted as saying: "We believe we never have violated the law; we simply did not score any additional sources of income. Any violation was inadvertent."

Commercial Credit Company recently surveyed some two thousand women—who had contacted the firm for information on the new credit law—to see what their credit experiences had been. Of that number, 80 percent actually applied for credit in the last two years—and 56 percent of those who applied for credit experienced some problems. In fact, slightly more than half were turned down at least once. About 30 percent of the women asked why and were satisfied with the reason for the denial. Another 21 percent reapplied later, to the same creditor, and this time were approved. About 16 percent did not do anything. Only 2.5 percent complained to a State Commissioner of Consumer Credit.

Of those who had their applications turned down, the formerly married had the toughest time. Over 65 percent of women who were once married who applied for credit in their own names in the last two years were rejected. On the other hand, only 39.5 percent of married women, applying in their own names, had their applications turned down. About 60 percent of singles were rejected.

There is a moral here. If you are married, it is wise to apply for credit in your own name now. The likelihood of obtaining credit is greater; and, in the event of divorce, you will already have your own credit rating to stand on.

The interest on loans is, of course, the price you pay for borrowing; but a surprising number of respondents in the survey did not have a clue as to how interest rates are computed—and so presumably could not shop around for the cheapest credit, or take

(Continued on page 117)

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Shocking...spiked with black for

Swanson's on the plaza

Kansas City, Missouri

CREDIT FOR WOMEN

(Continued from page 112)

advantage of certain quirks in state laws. (In New York, for example, creditors are allowed to charge up to 18 percent annual interest—1.5 percent per month—on balances of $900 or less. Beyond that amount, the rate drops to 15 percent. Thus, it is better to have, say $2700 owed to one store, or charged on one card, than to have $900 outstanding with three. The interest saving is about $81 per year.) Only half the formerly married and single respondents fully understood how interest rates are computed; but almost 60 percent of the married women did.

Are there any great differences among women who do apply for credit? Apparently not, except, of course, that married women are still generally more reluctant to seek credit in their own names than singles and once-marrieds. The women who wrote in to Commercial Credit for information, and who later responded to the survey, came from all different walks of life, had different education levels, and were in different age brackets. Only housewives, for obvious reasons, showed hesitancy in applying for credit in their own names. Otherwise, age, education, income, professional status, where they live made little appreciable difference. Credit, it seems, is almost equally desirable regardless of one's particular station or background.

Has the new act had any discernible effect in making credit easier to get? Most women—single, divorced, and married—said they felt the act had made credit easier to obtain, but no group is doing handsprings. The survey showed that there is a considerable amount of negative feeling about the law's effectiveness, too. Only 32 percent of widows, for example, think it helps.

Does having credit make it easier to budget? The answers here were interesting. Overall, more than half the respondents felt that credit makes it easier to budget expenses. But age and marital status proved significant. Almost half of those living together but not married thought credit made budgeting more difficult. But married women found it a help, as did divorced and single women. Curiously, widows indicated it hardly made any difference.

Young and older women allowed that credit makes budgeting easier, but not in overwhelming numbers. But almost 70 percent of those aged forty to forty-nine found credit a blessing in budgeting.

A disturbing number of women in general may not know how interest rates are computed (about half), but most of them (63 percent) still feel that rates today are unreasonable. And whether they understand how interest rates work exactly or not, more married women than men wear the financial pants in their families. Over 30 percent of married women indicated they make all or most of the financial decisions in the household. Only 10 percent of the women surveyed had husbands who filled that role. ▽

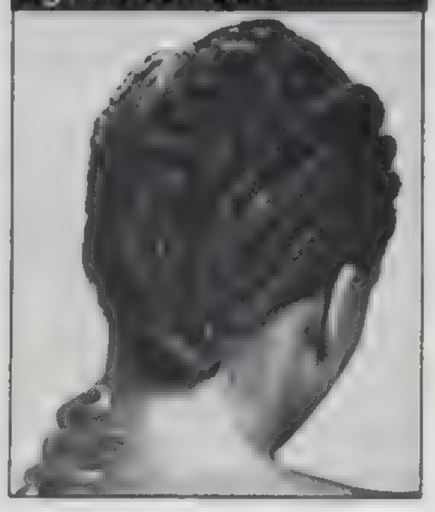


Hair *Ways with waves*





Day/night style: long hair pinned into a twist in back, waved in front. By Christiaan. Earrings and necklace by Marsha Breslow. . . . Left: Hair by Christiaan. M&J Savitt earrings.



Pretty Black-hair look: "corn-rolled" waves slicked in a knot by Walter Fountaine, shined with Posner Light Touch Gel.



A great way to add more wave to hair is to mist it lightly after it's dry. Use a plant mister filled with water—or Perrier. That's the extravagant, bubbly way Richard Stein (768 Madison Ave., NYC) adds wave to permed hair. . . . Another way, this from Charles Ifergan (106 E. Oak St., Chicago, IL), is to mix water with conditioner—his choice, Redken's Climatress—in a portable steamer.

You can't see the waves, but that's the secret way Nubest & Co. (1482 Northern Boulevard, Manhasset, NY) adds body to hair. Called Permanent Mousse, it perms underneath hair only, leaves the rest smooth. . . . Pin in a wave with this pretty new "gold" clip from Riviera, above, that holds Louis-Guy D's hair look.



WAVES—ROLL YOUR OWN!

For women who have difficulty putting up their hair by themselves, here's the perfect solution—Riviera's new "tortoise" roller. It gives you the base—a good anchor—for starting a roll. To roll up your hair, all you need are the few hair tools, *above left*—a comb, some hairpins, and the roller, which comes in three sizes. We asked Louis-Guy D hairstylist Raphael (you see him in picture 5) to show us how the roller is used. The easy to follow step-by-step, *left*: **1.** Raphael brushes our model's hair straight back, then uses the smallest size roller; he opens it flat. **2.** The roller is slipped through a top section of hair and closed. **3.** Keeping hair smooth, Raphael winds up the roller. **4.** If you want a chignon, spread hair around the roller, and pin in place. **5,6,7.** Three looks you can get with Riviera Rollers, available at most department stores, $5 each. Or from Louis-Guy D (41 E. 57 St., NYC), where you can also get a how-to session with Raphael.



If you have limp hair and it needs a lift—body or soft waves—but you don't want a tight perm, what's your alternative? One new idea is Toni Silkwave Body Perm, which is gentler than the usual ones and less curly. For the Toni Silkwave Styling Booklet, send 25 cents to P.O. Box 3530, Maple Plain, MN 55348.

More ways to add wave for blow-dryer users: Before drying hair, comb Heat Solution de Pantene through your hair. . . . If your hair is dry, use something that conditions—Vidal Sassoon Moisturizing Protein Lotion for Blow Styling. . . . New way to give shine to Black hair: two just-out Clairol colors: Mahogany Red, a deep auburn, and Walnut Brown. In Creme formula or Shampoo.

IS YOUR HAIR GETTING ALL THE PROTEIN IT NEEDS?



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How is protein absorbed by hair in the first place? Your hair's protein has a certain amount of electric charges (think of the static electricity you generate by brushing your hair). So does our protein. Hair in need, especially damaged hair, happens to have more negative electric charges while protein has positive ones. And remember from your high school chemistry, opposites attract. These opposite charges naturally like each other. They act like little magnets.

What Redken has done is to manufacture a natural protein that's more attractive to your hair. CPP Catipeptide is different because it averages two positive charges instead of just one like other proteins. CPP Catipeptide is also specifically designed to the correct molecular size and weight. So it can get through to your inner core of hair and stay there.

CPP Catipeptide responds to your hair's protein needs. Whether it's a little or a lot, CPP Catipeptide delivers.

Where can you find it? Only Redken has this incredible protein. In a group of hair care and conditioning products: Amino Pon® Concentrate Ready-to-Use Shampoo, Climatress® Moisturizing Creme Protein Conditioner, P.P.T. "S-77"® Protein Conditioner and Bodimer+,™ a body builder. And you can find these products in hairstyling salons that use and sell Redken. Check your Yellow Pages for the one nearest you.

Is your hair getting the protein it needs? Now you don't have to worry.

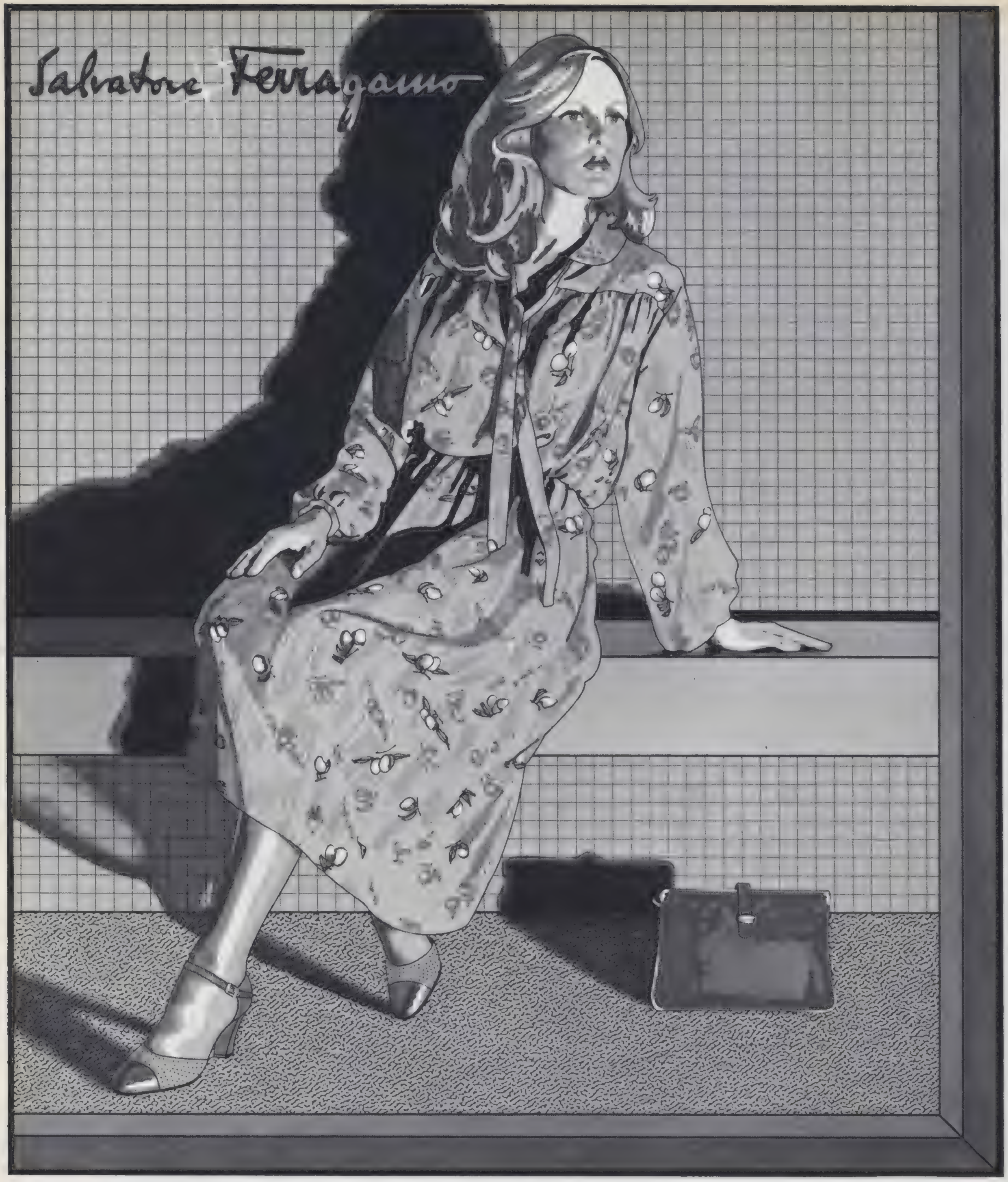
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YOUR EYES

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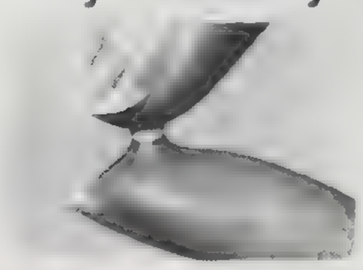
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Bill Atkinson



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When hair impresario Alexandre *(above)* came to America recently (his first visit in four years), Vogue talked with him about the thing he knows best: how to have great-looking hair. Especially if you work, have little time, are always on the move . . . and need an easy hairstyle that looks good throughout the day and, in a lot of cases, evening, too. (Two of Alexandre's suggestions—the night and day looks he did for us, *left* and *below right*.)

"There are three things a woman must take into consideration in determining the best look for her hair," says Alexandre. "These are cut, color, and body. Short hair was invented to make women look younger. And it is so practical, besides. Long hair is much more difficult to maintain. By short hair, I'm talking about a variety of lengths—as long as it doesn't touch your shoulders. Hair coloring is next, and if it's good, it's going to last several months. If you want a real change of color, the color you choose depends on eye and skin tones. That is your guideline. Many women—especially working women—opt for sunlighting, a hair brightener that shines your natural color. How hair holds a look depends on how much body it has. Some women might need a perm as a booster. Other women, who have natural body and who look good in straighter hair, don't need one at all. If you're thinking of a perm, it should be light. To get the softest look, hair should first be cut, then permed, then cut again—that is the secret. It's what I call 'the double-cut.' . . . Of course, finding the best hair look is impossible without a good hairstylist—you have to be aware of this. Confidence in a stylist is very important. So is the ability to communicate. That's what makes a hairstylist modern."



What looks will we be seeing this spring? "Hair," says Alexandre, "will be short and easy for day, a bit more elaborate at night. Newest is to use a light hair gel to slick back hair. Then wear lots of eye makeup, some pretty earrings—and you've a great look. If you have short, permed hair, slick hair in front and leave the back loose"—see Alexandre's sketch at *left*.



London February to and fro: All this month and next, too, Annie, Vidal Sassoon's great London colorist, will be coloring hair with a palette of gel paints at Sassoon salons in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Beverly Hills, and Toronto. Call (212) 535-9200. . . . Stephen Way, a London hairstylist, is in the U.S., too—every other month at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Here on a more permanent basis is Leonard of London. Good news for Detroit dwellers: he's set up shop in the Renaissance Center. And Spain's Llongueras is doing the same in London.

***Above:* Left, Joseph Mazer earrings. *Right*, combs by Paris Diffusion. Marsha Breslow earrings.**

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Rebecca Saire, above, is PBS Juliet

A new, young beauty and the Bard

By Diane English

Rebecca Saire is the first fourteen-year-old actress to be entrusted with the role of the fourteen-year-old Juliet in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, coming to PBS next month. People are talking about this young British beauty's impeccable performance and about the way she won the coveted role over 130 other finalists. Rebecca's seven years of technical training in Shakespearean drama—plus a disarming maturity—convinced director **Alvin Rakoff** that he should cast her opposite twenty-six-year-old **Patrick Ryecart**'s Romeo. But Rakoff soon found Saire an actress with a mind of her own: "He wanted me to play a frivolous, adolescent Juliet. I would have much preferred her to be a woman-child, particularly after the love scene." About that love scene: "Alvin prepared Patrick by asking him to remember the first time he made love. But to me, he just said, 'Imagine it!' "

Leslie Priggen, former model turned high-fashion photographer, is now one of the very few women directing television commercials. Hired by EUE/Screen Gems (one of the largest producers of television commercials), Leslie specializes in fashion and beauty. On her work: "The difference between television and still photography is the difference between thirty seconds and 1/125 of a second. It's hard work. I sweat. I shove huge pieces of equipment around. It takes great physical and mental energy. . . ." On ads: "I want my ads to have more fantasy, more life, more humor. Everyone wants to get behind the camera now and create fantasy because that's what we're missing. My business is *the* business of the moment."

Kim Friedman says she's ". . . a woman first, a director second, but never a 'woman director.' " Nevertheless, Kim is a rarity in the TV business: not only is she a director who happens to be a woman—she's one of the hottest directors around. And her TV career is only two years old! Kim first tried her directorial wings in **Joe Papp**'s Public Theater in New York, then ventured west, to L.A., to break into film. She directed a musical version of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. When **Norman Lear** saw the play, he immediately signed Kim to direct an episode of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*—even though she'd never seen the inside of a TV studio. Forty MHMHs later, Kim has gone on to direct a multitude of sitcoms and has just finished her third episode of ABC's *Family*. "The inevitable reaction from actors who don't know me is, *'That's* the director?' So, I usually have to pull off something impressive early in rehearsal to secure their confidence. . . . The only time I saw my director's chair, **Kristy McNichol**'s dog was in it." Later this year, Kim, who says she's booked on projects into the 1980s, directs several episodes of ABC's new *Five Women* sitcom starring Eileen Brennan. When you're hot, you're hot.



Above, TV stars Gable and Leigh

AT HOME WITH SCARLETT

ON FEBRUARY 11 AND 12, CBS WILL BROADCAST THE MOST POPULAR MOTION PICTURE OF ALL TIME: "GONE WITH THE WIND." IF THIS SOUNDS FAMILIAR, IT'S BECAUSE NBC FEATURED THE FILM IN 1976. SO WHY DID CBS REPORTEDLY PAY A RECORD $35 MILLION FOR THE BROADCAST RIGHTS? IN 1976, THE FILM PULLED A RECORD 64 AND 65 PERCENT SHARE OF THE AUDIENCE—DESPITE THE FACT THAT MILLIONS HAVE SEEN THE FILM SINCE ITS FIRST THEATRICAL RELEASE IN 1939. SO "GWTW"S STAYING POWER WILL BE TESTED ONCE AGAIN THIS MONTH; AND, IF AUDIENCES DO GIVE A DAMN, LUCKY CBS CAN REPEAT THE CLASSIC FOR TWENTY YEARS.

West Point women and Muhammad Ali

It's getting so a kid can't find a decent cartoon anymore, what with all the socially relevant TV programming coming down the line. Example: On February 14, ABC has an *After School Special* called *Make-Believe Marriage*. The drama is based on real-life family-planning programs that are catching on in schools around the country, where students confront all kinds of problems—from budgets to babies. And CBS has started its *CBS Television Reading Program* with good success. The network, through ninety participating CBS affiliates, makes available to local school systems the complete scripts of high-quality dramas (e.g., *The Ron LeFlore Story*, *The Corn Is Green*), along with work materials. The whole family is encouraged to watch the program together, with the kids following along in their scripts. CBS either has found a way to crack the *Why Johnny Can't Read* syndrome, or is fostering a whole new generation of screenwriters. . . . Worth watching for in the near future: Heavyweight champ **Muhammad Ali** stars in *Freedom Road*, NBC's mini-series co-starring **Ron (Superfly) O'Neal** in the circa 1867 story of a former slave (Ali) and a wealthy Black freeman. . . . *Women at West Point*, starring **Linda Purl** and **Andrew Stevens**, is CBS's movie-for-television about the first West Point class to which women were admitted. Since U.S. Presidents tend to rise from the ranks of the military, does this mean the first woman President is on her way? . . . PBS has optioned **Ursula K. LeGuin**'s multi-award-winning sci-fi novel *The Lathe of Heaven* as a two-parter for airing in the '79-'80 season, with production beginning in Dallas to utilize some of those incredible **I.M. Pei** buildings. . . . And good news for *Columbo* fans: NBC has *Mrs. Columbo*, a new series with **Kate Mulgrew** picking up where **Peter Falk** left off. . . .

"OLYMPIC FEVER" IS STARTING TO SPREAD AS ABC AND NBC GEAR UP FOR THEIR COVERAGE OF THE 1980 OLYMPIC GAMES. ALL COMMERCIAL TIME FOR ABC'S LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK, TELECAST OF THE WINTER GAMES HAS BEEN SOLD OUT FOR WELL OVER A YEAR, WITH ABC CREWS AT WORK ON COVERAGE SINCE 1976. AND IF ALL GOES SMOOTHLY IN MOSCOW, NBC'S COVERAGE OF THE SUMMER GAMES THERE WILL INCLUDE A WIDE VARIETY OF ON-SITE REPORTS ON MOSCOW LIFE STYLE FROM DINING TO DISCOS. STAY TUNED, TOO, TO NBC NETWORK RADIO FOR THEIR "OLYMPIC ODESSEY" SERIES, AN UNPRECEDENTED 984 PROGRAMS ON BOTH THE SUMMER AND WINTER GAMES. WILMA RUDOLPH, TRIPLE OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALIST, IS A COMMENTATOR FOR THE SERIES THAT BEGAN JANUARY 2.

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **February**

Aries: Ask for it all! **Taurus:** A reality jolt. **Gemini:** Decision-time. **Cancer:** A boost from Saturn. **Leo:** Pleasure beckons. **Virgo:** Career turns. **Libra:** You're off and running. **Scorpio:** Extravagant adventures. **Sagittarius:** Earnings upgraded. **Capricorn:** Romantic renewal. **Aquarius:** Money energy. **Pisces:** A new atmosphere.

Aries
MARCH 21–APRIL 20

Mars, your ruler, is joined to Mercury (inspiring practical ideas) for the first fifteen days of the month—making this an exciting period for communication. Ask for everything you need now—but avoid sharp words on the 5th. On the 15th, a gamble could bring about a loss of resources. On the other hand, if you become infatuated on that day, let it happen—it will be reassuring and good for you. Late on the 21st, a dramatic opportunity springs up through a key contact. The new moon on the 26th sustains the momentum for super gains.

Taurus
APRIL 21–MAY 21

Venus and Neptune make this an unusual period. Early in the month, you attract a friend involved in metaphysical pursuits who brings you enlightenment. A jolt late in the day on the 5th restores you to reality and introduces a problem that requires your strict attention through the 15th. When Venus, your ruler, comes together with powerful Uranus—the planet of new ventures—on the 24th, you'll get a chance at a second source of income through a collaboration. Best time to begin is around the new moon on the 26th.

Gemini
MAY 22–JUNE 22

Dramatic surprises in the wind! Your Mercury is in Aquarius until the 15th—along with fast moving Mars—so don't be surprised to find yourself traveling the express highway. On the 4th, you'll have an urge to gamble—take it easy! The 9th presents three propositions. First, there's an offer that spells prosperity. Second, a dreamy idea you have cherished seems possible. Finally, an important revelation will temper your judgment and tell you how to handle the first two opportunities. Make your final decision at new moon on the 26th.

Cancer
JUNE 23–JULY 22

You are waiting for events to stimulate you—and on the 6th, this happens. Then, it's time to pay attention to a partner, a mate, or a superior. The key to improving your situation is Saturn—planet of responsibility—now opposite your sun sign in your house of marriage and partnerships. The planet will also bring importance to your standing through other people. On the 17th, a new cycle of activities begins. You can make your talents serve the public at this time. The new moon in Pisces on the 26th favors travel—or some vital new idea.

Leo
JULY 23–AUGUST 23

This will be a memorable year for you—with beautiful Jupiter occupying your sign until the first of October (with the exception of March and April when it retrogrades briefly back into Cancer). Jupiter makes you productive, inspired, creative, and drawn to meaningful activities. On the negative side, however, the planet could lead you into impulsive forays and pleasure-seeking ventures that waste your energies. On the 7th and the 10th, you could meet someone special from far away who has the power to bring out the best in you. A surprise on the 15th deserves investigation. The new moon on the 26th could stimulate you to pull up stakes and choose a path that you have resisted for years.

Virgo
AUGUST 24–SEPTEMBER 23

With Saturn, the serious builder, in your sign, major restructuring could advance your career or take it in an amazing new direction. You feel the urge to initiate new projects the first half of the month, since your Mercury is in Aquarius until the 14th. Mars further energizes you on the 6th. An unexpected flash of information on the 9th could lead you to alter a plan. You change direction completely on the 15th. By the eclipse of the new moon on the 26th, it's time to reassert a plan made earlier; it will now work exceedingly well.

Libra
SEPTEMBER 24–OCTOBER 23

The first five days of the month, your Venus is in Sagittarius, putting you in the mood to be off and running in pursuit of fun. On the fifth, you surprise everyone by turning serious. Then, you limit your social circle as you assume a new role in business projects. The direction you take on the 7th must be weighed carefully, as you will draw important people to you on the 15th who could endorse you—and your plans—on the 23rd and 24th. This could turn out to be an outstanding period of your life. The eclipse on the 26th brings even further fulfillment.

(Continued on page 148)

Cinzia

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The skirt and shirt in slide-y silk charmeuse, jacket and shorts in chamois, and "bustier" in iridescent silk. Delicious in shades of asparagus, mushroom, pumpkin, currant! And, notice, even the hair is newly sleek. But more about that when you turn the page. More that you'll find at your ELIZABETH ARDEN SALON where LOOKING GREAT IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 146)

Scorpio
OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

Uranus—planet of great potential—in your sign inclines you toward extravagant adventures. If you feel eager to break with the past, do it on the 9th. The 15th brings a surprise upset, as well as a joyous invitation. On the 24th, an award or an important role is offered you. This may seem uncomplicated at the outset; but, by the eclipse of the new moon on the 26th, it will require studied attention. Prove your leadership at this time and consolidate your advantages.

Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Your ruler, fiery Jupiter, combines with Fire-sign Leo to make this a time of high ideals and romance. Jupiter also puts you in an excellent position to advance on all levels. On the 7th, concentrate on upgrading earnings. Since Leo is the sign of love and Jupiter is the planet of ideas, you could now fall in love with someone—or some thing! But Jupiter is moving backward now, so some of its effectiveness will be lost. By full moon on the 12th, the time is no longer right to initiate openly, but to work from behind the scenes. The next flow begins on the 1st of March.

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 20

When Venus enters Capricorn for a month's stay on the 5th, you will enjoy a lovely, stimulating period. You could do something extravagant on the 5th, but you'd be better off to concentrate on expanding your income. On the 15th, get together with trusted advisers and resolve debts. If someone from the past wishes to renew romantically, wait until after the 20th—to avoid a misunderstanding. On the 23rd and 24th, you can accomplish wonders with someone you love, since Venus is in your sign.

Aquarius
JANUARY 21–FEBRUARY 18

Mercury in your erratic sign could cause you to make hasty decisions this month. Mars, in your sign as well, brings about unexpected disputes that could alienate those who wish to get on with you. Not until Mercury changes on the 15th will this situation move agreeably in your direction. On the 20th, a behind-the-scenes factor results in a change of prospective associates. From the 23rd to the end of the month, you are reconciled with a loved one. The new moon on the 26th is in your house of income, perking up your financial prospects.

Pisces
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

As Saturn is still in Virgo—your opposition sign—you can expect challenges from partners, marriage, and family. From the 8th, however, Uranus is good to your ruler, Neptune, and helps to clear the atmosphere. A surprise boost on the 9th alters your attitude and you agree to a flurry of group projects that are enhanced by your magic charm. On the 15th, when Mercury enters your sign, friends become sources of strength. Your social and business lives improve, too.



At the 1907 Hill County Rodeo, Montana Mary asked the boys to show her the ropes about smoking cigarettes.



The boys obliged.



You've come a long way, baby.

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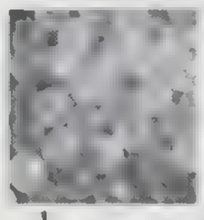
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Revenescence Moisture Reservoir Lipsticks by Charles of the Ritz are actually an invention.

(They're the only lipsticks we know of that are patented.)

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Shape-up

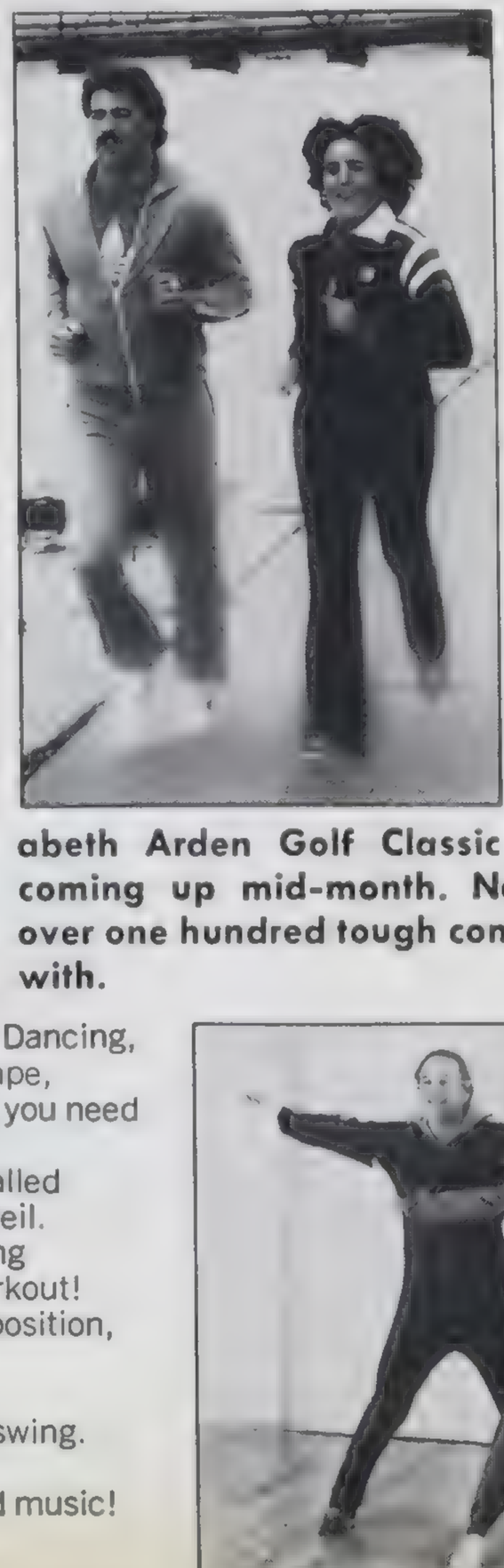
Together. It's twice as much fun!



For doubles to begin with: Victoria Schatz, exercise expert at Pretty Body (681 Fifth Ave., NYC), likes the exercise, above, as a warm-up for the two of you. To note: he should bend his arms as he pulls you up —that way, his biceps do the work, and get bigger! When you pull him up, let your body weight do the work—keep arms straight.



Everyone knows skiing together is fabulous fun, but skiing star Suzy Chaffee says practicing ski exercises as a pair is great, too. *At right,* she's limbering up with Ron Contarsi at Phil Gerard's Ski World in Encino, CA. There's a surface that feels like "Eastern" powder—perfect to work on your form! When Suzy says an hour of exercise per day is the healthy minimum—she means mental *and* physical health. . . . One pre-ski-trip exercise to try: Stand with feet together, holding a broom handle across the back of your shoulders. Bend to each side, letting hips swing in opposite direction.



• Golf star Nancy Lopez has lots of inspiration to be in top shape these days. Being newly married to the sporting Tim Melton is one —they're the jogging team *at left,* and they also play tennis together —singles! Second of all, the $100,000 Elizabeth Arden Golf Classic tournament is coming up mid-month. Nancy will have over one hundred tough competitors to deal with.

Jacki Sorensen, originator of Aerobic Dancing, one of the *jazziest* ways to keep in shape, says, of course men can do it, too! All you need is rhythm. In the photo *at right,* Jacki does an aerobic dancing step called the "Windup Combo" with husband Neil. This step is great for upper body toning —plus, your heart gets an aerobic workout! Begin with feet in side-to-side stride position, arms out at sides. Both of you wind up your left arm four times, jumping two small bounces for each swing. Do the same with your right arm. Don't forget: it's dancing, so you need music!



'79 CHEVY CHEVETTE
A LOT OF CAR FOR THE MONEY

You don't always get much for what you spend these days. So it's nice to know that there's still something around that gives you your money's worth. Chevy Chevette.

This year Chevette comes with a whole lot of standard features. All that you see here. Plus a whole lot more that you don't see. (Many features are not standard equipment on Chevette Scooter.)

Why not see your Chevy dealer about buying or leasing a 1979 Chevette? You'll certainly be getting your money's worth. And that'll be a nice change, won't it?

Chevrolet



STANDARD:
Reclining front bucket seats.



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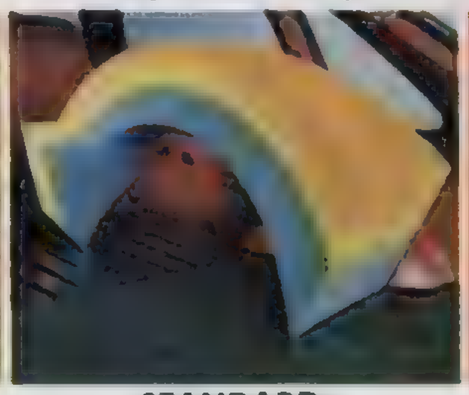
STANDARD:
Console & 4-speed transmission.



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Rack-and-pinion steering.



STANDARD:
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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 16)

justed, while the cat sits serenely by, a comfort and joy to its mistress. . . .

Rosanne DiCioccio
Louisville, KY

Cheers! for wine

I have enjoyed reading Vogue for several years, but wanted to tell you how much I have enjoyed the wine articles by Barbara Ensrud these past few months. I have enjoyed, also, drinking good wine for several years, and appreciate the learning and pleasure brought by Ms. Ensrud's articles!

Donna Jarvis
Dallas, TX

Dayside of fashion . . .

As a regular patron and admirer of Vogue, I am quite disappointed in the magazine's emphasis on the new, nighttime fantasy fashion. It seems that after the September issue, Vogue is no longer concerned in showing women designer collections for winter—*daytime* and evening wardrobes.

While accessories are very important in organizing a total look, it seems to me you have neglected to show sophisticated accessories (pocketbooks, scarves, hats) for the day—for the working woman.

I'm always pleased with Vogue's selections of interior design.

Sherry Parker
New York, NY

. . . and ladies of the night?

It's one thing that at least one quarter of your pages are devoted to furs—but I suppose a magazine must make a buck and you cannot be expected to think of the animals over your advertising money. But—when it comes to skin-tight skirts and stiletto heels, I draw the line. I realize that most men think of women as either mothers or whores—but must you encourage the hooker image? I hope American designers do not follow their Parisian counterparts.

Jean DeBaer
New York, NY

Sharing the laughs

The cover of my November issue of Vogue is worn because of all the places I carried it (work, sister's, boyfriend's) so all could enjoy the book excerpt. Delia Ephron has written a winner, *How To Eat Like a Child and Other Lessons in Not Being Grown-Up*. I almost forgot how funny kids are! She must have a great memory or be a great observer of children! Thank you for a much-laughed-over and enjoyed article!

Cynthia Kingsbury
Collinsville, IL

More on amniocentesis

This letter has been prepared in response to an article entitled "Suspense in Pregnancy," by Ann Boutelle in September. . . .

The author is apparently unaware that her experience is not representative of most women undergoing this procedure. . . . Actually, there are two sets of figures that should be provided. . . . One is the incidence of all chromosomal abnormalities for a woman between the age of thirty-five to forty, and forty to forty-five, and secondly the incidence of Down's syndrome itself based on the mother's age. The chance of having a baby with Down's syndrome at age thirty-five is approximately 1:500, the probability at age forty is approximately 1:80, and the probability at age forty-five is approximately 1:20. These statistics are based on birth-certificate information in New York State and have been confirmed by reports from other sources. The incidence of all chromosomal abnormalities would be approximately 1.5 percent between thirty-five to thirty-nine years, approximately 1.6 percent between forty to forty-four years.

I would like to emphasize that Ms. Boutelle's experience with amniocentesis is not typical of the large majority of women who are referred for this procedure to a medical center. . . . Genetic counseling to prepare the patient for the procedure and to obtain important family history is a prerequisite to the scheduling of this procedure in a genetics unit. . . . Patients have an opportunity to discuss how they should handle the delay in announcing their pregnancy, the anxiety attendant to the delay in scheduling the test at sixteen weeks, and waiting out the test results four weeks later. . . . For the small number of couples who must face abnormal results, they would be in a position to discuss this with the medical geneticist and genetic counselor with whom they are already familiar as well as with their own obstetrician. Genetic counseling is particularly important when an abortion is requested for abnormal results as well as for the couple who decide to proceed without an abortion, although this is an unusual decision. . . .

Audrey Heimler, M.S., Genetic Counselor
Division of Human Genetics
Long Island Jewish—
Hillside Medical Center
New Hyde Park, NY

Luck of the know

In response to the article written by Elaine Kendall in your October issue, "Coincidence: paranormal event or just the luck of the throw?" I felt compelled to share some of my thoughts on this topic.

I have found that coincidence can be produced upon demand, at least at certain times. Possibly it could be produced for others if, as I do, they would realize that coincidence is caused not by an outside force or luck, but from information that is contained within the subconscious. Becoming as aware of our interior landscape as we are of our exterior would free this information to function on a conscious level.

This being the case, responsibility for knowledge, success or failure would rest with each individual, a fact many would shun. If you can credit success to outside forces, responsibility for failures could be parceled out conveniently.

I feel that Arthur Koestler would have been closer to the truth had he said: the human brain has developed in advance of the *workable knowledge* of its possessor. We obviously have the need.

Thank you for your time and excellent magazine.

Michele J. Lewis
New York, NY

Friends and lovers

Hurray! Francine du Plessix Gray couldn't have expressed the need for a renewal of friendship among women (and men) more splendidly than in her article "Friends" (August Vogue).

This article was well overdue and renewed my faith and hope in platonic

(Continued on page 178)

NEAL BARR

Beautiful gleamwork! A little lace and sheer, a lot of glistening satin Glisanda® Anti-Cling Antron® III nylon, combined in one glorious gown. Candleglow (shown), Antique Beige or Fresco Pink, 30 to 36 about $20. Sheer matching coat, P, S, M, about $12. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Health

Safe color for cosmetics...sane relief from smoke addiction...warnings on hormones and tap water...heel help

By Melva Weber

HEAVENS, HEAVENLY BLUE LIPSTICK

The "Heavenly Blue" morning-glory flower yields a natural plant pigment that may replace the banned red dyes #2 and #4, and red dye #40, which is under suspicion and being tested as a possible cancer-causer. The pigment, anthocyanin, can turn to any wished-for shade between orange-red and purple. Because anthocyanins are natural substances (we're likely to eat them every day in fruits and vegetables), they may prove to be a safe coloring agent for food products and cosmetics. In the hands of plant physiologist Samuel Asen at the U.S. Department of Agriculture, "Heavenly Blue" can be translated into cherry, strawberry, raspberry, and grape colors; may be usable for lipstick, blusher, eye shadow, nail polish. But, before you'll be able to buy cosmetics or foods in the morning-glory colors, they must earn approval of the government's Food and Drug Administration.

BURNS ON TAP

After treating a baby who was badly scalded by tap water, a Seattle pediatrician went on a thermometer tour of the city. Kenneth W. Feldman, M.D., found 80 percent of the homes he visited had hot water above the scalding point, a dangerous condition, particularly to children and elderly people. Dr. Feldman launched a campaign, with help from the local electricity company and Seattle Mayor Charles Royer, to get home water-heater thermostats turned down to 130 degrees, and he petitioned the United States Consumer Product Safety Commission to set temperature limits for new heater tanks, reported *American Medical News*. One drawback to hot-water control is that dishwashers usually require higher temperatures to avoid water spots on dishes, though they're hygienically clean at lower heat; a problem solved by on-line booster heaters or coil units.

GUIDE FOR THE STILL-SMOKING

"If at first you don't succeed, quit and quit again!" starts an upbeat, positive-approach booklet "Clearing the Air." Not just another method for quitting smoking but a breezy discussion of many different approaches, small useful tricks, and attitude-raisers, the booklet just won't let go. Clearly written by people who have been there, "Clearing the Air" helps the prospective quitter to get ready for battle, suggests ways to become "turned off" to smoking, gives action pointers for Quitting Day and, afterwards, offers replacement habits.

The booklet also takes up the weight-gain problem that deters so many potential nonsmokers and lists major information sources to help in selecting a formal program or group therapy. For your free copy of this Public Health Service guide, write: Office of Cancer Communications, Building 31, Room 10-A-18, National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, MD 20014.

SAFE SKIN BLEACH

Skin-lightener creams containing 1.5 to 2 percent of the ingredient hydroquinone are safe and effective for lightening skin and for bleaching dark patches of pigment, according to an expert medical panel. Other ingredients sold as skin bleaches were found either unsafe or ineffective; mercury is the least safe of all, because it can be absorbed and cause poisoning. But the panel, evaluating skin-bleaching cosmetics for the Food and Drug Administration, pointed out that hydroquinone-bleached skin can darken again when exposed to sunlight, recommend covering bleached skin with clothing or using a sunscreen or sun-blocking lotion.

MARIJUANA AS DIARRHEA RISK

Marijuana-smoking subjects experienced more severe intestinal symptoms of traveler's diarrhea than did those who drank generous amounts of beer, according to a University of Maryland study. Reason: while beer is related to higher stomach acidity, cannabis, the active ingredient in marijuana, is related to low stomach-acid levels. When stomach acid is weak, more of the disease organisms *Vibrio cholerae* and *E. coli*, taken in food or water, survive to reach the gut. Pot-smoking travelers exposed to contaminated food and water risk severe *turista*, unless protected by alcohol intake. On the other hand, David R. Nalin, M.D., and his research team suggested in *The Lancet*, increased cannabis use may be connected with the sharp decrease in peptic ulcers, which are a problem of excess stomach acid.

WOMEN: WELL-EQUIPPED FOR SPORTS

Even in such rough contact sports as judo or wrestling, women run no special risk of injury to reproductive organs. Sports-related injuries to women's genital organs are uncommon, excepting the risk of a forceful vaginal douche in water-skiing, according to Christine E. Haycock, M.D., of the College of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey. The pelvic bones offer excellent protection to female reproductive organs, except in pregnancy, when the uterus rises up out of the pelvis. Though she advises abstinence from contact sports after the first trimester of pregnancy, Dr. Haycock reported in "The Journal of the American Medical Association," she has no fears that the nonpregnant woman will injure her genital organs during rough sports.

PROGESTIN PRECAUTION

A few months ago, a new information brochure was added to all prescriptions of progestin hormones, as required by the Food and Drug Administration. These hormones are sometimes prescribed for menstrual disorders or abnormal bleeding; they are not considered safe for pregnancy tests. The brochure warns that progestins taken in early pregnancy may expose the unborn baby to risk of heart defects or deformed arms and legs. It's important to avoid pregnancy while on progestin drugs and not to take progestins if you are or may become pregnant.

HIGH-HEEL EXERCISE

High-heeled boots and sandals can put strain on legs, back, and feet. Chicago's Stapler Exercise Studio, operated by two sisters who are dancers and fitness experts, offers this sample exercise to help you overcome bunched calf muscles caused by spike heels: Stand behind a chair, resting hands on its back. Now, move your left foot back as far as it will go with toes on the floor. Put weight on your right foot, bending knee. Bounce your left heel to the floor several times. Reverse legs and repeat.

"I started using the o.b. Method and stopped worrying about accidents."

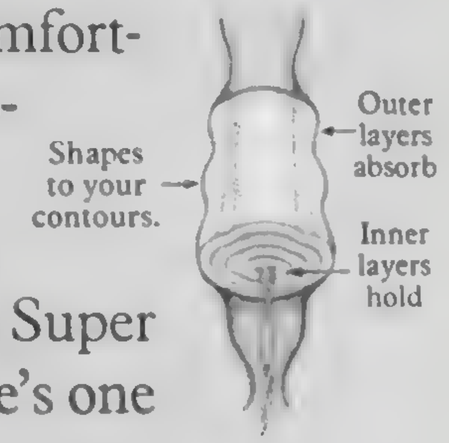
Elease Berry, Clinical Therapist

"Working at a mental health clinic is a high pressure job that takes my full attention. That's why worrying about tampon accidents used to be a problem. Then I started using the o.b. Method. I find o.b. absorbs so well, I'm really protected from leaks and stains."

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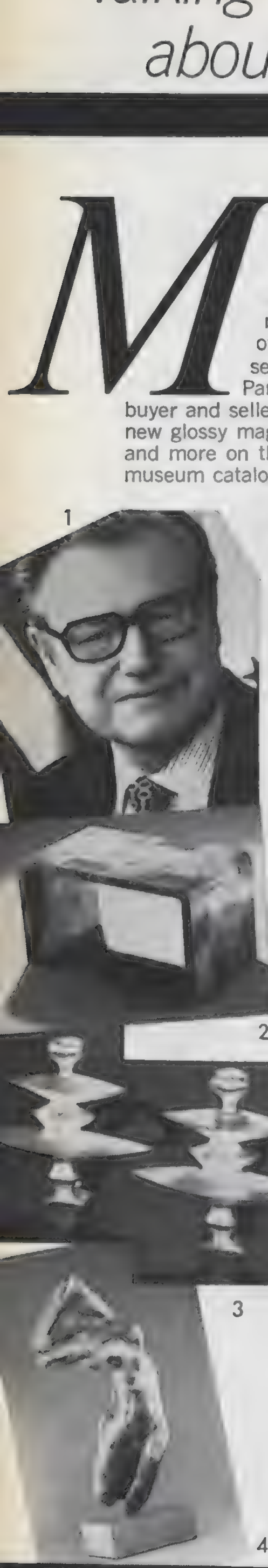

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Talking about... Collecting

Reproductions: pros and cons . . . the new collectors . . . pools for nonswimmers

By Judith Goldman

More and more people are collecting. The reasons are basic: nostalgia, the need for roots, the desire to invest, and pure pleasure. The new collectors are younger, know more, shop with security, and prefer auction rooms to department stores. They're mainstays of the new markets in Victoriana, all the decorative arts, and old clothes. More signs of the collecting boom: London auctioneers Christie's decision to open a second New York salesroom in an Upper East Side warehouse; Sotheby Parke Bernet's adoption of international commission policy—charging both buyer and seller 10 percent. . . . Everyone's bidding for new buyers: particularly two new glossy magazines after the market, *Antiques World, American Art and Antiques,* and more on the way. . . . The rise of reproductions: American Express' impressive museum catalogue has everything from pewter porringers to tilt-top candlestands.



1

2

3

4

...BUT IT'S REAL NELSON ROCKEFELLER

Reproductions are as old as art. Art historians stake reputations on knowing the difference between an original and its copy. But opinion divides on contemporary reproductions. Proponents believe that they offer enlightenment. Detractors feel that reproductions reflect only commerce, not art or its aura. Last year, when former New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller (1), a formidable art collector, past trustee and founding member of New York's Museum of Modern Art, went into the art-reproduction business, once again pros and cons of reproductions were being discussed.

Consisting of 113 reproductions of the Governor's vast treasure, The Nelson Rockefeller Collection, Inc., includes: copies of armorial salt dishes at $65; Auguste Rodin's famous sculpture "The Age of Bronze" reproduced at $7500; a copy of a Fabergé rabbit with ruby-and-diamond eyes at $2250; a reproduction of a late eighteenth-century Chinese Export dinner service in cobalt blue and gold at $425 for a five-piece setting.

Rockefeller began his venture with an investment of $3.5 million and an initial mailing to five hundred thousand well-heeled people. The response was so encouraging that late last year Rockefeller opened a store on East Fifty-seventh Street in New York City amid the country's best art dealers.

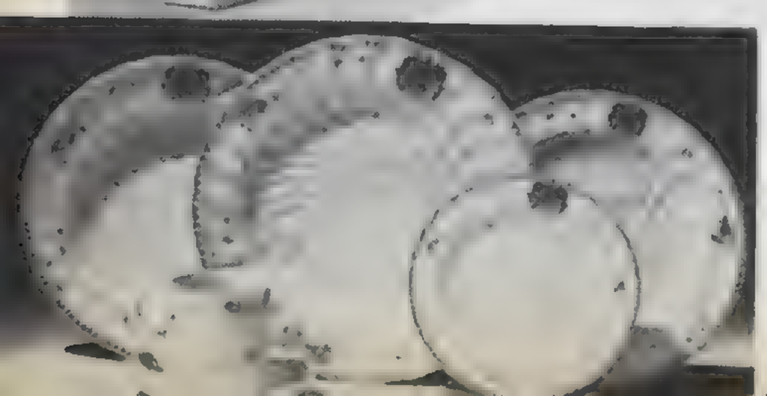
The sumptuous store has thick carpets, elegant lighting, and spacious displays. Originals and reproductions of the bronzes are occasionally shown side by side, and each juxtaposition is a fast lesson in connoisseurship. In reproduction, the surface of Rodin's "Torso of Adele" (4) looks smooth and shiny as a new bowling ball. In comparison, the original's worn patina and rough surface reflects marvelously mottled colors.

At first glance, the porcelain—especially the reproductions of the famous rare Meissen Swan service (5)—looks as dazzling as its $625-a-five-piece-place-setting price tag. But the effect is momentary. The Meissen Swan service, like the blue and gold Chinese Export copies, looks slicker than the newest contemporary department-store porcelain.

Most disappointing are reproductions of paintings and prints. Made by the Ciba-chrome photographic process, colors are flat and washed out. To unknowing collectors, the prints pose a more serious problem: not permanently marked as reproductions, they easily could be misrepresented as originals.

Copies of (3) Giacometti andirons ($750), table lamps ($575), and standing lamps ($1200) are not bad buys. One should know that the original lamps still sell at auction, and that, in Paris, Giacometti's brother Diego still produces lamps from their original molds.

The copy of French interior designer Jean-Michel Frank's shark-skin coffee table (2) is appealing, if expensive at $2100. But again, homework helps: as it happens, a nest of three original Jean-Michel tables, made in 1929 for Madame Hermès, sells for $3000.



5



A California moment in a Hockney pool

Refreshing Hockney

English painter David Hockney spent years making prints and set and costume designs; and, last summer, he was desperate to paint. On his way from England to Los Angeles—where he likes to work—Hockney visited Bedford, New York, print publisher Ken Tyler, who showed Hockney his new paper workshop. There, painters Kenneth Noland, Ellsworth Kelly, Frank Stella have made extraordinary images by pouring paper pulp into molds. Two months later, Hockney was still at Tyler's. The result: twenty-nine unique paper pieces that look like paintings. Depictions of California-style swimming pools, the single, six- and twelve-panel pieces, which measure up to six-by-fourteen feet, are fresh, thoughtful, and among the most ambitious paper works to date. Hockney's pools are selling fast. Contemporary painting collectors are buying them; so are print collectors weary of multiples. Last month, when shown at New York's André Emmerich Gallery, the pools were almost sold out. This month, they're on view at London's Warehouse Gallery. If any are available, they'll probably bring more than their $5000, $18,000, and $30,000 price tags. Hockney and Tyler are now at work on a book documenting the project. Both still believe in editioned art, and hope the book—a paperback with drawings and text by Hockney—will sell for under $10.



Recent record prices: $99,000 for a 1961 painted-steel David Smith sculpture at Christie's, New York . . . $1760 for late photographer Eugene Smith's photograph of two children walking into the sunlight at Christie's New York . . . A painting found in a New York attic—Jean-François Millet's "Le Vanneur"—was sold to London's National Gallery for a record of $600,000 at Sotheby Parke Bernet, New York.

Jean-François Millet's "Le Vanneur"

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FOOD

Pita—the bread with a pocket—to fill in surprising ways

Middle Eastern cook tells you how to use pita from your supermarket in sandwiches, salads, stews

By Sonia Uvezian

Pita bread, the round, flat, slightly leavened peasant bread with a pouch inside, also known as Middle Eastern or "pocket bread," has been used for centuries in the Arab world in salads, soups, as a filling-holder, or even as a plate. Now widely available (in diameters from five and one-half to nine inches) in supermarkets throughout this country, this bread has many appetizing uses in American cooking. Cookbook writer Sonia Uvezian, born in Beirut, Lebanon, gives the following pita-bread recipes to Vogue readers.

LEBANESE HAMBURGERS
six servings

1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon
1½ teaspoons paprika
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, or to taste
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ pounds lean lamb or beef, ground twice
4 tablespoons butter
2 large onions, cut lengthwise in half and thinly sliced
2 firm, ripe medium tomatoes, cut lengthwise in ½-inch-thick slices
3 pita rounds, halved crosswise and very lightly toasted
Chopped parsley
Yogurt Sauce with Garlic and Mint (recipe, page 171)

In small cup, combine cinnamon, paprika, cayenne pepper, and salt. Mix well.

In large mixing bowl, combine meat, 3 tablespoons cold water, and 1½ teaspoons of the spice mixture. Mix and knead vigorously until well blended and smooth. With hands moistened in water, form mixture into 6 patties. Set aside.

In large heavy skillet, melt 3 tablespoons of butter over moderate heat. Add onions and sauté until soft but not browned, stirring frequently. Sprinkle with remaining spice mixture and continue to cook until lightly browned. Transfer sautéed onions to a heat-proof dish and place, uncovered, in preheated 300° oven.

Add remaining 1 tablespoon butter to skillet and melt over moderate heat. Add tomato slices, sprinkle lightly with salt, and cook 2 minutes or so on each side. Arrange tomato slices over the onions and pour on top any juices remaining in skillet. Return dish to oven while you cook meat.

Broil meat patties, preferably over charcoal, about 4 to 6 minutes on each side, depending on your preference for "doneness."

Fill each pita half with a meat patty, a few slices of tomato, and some onions. Sprinkle with parsley. Pass Yogurt Sauce to spoon into each sandwich.

CHICK-PEA DIP (Hummus bi Tahini)
four servings

1 can (15 ounces) chick-peas, drained
Juice of 1 lemon, freshly squeezed and strained
3 tablespoons tahini (available at Middle Eastern groceries)
1 small clove garlic, crushed
¾ teaspoon salt, or to taste
Paprika
1 large pita round, quartered

Put chick-peas, lemon juice, tahini, garlic, salt, and up to 3 tablespoons cold water in container of electric blender. Cover and blend until smooth and creamy. (Or, press chick-peas through sieve or food mill, or pound them in a mortar. Add crushed garlic and mash together until well mixed. Gradually beat in lemon juice, water, tahini, and salt until mixture is smooth and creamy.) Spoon dip into bowl, cover, and chill. Just before serving, sprinkle lightly with paprika. Accompany with pita. To eat, tear off pieces of the pita and use for dipping.

SYRIAN BREAD SALAD (Fattoush)
four servings

2 cups bite-size pieces of lightly toasted pita
1 medium cucumber, peeled, quartered, seeded, and chopped
2 firm, ripe medium tomatoes, quartered, seeded, and chopped
1 small green pepper, seeded, deribbed, and chopped (optional)
1 small mild onion, or 4 to 6 scallions (include 2 inches of green tops), finely chopped
½ cup finely chopped parsley
⅓ cup finely chopped fresh mint, or 1 tablespoon crushed dried mint
1 medium clove garlic
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup freshly squeezed and strained lemon juice
Freshly ground black pepper to taste
⅓ cup olive oil
Pitted black olives (preferably Greek olives)

Combine pita, cucumber, tomatoes, green pepper, onion, parsley, and mint in a salad bowl. In small bowl, mash garlic with salt. Add lemon juice and black pepper,

(Continued on page 171)

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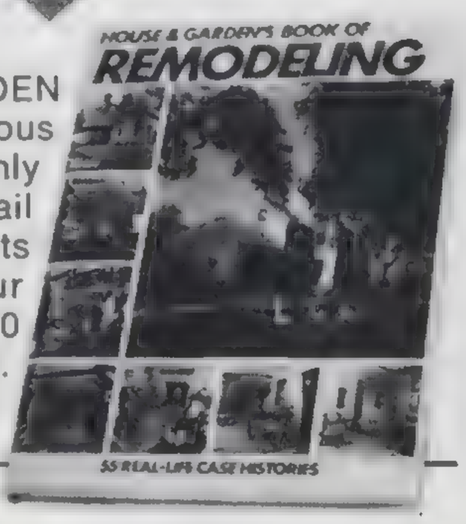
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"An architect convinced us that we couldn't afford the house we wanted, and he suggested we get a small house on a piece of land we loved, and add on from there. It was good advice. The house grows along with our needs, and each addition, like all good things, is worth waiting for." *Mrs. Judy Natkin*

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PITA BREAD

(Continued from page 168)

mix well. Pour over salad and toss gently but thoroughly. Add the olive oil and mix again. Taste and adjust seasoning. Garnish with olives and serve.

Variation: Finely chopped fresh basil or thyme to taste may be substituted for the mint.

GREEK POCKET SANDWICHES

four servings

1 cup seeded and diced tomatoes
1 cup seeded, deribbed, and diced green pepper
¾ cup diced cucumber (cut out seeds if too large and discard)
¾ cup shredded romaine lettuce hearts
½ cup (4 ounces) diced feta cheese
4 scallions, thinly sliced (include 2 inches of the green tops)
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh mint
3 tablespoons olive oil
¼ cup freshly squeezed and strained lemon juice
Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
2 pita rounds
Optional: ½ cup plain yogurt

In mixing bowl, combine tomatoes, green pepper, cucumber, lettuce, feta, scallions, parsley, and mint. In small bowl, mix together the oil, lemon juice, and salt and pepper until well blended. Pour over vegetable mixture and toss gently but thoroughly. Taste and adjust seasoning. Divide salad into 4 equal portions and drain off any excess dressing.

Cut each pita in half. Fill each half with a portion of salad. Pass a bowl of yogurt to spoon into each sandwich, if desired.

YOGURT SAUCE WITH GARLIC AND MINT

one cup

1 cup plain yogurt
1 medium clove garlic, or to taste
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh mint, or ½ teaspoon crushed dried mint

Pour yogurt into small bowl. Mash garlic with salt to a smooth purée. Add to yogurt with mint and beat until well blended. Taste and adjust seasoning. Cover and chill.

MUSHROOM, CHEESE, AND PITA CASSEROLE

six servings

1 large pita round
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup sliced mushrooms
6 scallions, thinly sliced (include 2 inches of the green tops)
1 small clove garlic, finely chopped
2 cups shredded Swiss cheese
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
4 eggs
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
1 cup milk, or Half and Half
½ teaspoon salt, or to taste

Separate pita into single layers to make 2 circles. Place one circle, smooth side down, in a well-buttered round, shallow, 9-inch baking dish. (Reserve other circle for another use.) In medium-heavy skillet, melt butter over moderate heat. Add mushrooms, scallions, garlic, and sauté 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat and spoon evenly over pita. Dust cheese with flour and sprinkle evenly over mushroom mixture. In mixing bowl, beat eggs with mustard, milk, and salt until well blended. Pour into baking dish. (At this point, you may cover and refrigerate dish several hours or overnight.) Bake, uncovered, in preheated 375° oven about 30 minutes, or until puffed and golden brown. Serve at once.

Variation: Distribute 1 cup diced cooked ham or prosciutto or 8 slices bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled, over sautéed mushroom mixture. Sprinkle with cheese and proceed as directed.

LEBANESE MEAT-AND-SPINACH STEW

four servings

2 pounds spinach
3 tablespoons butter
1 medium onion, finely chopped
1 pound lean boneless lamb or beef
Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
Juice of ½ lemon (or to taste), freshly squeezed and strained
⅓ cup pine nuts
½ teaspoon paprika
2 pita rounds, toasted and broken into large pieces
1 cup Yogurt Sauce with Garlic and Mint, see recipe *at left*

Wash spinach thoroughly under cold run-

(Continued on page 174)

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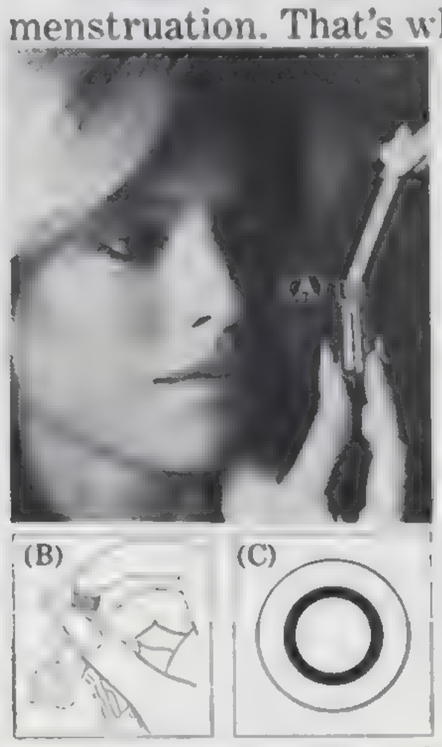
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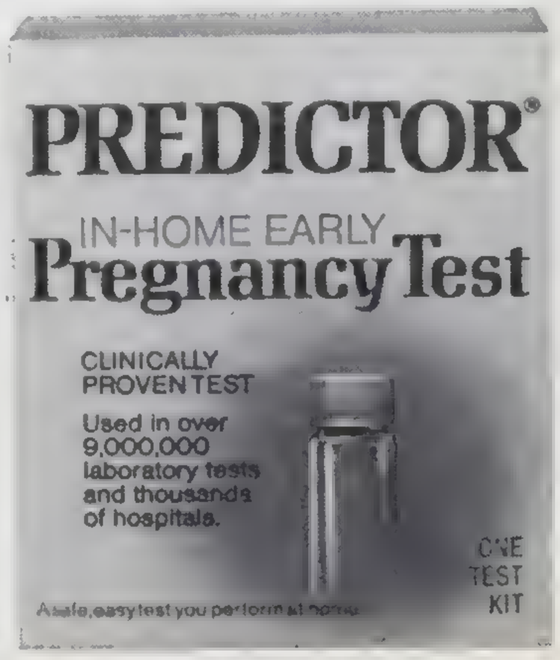
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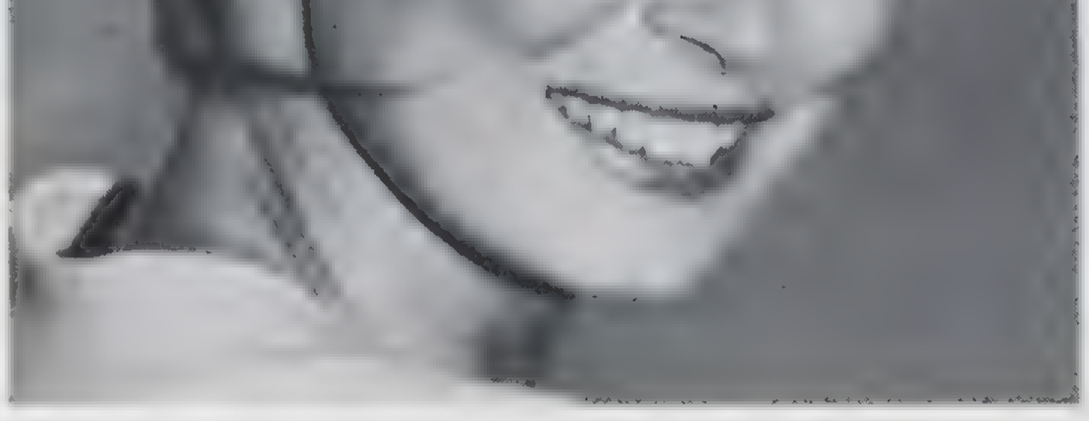
A complete shape-up program to revitalize your life

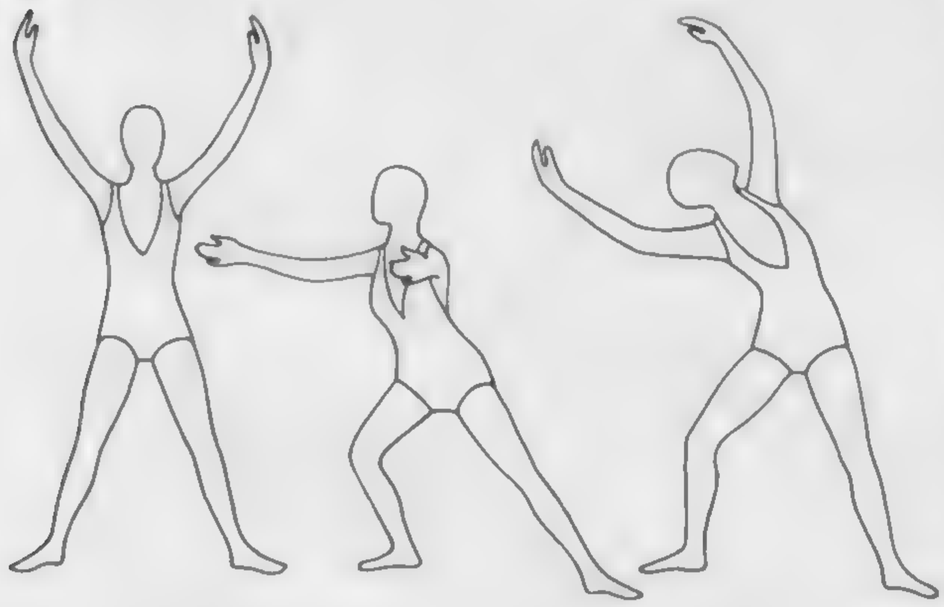
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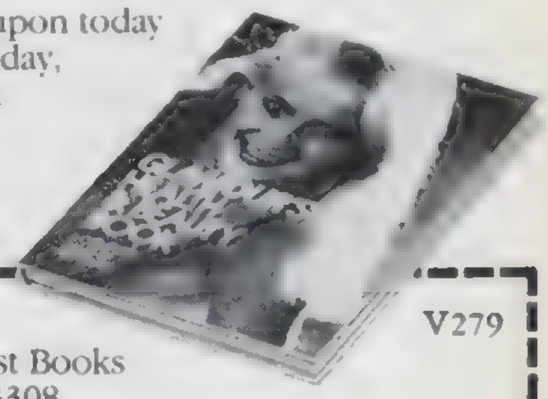
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PITA BREAD

(Continued from page 171)

ning water. Remove and discard stems and bruised leaves. Drain. Coarsely chop spinach leaves and set aside.

In heavy casserole, melt 2 tablespoons of butter over moderate heat. Add onion and sauté until soft but not browned, stirring frequently. Add meat and sauté, turning to brown on all sides. Add salt, pepper, 1½ cups water, and bring to boil. Reduce heat to low, cover, and simmer 1 hour or until meat is tender and most of liquid in casserole has been absorbed. If not, reduce it by fast boiling, uncovered. Stir in spinach, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Stir in lemon juice, taste and adjust seasoning, turn off heat.

In small skillet, melt remaining 1 tablespoon butter. Add pine nuts and sauté gently until golden brown, stirring frequently. Stir in paprika and remove from heat.

To serve, spread pieces of toasted pita in bottom of serving dish. Spoon meat-and-spinach stew over them. Cover with Yogurt Sauce. Garnish with sautéed pine nuts and dribble paprika butter remaining in skillet over the top.

CURRIED CHICKEN SANDWICHES

six servings

1 cup plain yogurt
1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh mint
Salt to taste
3 pounds chicken breasts, halved, boned, and skinned
3 tablespoons olive oil or corn oil
1 medium onion, finely chopped
2 medium cloves garlic, finely chopped
3 tablespoons freshly squeezed and strained lime or lemon juice
3 tablespoons curry powder, or to taste
¾ teaspoon ground cumin
¾ teaspoon paprika
1 bay leaf
Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
2 large ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and finely chopped
½ cup chopped walnuts
3 pita rounds
Tender inner leaves from 1 head romaine or Boston lettuce (optional)
Dark raisins
Shredded coconut
Lime or lemon wedges

In small bowl, mix together yogurt, mint, and salt. Cover and chill 1 to 2 hours.

Dry chicken pieces with paper towels. Cut into ½-inch cubes. In heavy skillet, heat oil over moderate heat. Add chicken cubes and sauté about 5 minutes or until golden, stirring frequently. Add onion, garlic, and sauté, stirring, about 4 minutes or until onion is tender. Add lemon or lime juice, curry powder, cumin, paprika, bay leaf, salt, and pepper. Cook about 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add tomatoes and walnuts and bring to a boil, stirring. Reduce heat and simmer, uncovered, about 20 minutes or until chicken is tender and sauce is thickened. Remove and discard bay leaf.

Cut each pita in half and toast lightly. Fill toasted pita halves with hot chicken mixture, tucking in a few lettuce leaves, if desired. Spoon yogurt-mint mixture over chicken filling. Pass the raisins, coconut, and lime or lemon wedges.

GUACAMOLE AND SHRIMP PIZZAS

four servings as appetizers, two servings as main course

1 large ripe avocado
1 small tomato, peeled, seeded, and finely chopped
1 tablespoon freshly squeezed and strained lemon or lime juice
2 tablespoons very finely chopped mild white onion, or ½ teaspoon onion powder
1 small clove garlic, puréed, or ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon chili powder
Dash Tabasco sauce
1½ teaspoons olive oil
1 teaspoon salt, or to taste
1 pita round, separated into single layers to make 2 circles
½ pound small cooked and shelled shrimp
¼ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese

Prepare guacamole: Halve the avocado lengthwise. Remove pit and peel off skin. Place avocado flesh in mixing bowl and mash with a fork to a smooth purée. Add tomato, lemon juice, onion, garlic, chili powder, Tabasco sauce, oil, and salt; mix gently but thoroughly. Taste and adjust seasoning.

Arrange pita circles, rough sides up and slightly apart, on ungreased baking sheets. Spread ½ of guacamole over each circle. Top each with ½ of shrimp and sprinkle evenly with 2 tablespoons of grated cheese. Bake in preheated 450° oven about 10 minutes, or until bread is lightly browned and crisp. Serve immediately.

LEVANTINE CHICKEN

four servings

2 large chicken breasts, boned, and cut into small serving pieces
2 teaspoons chili powder
1 tablespoon paprika
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
4 large onions, chopped
3 tablespoons olive oil
¼ cup freshly squeezed and strained lemon juice
2 pita rounds, separated into single layers to make 4 circles, and lightly toasted
1 lemon, cut into wedges

Dry chicken pieces with paper towels. In small bowl, mix together chili powder, paprika, salt, and pepper. Rub ⅔ of this mixture evenly over chicken pieces. Combine remaining ⅓ with onions in large shallow casserole and mix thoroughly. Spread onions in casserole and arrange chicken pieces on top. Pour oil and lemon juice evenly over chicken. Cover and bake in preheated 350° oven 1½ hours or until chicken is very tender, stirring onions and turning chicken over in juices 2 or 3 times during cooking.

Place pita circles on 4 heated plates.

(Continued on page 176)



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PITA BREAD

(Continued from page 174)

Top with the chicken pieces and onions. Serve accompanied with lemon wedges and the Cabbage Salad which follows.

CABBAGE SALAD

four servings

5 cups finely shredded green cabbage
⅓ cup olive oil
3 tablespoons freshly squeezed and strained lemon juice
2 medium cloves garlic, crushed
Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste

Place cabbage in a salad bowl. In small bowl, combine oil, lemon juice, garlic, salt, and pepper. Beat with fork or whisk until well blended. Pour over cabbage and mix thoroughly.

ARMENIAN MEAT PIES (Variation of Lahmajoon)

four servings

½ pound lean ground lamb or beef
1 medium onion, finely chopped
¼ cup finely chopped red or green bell pepper
1 small ripe tomato, peeled, seeded, and finely chopped
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1 small clove of garlic, or to taste, crushed
1 tablespoon tomato paste
1 tablespoon freshly squeezed and strained lemon juice
¼ teaspoon ground allspice
Cayenne pepper to taste (optional)
Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
2 pita rounds, separated into single layers to make 4 circles
Paprika
½ cup plain yogurt

In mixing bowl, combine meat, onion, bell pepper, tomato, parsley, garlic, tomato paste, lemon juice, allspice, cayenne pepper, salt, and black pepper. Knead well until thoroughly blended. Taste and adjust seasoning. Divide meat mixture into 4 equal portions.

Arrange pita circles, rough sides up and slightly apart, on ungreased baking sheets. Top each circle with a portion of the meat mixture. Using a fork, spread the mixture evenly to the edges. Bake in a preheated 450° oven about 10 minutes, or until lightly browned and crisp. Sprinkle with paprika and serve whole or cut into wedges, accompanied with bowl of yogurt.

SOUVLAKIA

four servings

1 pound lean boneless leg of lamb or beef sirloin, cut into ¾-inch cubes
2½ tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon dry red wine
1½ tablespoons freshly squeezed and strained lemon juice
1 medium clove garlic, finely chopped
1½ teaspoons crushed dried oregano
1 bay leaf
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
2 pita rounds separated into single layers to make 4 circles
½ cup plain yogurt
1 medium tomato, seeded and chopped
1 small green pepper, seeded, deribbed, and chopped
¼ cup finely chopped scallions (include 2 inches of the green tops)
2 ounces feta cheese, crumbled

Place meat in deep bowl. Mix together oil, wine, lemon juice, garlic, oregano, bay leaf, salt, and pepper and pour over meat. Turn pieces to coat thoroughly with marinade. Cover and refrigerate 5 to 6 hours, turning meat from time to time to keep it well moistened.

Remove meat from marinade and thread cubes tightly on long skewers, leaving a few inches bare at each end. Broil, preferably over charcoal, 3 to 4 inches from heat for 10 to 12 minutes or until meat is browned outside, juicy inside, turning and brushing with marinade.

While meat is broiling, heat bread: Stack and wrap pita circles in foil and place on grill alongside meat. Leave about 8 minutes or just till warm, turning often. Or place in preheated 350° oven about 8 minutes.

Using a fork, push *kebabs* off skewers onto warmed serving platter. Fill small dishes with yogurt, tomato, green pepper, scallions, and cheese to pass at table. Present bread in a basket. Diners should spread each pita circle with yogurt, top with meat *kebabs*, add condiments as desired. To eat, roll up bread and fold over one end slightly to prevent drips. ▽

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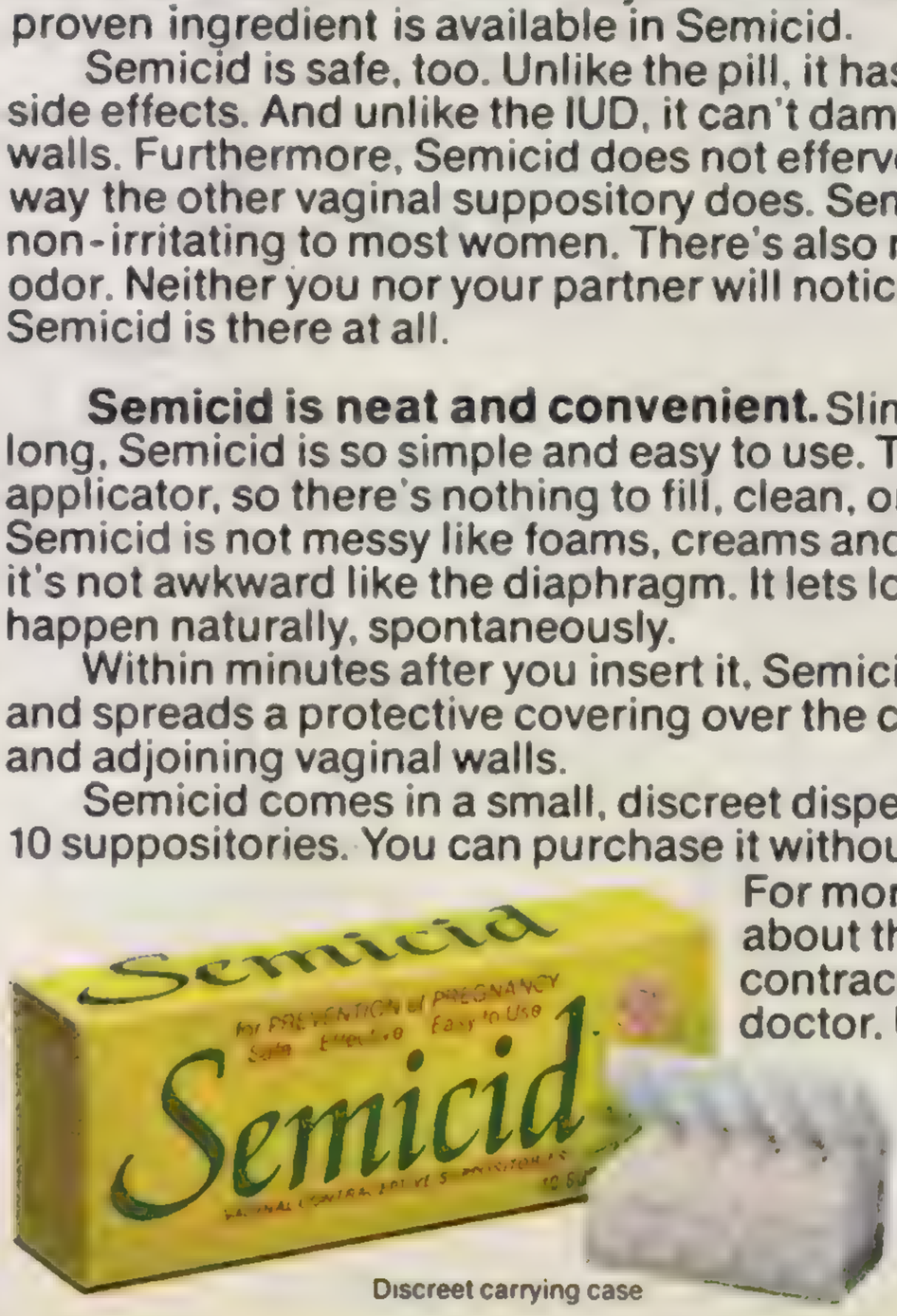
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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 154)

friendship and love relationships.

Good ole Mom was right—"A man and a woman have to become friends, first, before lovers."

Sandra Gohr
Walnut Creek, CA

Women who work—without pay

My younger son is applying to a private school. We receive a simple preliminary application requesting some basic background information. But I have a hard time filling out one part—and for two days the application sits unfinished on my desk while I aggravate. What can I not respond to? My occupation. It took me two days before I wrote: HOUSEWIFE.

Why do I feel ashamed to admit on paper that I am just a "housewife?" There is no space provided for parentheses wherein I can write that I edit a Voter's Guide for the League of Women Voters, that I have served as an officer of worthwhile organizations, am president of my other son's PTA group. That I am a volunteer with approximately ten years of community service is irrelevant. The above question requires a simple response—do you have an occupation or are you merely a housewife?

First let it be said that I have no quarrel with either working mothers or non-working mothers. My beef is with the categorizing of persons as either leading useful or useless lives. Each individual should be evaluated as an individual.

We have come to accept the paycheck as the barometer of a woman's fulfillment. To carry this statement to its logical conclusion, a woman who does not receive a paycheck remains less fulfilled than the woman who does. What about the volunteer whose contribution makes a difference, both to the cause and to herself?

Many women feel they must make a choice between marriage with a career or marriage with children or a combination of both. What seems to be ignored is a fourth alternative: marriage, children, and a constructive contribution through voluntarism.

While it is true that there are many non-working women whose lives revolve around the supermarket and car pool, there are women whose volunteer work can be exciting and rewarding. Unlike the television commercial character whose volunteer experience leads her to a better bathroom cleanser, the intelligent woman can gain experience in leadership, administration, finances, and decision-making. The areas in which she can become knowledgeable are unlimited: education, sociological problems, environmental concerns, governmental inefficiency.

At a time when legislators and private citizens alike are working to decrease the tax burden of the individual, the status of the volunteer must be reevaluated. Tax cuts will require a cut in governmental services in the areas of education and social services. There will be a greater need than ever for dedicated, qualified volunteers to fill the vacuums in these areas. We can no longer afford to show a lack of respect for the intelligient woman who chooses to spend her time constructively without benefit of compensation.

Carol S. Nelson
Kingston, PA

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PERSONAL

Loneliness can bring you the freedom to discover yourself

Designer, artist, author has learned that being alone can be creative, regenerative—positive

By Gloria Vanderbilt

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gloria Vanderbilt—designer, artist, and author—says her fourth book, "Woman to Woman", published this month by Doubleday, is "not an autobiography but a book about a person's evolution"; in it, Vanderbilt shares her discoveries: what she's learned and learned to value. Here, her findings about loneliness.*

What other subject is as forbidden, as misunderstood, as loneliness? Even the word can open an abyss of terror in conversation. Many subjects once taboo can now be spoken of, but loneliness is still too much at the core of our experience to be acceptable. Nothing seems to change it—money, success, love. It is the one unalterable fact of existence. Only now have I begun to accept it and to respect the freedom it brings with it. I have found loneliness everywhere. It is one of the unshared secrets of our lives. We seek love and accept security instead. For recognition and friendship, we relinquish our dreams and our souls. When I finally faced loneliness, I began to be my own woman.

I found that loneliness doesn't have to tear and gnaw. It can give strength and bring vitality. It can be the bracing wind from a window opened in a stuffy room.

What each of us makes of our loneliness is the individual stamp of our destiny. There each of us is most individual. Some people wear loneliness as if it were a noose. Others seize it and make of it a great happiness.

But loneliness does not remain the same. We develop our own defenses against it, to pretend it isn't really there. We may feel desperate, but we learn to cover it up. And when loneliness suddenly reappears, we are astonished, thinking we had buried it. The self-deception, whether it works or doesn't, is always with us. It is a mark that just barely conceals our need.

I remember when Dody [Gloria Vanderbilt's beloved childhood nurse] was taken away from me by the New York courts. I felt as if the loss and pain would never end. As I got older I discovered that I lived those feelings again and again. Then, I understood that opening yourself to love always meant the possibility of opening yourself to pain. But it doesn't necessarily have to turn out that way, so it's worth the risk.

I sometimes think we are too often trapped in those absolute feelings of childhood. Love, then, is the merger with something stronger, more secure than ourselves. We feel that love is either all or nothing. If we get angry, we feel so guilty that we turn it on ourselves. Love is so wonderful and all-giving that it doesn't allow for anger. But I have come to see that anger is often a way to show love; those who can express anger can love more profoundly because they aren't content to keep up appearances. They understand that hate and anger are not the same thing. They are no longer children.

I think that strength of belief comes from knowing and understanding yourself and your uniqueness. I always felt incomplete because I sensed my mother felt incomplete. She felt incomplete because her mother felt incomplete, and so on. That chain of dissatisfaction is endless. If only we had learned to look within ourselves for satisfaction, how different the courses of our lives might have been! That is the greatest legacy a mother can give her child: a sense of trusting herself.

Romantic love is so much caught up in the idea of incompleteness. We are always looking for someone else to fill in what we lack, to deliver us from loneliness. Much of loneliness is the longing for something or someone more powerful to surrender oneself to. But that, of course, is the wish of the masochist. The moment we begin to recognize that we are not separate, we have begun to solve the struggle between our helplessness and our desire for independence. We don't need anyone. We need to master ourselves.

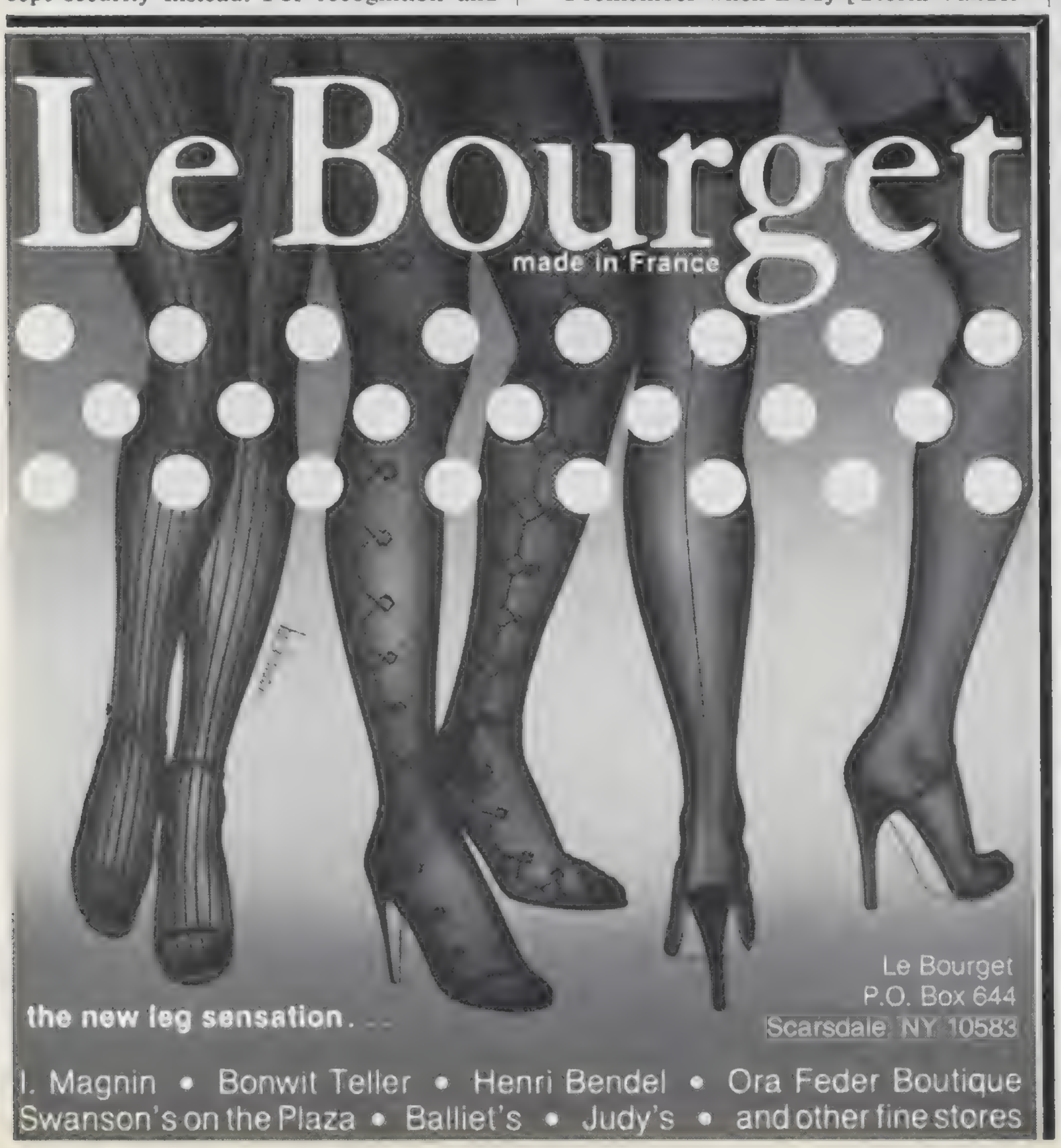
Falling in love is often a substitute for love itself. The battle of the sexes is a diversion. We're more interested in the violins and champagne than in the feelings they evoke. Romantics seem to adore the excitement of the pursuit more than the emotions that result from the pursuit. Love takes real effort.

But romance is taking love lightly. If we face our loneliness, we suddenly recognize that we don't need to be diverted and that a few words of truth are worth more than a record album's worth of love songs. Romance has its own format. Love means following a relationship along its unique course. There are no rules. Loving means learning the special language and emotions of a unique relationship that has never existed for you before and may never exist again. It means being able to be selfish or foolish or honest in ways which embarrassed you before. And it means being willing to make mistakes, lots of mistakes.

But most important, it means coming to know that all of our needs arise from childhood—memory again, the touchstone of this book. We have to be patient with ourselves to sort out what *was* and what *is* meaningful to us. In that way, romance

(Continued on page 182)

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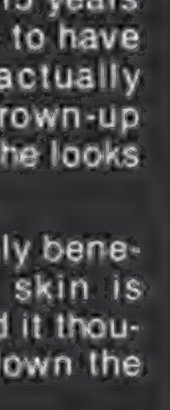
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LONELINESS

(Continued from page 180)

keeps pulling us back into the old ways of feeling when it was "Big You" and "Little Me." Only when we break our need for parents and security in love do we begin to live and love on our own—and not to be lonely.

The test of this freedom is how we change our attitudes toward sex. Sex can obliterate who we are or it can be an affirmation of our uniqueness. Sex without a realization of self-worth is inevitably a form of rape. Men value us because we value ourselves. Men recognize our uniqueness because we recognize it. Men love us because we first love ourselves.

That sense of self makes a great many issues much clearer. It makes sex a part of love and not the only form of intimacy one can allow. It makes it possible to find one's way out of solitude without going to bed. It makes it possible to be free to stay or free to go. No one is trapped.

All of us have the capacity for joy. But it means that we must be open not just to pain or pleasure but to both. We begin to limit ourselves when we don't find ways to express all of our emotions. We make a mistake when we try to live only by good manners and not with our hearts.

When we begin to live by the rules, we may often feel that our life is living us. That is why I'm so firmly convinced that a major part of maturity is to find more and more ways to invest ourselves in the world. We can only truly exist when we have found some objective means of expression. That, of course, has little to do with behaving ourselves or obeying the rules or even keeping a stiff upper lip.

I know from my own life that these changes are hard to make. Women have to learn to listen to even the faintest stirrings of our inner lives. We have to take the time and the patience to let ourselves develop at every point in our lives. And we have to understand that at no point are we finished. We are never complete.

We make a big mistake as young mothers

"When I finally faced loneliness I began to be my own woman"

I feel that many of us don't take enough advantage of being alone. Solitude is treated as if it were something to be gotten through as quickly as possible. I've learned to prize the moments when I am free, alone. I'm always storing up treats—a bubble bath or a special record. I make a point when I'm alone not to rush through meals or take shortcuts. I reward myself with special presents when I've stuck to my diet or gotten through a difficult job more quickly than I had planned. I try to put as much interest and enthusiasm into my room as the rest of the apartment because I spend so much time there. I find my time alone a luxury. We fear being alone because it's one of the rare moments when we confront ourselves.

Women have told me they feel helpless without their husbands or children. They can't eat unless they're with their family. They will fix special dishes only if they can share them. Or they'll sacrifice the decor of their bedroom because they feel it's selfish to indulge themselves. All of these attitudes are danger signals I feel we should be alert to. What will these women do when their children are grown? What are they to do if they are widowed or if their life changes and the husband travels? And what of divorce? We must all learn to live with and appreciate solitude.

I am most disturbed by people who turn themselves off because they cannot face loneliness and the freedom that can result from it. Enthusiasm and curiosity are absolutely necessary to stay alive. What is interesting and important is the world out there. For that reason, staying alive in the best sense of the word is staying alive to the world. When I see a face that is deadened and eyes that have been deadened, I know that this is a person who is afraid to face being alive and being alone. Joy has to be the one most important goal we have.

when we don't arrange for more time for ourselves. Of course, we are learning to be mothers and each experience is a new and special one. But I am also certain that we are also avoiding being alone in our business. We don't want to encounter the torrent of questions that might come flooding in. In escaping that important encounter, we cheat ourselves and our children. Then, even that glimpse of loneliness is quickly lost, forgotten, to be revived later.

How do we begin to accept ourselves as we are? That is a question of patience, time, work. No one else has the answer to our loneliness. I cannot lose myself no matter how much I may want to. What we must do is avail ourselves of the fulfillment that is already waiting within us. We must stop living in the future and start living with the past, and in the present. We must find in our work, our dreams, our homes, our memories, the deeper and fuller realization of our selves.

Through my work, I have learned the extraordinary power of doing nothing—of sitting still, listening, and communicating with the truth of myself. It is in these moments that we stretch and grow. I now know more about the difference between emptiness and imagination.

I am no longer frightened by the word loneliness. I think of Katherine Mansfield's first husband, who scratched out the word "lonely" in one of her early poems and substituted the word "solitary."

I *am* alone. I have learned to welcome change and the unexpected. I invite the contradictory, challenge the suffering and self-pity that are part of loneliness. I want to survive. I want to beat the pain. I want to know others who can face loneliness. I want the silence of being alone with another.

How right was the poet who said that anyone who is original is also experimental. That is the task loneliness imposes on us. ▽

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Walk! It's one exercise you can do anywhere, anytime

Walking is high on benefits, low on injury—and no side effects

By Carol Kahn

Lose ten pounds. Firm up your body. Be healthy and fit. That's what you want but: Dieting makes you irritable. Jogging you find a bore. Running is just too painful. How about walking? If you want to lose weight, tone muscles, build endurance, why not try a low-risk, high-yield exercise that involves no more than putting one foot in front of the other?

"Too many people have the idea that walking means dragging along for a little bit," says Irving M. Levitas, M.D., director of the cardiac-stress laboratory in New Jersey's Hackensack Hospital. "Ask yourself honestly, how much walking have you done this week? Moving at a brisk pace. Not just from the house to the car or from the parking lot to the nearest building."

Walking is nature's way of assisting the blood in its journey back to the heart, Dr. Levitas points out. With each step you take, the muscles of the legs squeeze against the veins, helping to pump the blood upward against gravity—that is why the leg muscles have been called a "second heart."

Walking, if vigorous, is an excellent aerobic exercise. It makes the heart and lungs work harder and take in more oxygen to fuel the working muscles. And the greater the ability of the body to absorb oxygen, the more fit it becomes.

There are certain advantages that walking has over other aerobic exertions. For one thing, it is free and instantly available. And it can be done just about anywhere. It doesn't involve a lot of expensive gear—comfortable shoes with low or medium heels are the main thing. It is also an ideal activity for anyone who is overweight or out of shape. And because you are earthbound—rather than airborne for successive instants, as with jogging—it spares your joints and tendons that traumatic thump that comes every time you land.

To put walking back into your daily life, try relying on foot power more, horsepower less. The body, Dr. Levitas explains, has internal regulators called "biostats," and, like thermostats, they have built-in settings that determine such matters as when we feel hungry and what level of energy we need to expend. "As we turn up the biostat for physical activity," he says, "we feel a biological call to exercise."

But short spurts of activity are not enough for endurance and fitness. You really need a regular exercise plan. Try the "rubberband method" for building endurance recommended by Leonore Zohman, M.D., director of the cardiopulmonary unit at New York's Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center and Albert A. Kattus, M.D., adjunct professor of cardiology at the University of California, Los Angeles. In this plan, "you increase the distance before you upgrade the intensity," Dr. Zohman explains. "Work up gradually to a goal of four miles an hour." Dr. Zohman rates three miles an hour as adequate dynamic exercise if your capacity is low, three-and-a-half miles an hour as usually good dynamic aerobic exercise, four miles as definitely dynamic and aerobic. Once you get much above that speed, you are likely to break into a jog.

In addition to conditioning the heart, there are other benefits to walking. Dr. Zohman's patients report that it aids digestion and elimination, ups their energy level, combats insomnia, and makes them feel better. When they get in shape, they seem to require less sleep. In fact, she says, thirty minutes spent walking may be paid back in that much less sleep being needed.

And walking is an excellent way to slim down. Grant Gwinup, M.D., professor of medicine in the division of endocrinology and metabolism at the University of California, Irvine, had overweight women walk for one to three hours a day, eating everything they wanted, for one year. The women lost an average of thirty pounds, even though they had repeatedly failed to keep their weight off with diets. You should combine a dietary program with a sensible exercise program that uses aerobic activities like walking, jogging, running, or cycling in order to prevent excessive loss of muscle tissue," says Frank Katch, Ph.D., chairman of the department of exercise science at the University of Massachusetts.

And a diet-exercise combination makes sense for another reason, he adds: you neither have to walk yourself into the ground nor be hungry all the time. Since it takes an expenditure of thirty-five hundred calories to lose one pound of body fat, cutting back five hundred calories a day will result in one pound less every week. But you can lose that pound by eating only 250 calories less and walking an hour at a comfortable pace.

Remember that the number of calories burned by physical activity will vary according to body size—a heavier person has to use more energy than a slimmer one for the same activity. In one hour, that difference becomes really significant, with the larger woman expending 414 calories to the 252 calories used by the lighter person. To calculate your own energy costs in a variety of different activities, Dr. Katch has devised a series of charts that will appear in his new book, *Getting in Shape*, which Houghton Mifflin is bringing out this spring. ▽



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PERSONAL

How to look like a sport without actually being one

Little tricks to keep you "In" with the sports-minded

By Francis A. Weaver

We all live according to certain Basic Conformities, often without realizing it. Motorcycle riders, fly fishermen, Masons, campers, hikers, golfers, Junior League members, kids in the Little League and their mothers, bankers, morticians, rock groups, reactionaries, bird watchers; all of them congregate on the common grounds of shared dress codes, terminology, and patterns of behavior. They all dress, talk, and act in unison with the group of the moment. Even the people who claim to dress, talk, and act to express their individuality wind up looking, talking, and acting like each other.

My friends are golfers—not all of them, of course, but more than enough. I have tried my best to be a golfer. I am just not emotionally suited to the game. It drives me crazy. Constantly, these friends talk about that game. I try changing the subject, but to no avail; it always goes back to golf. Until winter comes. Then they ski.

"Not being a golfer or a skiier where I live is a social disaster"

Skiing is not for me, either. I am a devout coward. Not being a golfer or a skier where I live is tantamount to being from the wrong side of the tracks. It makes me uneasy.

For years, I worried about this—but no more. I brought my favorite Basic Truth about conformity into play. I won't say it has changed my life completely, but it certainly has helped! I have figured out how to look like a golfer, talk like a golfer, and act like a golfer. . . . I wear one glove and always use that white, untanned hand to hold my pre-lunch Martini. . . . I wear the short skirt outfit and the silly socks so I have white thighs and feet, but brown calves. . . . I have learned to say one or two words about "last week on number four" or "the sand trap on the *old* number nine". . . . That is sure-fire. Nobody pays very much attention, but I am no longer completely ignored.

The same technique works for skiing. I had a rack put on top of my car. . . . No skis—all you need is a rack. . . . For this season, only my face should be tan, and a dark shade of foundation takes care of that. Then I say, "We haven't run into you all winter. Where have you been going?" or "Have you been to Snowmass lately? Was it awfully crowded?" Sometimes I murmur "fresh powder. . . ." The fact that they look at me is an improvement.

"During the ski season, only my face should be tan"

Inferiority often engulfed me when I heard of women who love to go fishing. My husband and I did go on a three-day fishing outing with a crowd once. I am no fisherman but I had a marvelous time. I fished for three days with the same worm.

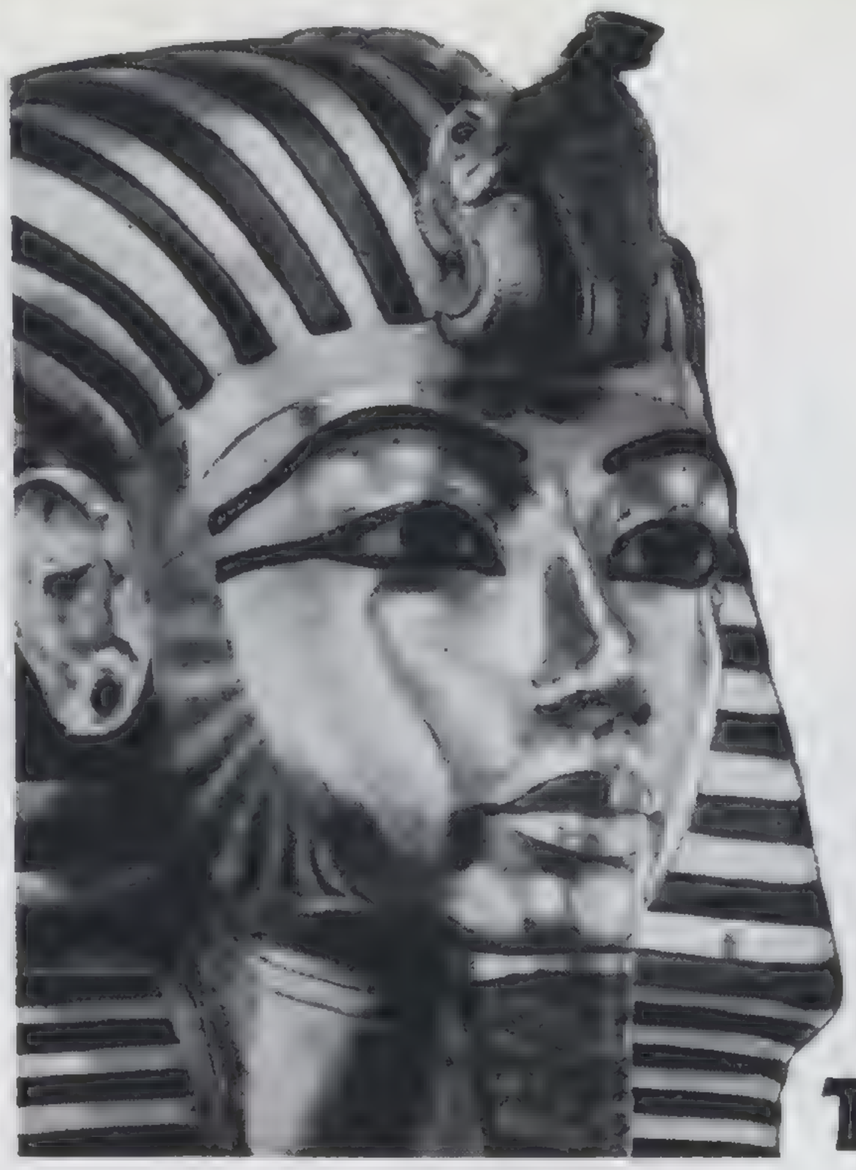
Here's my treatment for fishing enthusiasts: My doctor husband has patients who catch lots of fish but don't eat them—beautiful rainbow or brook trout. Although I have little patience for catching fish, I will go to great pains to cook the little devils. My pre-boned poached trout with broccoli, mushrooms, and hollandaise is marvelous. I often serve it to special guests.

Here again, it is not necessary to lie. Evasion is enough. Complimenting the dish, a guest will say, "Where did you get these beauties?". . . . My answer is something like "Oh, as I remember it, these trout came from over on the Gunnison." Should the question be more direct: "Where did you catch these fish?" or "What lure did you use?" (bait is an unclean word), I jump up to offer more wine or inquire about coffee.

To be more than honest, we have tried the hearty, robust outdoor life. Years ago, we used to camp. In the midst of an otherwise pleasant summer, we would take the dogs, the kids, the neighbors, and go camping. We ate hamburgers laced with sand. We ran clinical tests on every sunburn remedy and insect repellent to be found—and found them wanting. . . . We left home presentable people. We returned reeking of smoke and Right Guard.

Still, we keep up with the pace in our own way. We allow our grandchildren to spend the night in sleeping bags in the yard when they visit. Such excitement makes it difficult for them to sleep. My husband claims most people camp on vacations because it makes the trip seem twice as long. Those kids in those sleeping bags made one night seem like two weeks.

The rest of the outdoorsy athletic crowd is no longer a problem at all. The basic principle is applied in many ways unthought-of before. I have a jogging suit that I put on when I walk down to get the mail. I wear a swim suit (and one glove) when I putt in the yard. I keep a tennis racket on the dining-room table. I wear riding boots to the supermarket. My husband keeps weights by the piano and lifts them when we have guests. Then I go on with my interests, and he with his. ▽



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YOUR CAR

You and your automobile: one of life's important partnerships

A savvy woman's ideas on buying, keeping, enjoying a car—with a few good tips about parking spaces

By Evelyn Kaye

Relationships with cars are like marriages. You begin with preparatory planning and thinking, culminating in a decision to take the leap. You investigate the available models, compare prices, test-drive a few, choose your color, negotiate the payments, and drive off into the great blue yonder.

There's a rhapsodic honeymoon period when you polish the headlights, touch up the first scrape carefully, and brush the sand off the carpeting. Nothing but the best for this gleaming partner. But comes a slow lessening of dedication, an acceptance, a familiarity, and a recognition of faults ("why doesn't the rear window open?"). The car is absorbed into the family, part of everyday existence, always there, always available, always ready to go.

For those of us who drive (unlike the sophisticated New Yorkers who number among the lowest proportions of car-owners in America), the car becomes an oasis of escape in a life of constant interruptions. Where else can you find an hour of totally undisturbed time each day?

An opera-singing friend of mine says she always plays tapes of the opera she's learning when she drives, to listen and to practice the parts she will sing. "Sometimes, I get funny looks at traffic lights when I'm in the middle of an aria," she said frankly, "but the car is the only place where the phone doesn't ring, and no one drops by."

A male friend rents tapes of people reading well-known novels and listens to them; he swears it's the only way to go by car. I'd be worried that I'd get so absorbed I'd lose my way. Another friend plans dinner-party menus in detail, jotting down notes on a pad when she's stuck in traffic; and another likes to note the names of side streets and devise new routes for driving to work and back. Now who can do that on a bus?

Car radios can be a source of inspiration. One friend was so incensed by the political views of a candidate she heard on her way home that she called his opponent the moment she arrived and volunteered to work in his campaign.

I use the radio for news or music, which is fine when I'm alone; with others, it's bound to lead to conflict. Bitter words have been exchanged about my opposition to rock stations, which distract my concentration, especially in heavy traffic, and my penchant for "Howard Johnson" music which simply goes on. And I also love jazz, while my children prefer whatever baseball or football game is in play ("don't say a word, they're giving the score!"). So, I've devised two simple rules: no one may touch or speak sharply to the driver under any circumstances; and only the driver may operate the radio. My children have been driven to sitting in the back wearing earplugs, listening tensely to transistor radios.

American families have been criticized for lack of togetherness at home. It's clear after years of driving that the American family spends its time together in a car—communicating, discussing, arguing, laughing, and working out such essential problems as which movie to see on the weekend.

The first sad disillusion with the once-perfect car comes one morning when it refuses to start. Naturally, it's the day you have an appointment at nine and you're picking up five people on the way. It's an emergency call and a visit to the garage, but you decide to stick together a little longer. But then the car dies on the highway as you're coming home. The mechanic makes dire predictions on what needs fixing. You are now at the two-car crunch. You can decide to trade this in when you buy a newer model, or to keep it and use it as a "second car."

We all know that second cars are what wives get to go to the stores in. Second cars break down in deserted parking lots at midnight or blow smoke in heatwaves on busy highways. Second cars lug dusty boxes of books to garage sales. Second cars are filled with bags of manure for the vegetable patch. And when second cars have splits in the upholstery, nobody cares; when the antenna falls off, no one notices. It's the latest brand-new car in the family that is luxuriating in the honeymoon stage, only venturing out on weekend trips to the country or on occasional visits to the tennis club.

For those of us lumbered with the second car, survival is essential. First, get to know the best mechanic in your local garage. Smile sweetly, bring Scotch at Christmas, beer on the Fourth of July, and homegrown tomatoes if they turn out O.K. Tell the mechanic how hard you work, just like everyone else; keep your appointments on time; be clear about what's wrong; and make him appreciate how much you need him. Very honestly, you do. Unless you happen to have a natural bent for carburetors, your car and he will have a steady ongoing relationship and you must be a tactful intermediary.

Learn the odd little tricks that help your car: if the key should be jiggled before you turn on the ignition, jiggle away. If it's best to keep the tank full of gas when it's cold, fill 'er up. And if the car always stalls when you reverse, practice your U-turns to perfection. You must know how to keep a second car alive.

Over the years, your second car may start wheezing and grunting and slowly

(Continued on page 192)

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YOUR CAR

(Continued from page 188)

grind to a state of immobility. You then may move on to a third—or even fourth—car as your teenagers multiply. Remember, it's very hard to get rid of a car. If your driveway begins to resemble a car salesman's clambake, reexamine your mobility. It costs money to pay someone to take a car away, which is ridiculous when the car dealer won't give you a penny for it. Try to pass your cars on before they begin to accumulate.

Once you get used to a car, your dependence becomes total. The bicycles in the garage are for weekend jaunts strapped on to the back of the car, and the bus schedule on the board is five years old, and the children don't even know where the railroad station is. But you know that at any time you can get into La Machine Mobile, turn the key, and hear that comforting "rhhuummm" noise before you take off for anywhere you want, assuming, of course, that the person who brought the car home put in some gas. Yet, even then, your car won't complain; it won't gripe about the heat or the cold; it won't criticize what you're wearing; and it will always be sitting outside, ready, willing, and able. Most husbands can't measure up to that, let alone the children, and neighbors don't even come close.

Your car becomes your buddy, your confidant, a reliable and trusted companion who shares great chunks of time with you, and for whom you care far more than you realize.

For years, one friend drove an enormous station wagon around, filled with varieties of pets, baseballs, swimsuits, tennis racquets, and teenagers. When we went out to lunch last week, I watched as she uneasily edged her monster's bulk into a small-car parking space. She looked at me and sighed, "I know the children are all in college, but it's harder to give up the car than it was sending the children away." She listed the advantages of her mammoth motor; truck drivers never scared her when they showed their machismo by streaking past at eighty miles an hour; when someone ran into her, she hardly noticed because there was so much car to go round; and when she went on vacation, she never counted how much useless junk she took because there was so much space. "But parking—it's terrible now," she confessed.

Parking is the constant nightmare of all car drivers throughout the world. Once your car has taken you there, you have to find a place to leave it while you do your work, and there aren't enough.

Parking techniques differ from place to place, but there are a couple of shabby tricks I've learned.

Cruising. Give yourself ten minutes just to drive around the parking lot, looking for places, waiting for people to leave, checking out the possibilities. With luck, someone who brought their car out just to get a tube of toothpaste will come rushing out in five minutes and drive off, leaving you the space. Just go round and round steadily, calmly, trying not to feel it's ridiculous, though it is. You'll find a space and get on with saving the world very soon.

Crisis solution. Find a place that's the closest you can find to where you want to be, and park illegally, but leave a sign on your window "Car broken—back shortly" with the time you expect to be back. It works, sometimes; though once I got a ten-dollar parking ticket from a zealous meter maid who perhaps could not read, or was cynical, and who objected to my car's sitting directly below the "No Parking" sign.

Do be careful about towing areas. The sense of deprivation, panic, helplessness, despair, and abandonment when you come back and find your car gone may devastate you for so long afterwards that you won't go anywhere that hasn't got a parking lot. And that's difficult.

You have to drive a car to understand the feeling of dependence and security an automobile gives you. It's almost like a drug. In time, you miss a period of driving each day when you're on vacation or traveling in a strange place without a car. You have this respect and affection for the moving machine that is part of the family and essential to the sanity and happiness of its individuals.

And, after all, in many ways the car provides the reliability and dependability that's often rare in other family members. If you trade your car in, it's not going to call up and complain about its new owner. If you leave it at home, it won't keep asking to go out. If you do something foolish, it won't make sarcastic comments about your driving. And, if it falls apart and you leave it at the dump, it won't demand alimony, visitation rights, education fees, or a vacation. You know you can just choose a new model, slip behind the wheel, rev up the engine, and start the honeymoon again, to live happily ever after in your new gleaming automobile. ▽



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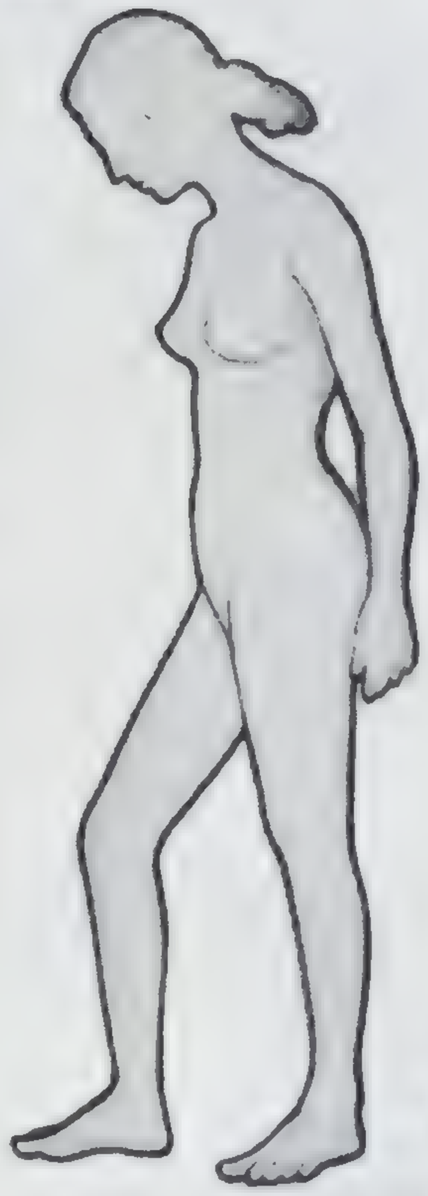
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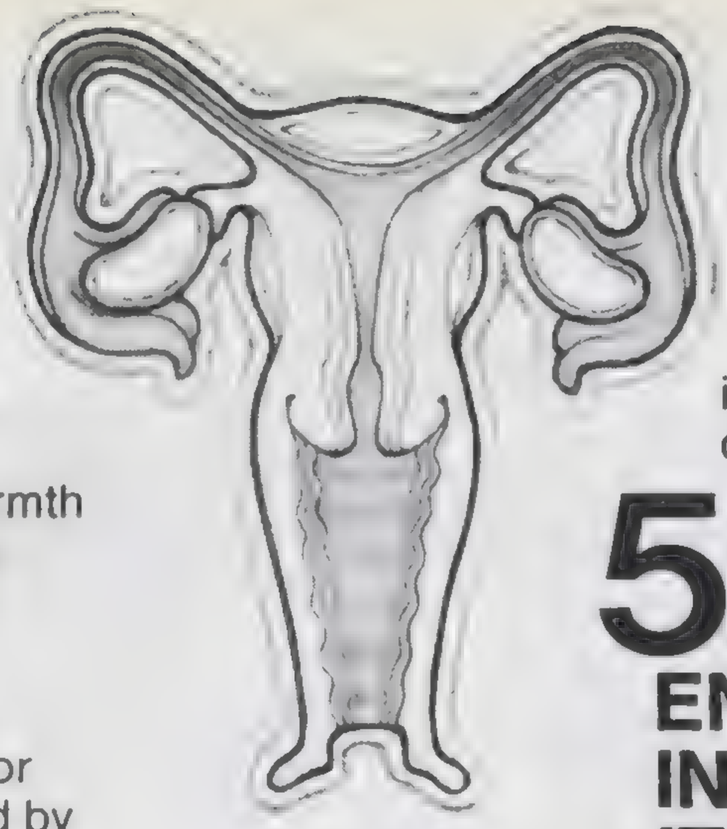
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In these instances, use should be discontinued.

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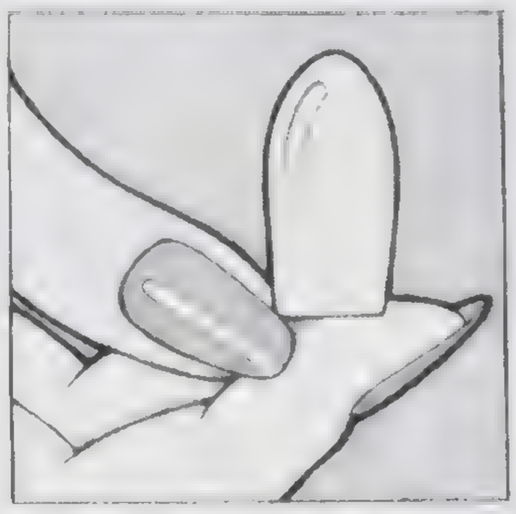
The Encare Oval is smooth and small, so it inserts quickly and easily—without an applicator. Simply use as directed.

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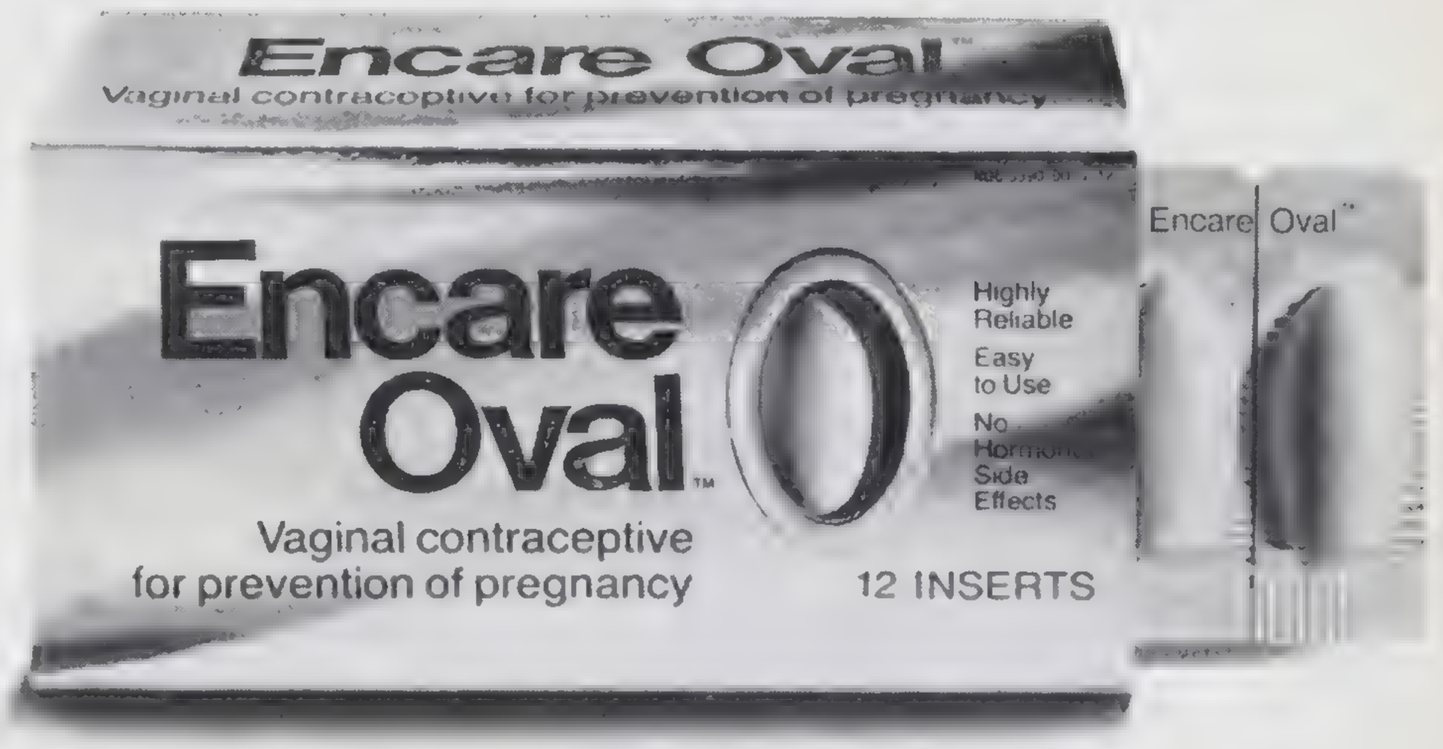
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talked about since the pill.

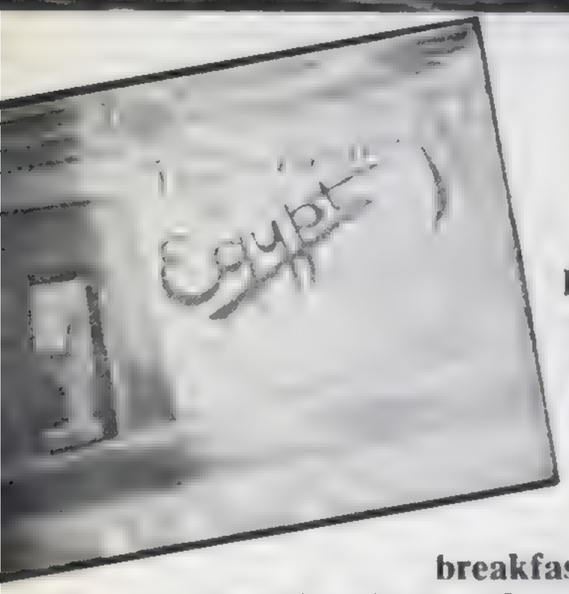


Travel Now

When to phone an airline . . . Egypt à la française . . . making the Olympics

Marrakesh update. . . . Morocco has never been easier—now that Royal Air Maroc's 747s are nonstopping between New York and Casablanca. And the nine-hundred-year-old city of Marrakesh remains Morocco's springtime-perfect vacation spot. In this palmy oasis city, you can play tennis and swim in the morning, go Atlas Mountain skiing in the afternoon. Spring is also a good time to catch spectacular local "fantasias" (pictured above left)—when groups of Berber horsemen converge on Marrakesh to perform intricate acrobatic feats while riding at top speed, climaxed by the simultaneous firing of their long-barreled muskets.

In Marrakesh, biggest news is the renovation of the city's hotel classic, The Mamounia. While some of the hotel's "improvements" are getting mixed reviews—especially the non-Moroccan shag carpeting and chandelier in the lobby—the hotel's new manager, grand-hotelier Pierre Vacher, is receiving raves. Meanwhile, the Es Saadi Hotel with its casino continues to be a first-class—and less expensive—alternative to a Mamounia stay. Best dining in Marrakesh are La Trattoria, for European cuisine, and La Maison Arabe, for Moroccan feasts. A week in Marrakesh (including airfare from New York, hotel, breakfasts, sightseeing, and a car for a day) comes to $810 for the Mamounia, $680 for the Es Saadi (with dinner daily). Details on these tour packages are available from Royal Holiday Tours, 6 Village Square, Glen Cove, NY 11542.



Buy of the year: A week in Cairo for $719 . . . including round-trip flights on Air France 747s from New York, deluxe hotels, breakfasts, sightseeing, airport-hotel transfers, tips. Or spend a week dividing your time between Cairo and the splendors of Luxor in Upper Egypt for $819. Departures every Saturday, now through May 12. (Add $30 for April and May takeoffs.) Information: see a travel agent or contact Air France.

How to get the latest information about air travel? I've found the best time to get undivided telephone attention is between eleven o'clock and midnight! Then, airline offices are quiet and operators — all alone by their telephones — are cozy, human, and interested in your flight plans. No panic, no wasted time, correct answers — pleasant dreams!

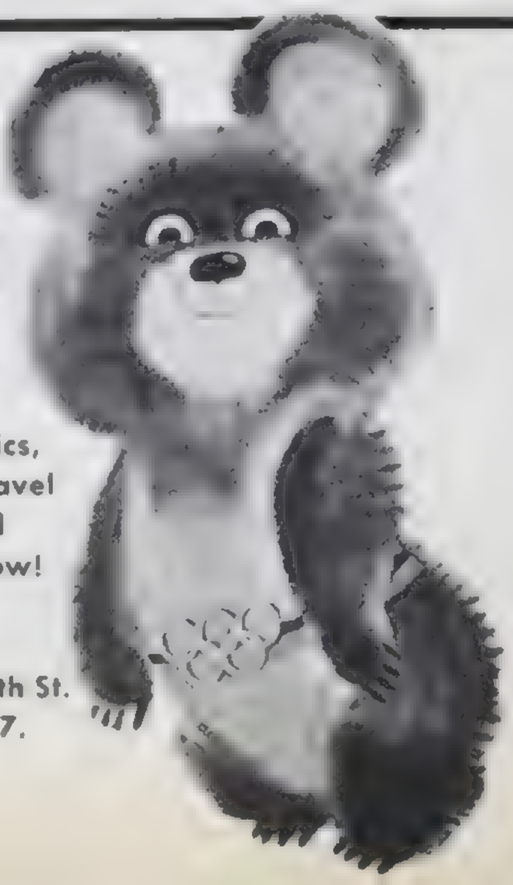
— DESPINA MESSINESI

BARGAIN-DINE IN PARIS

A handy guide to fifty Paris restaurants—all within walking distance of the city's major tourist attractions . . . and most priced between $6 and $12 for a full-course, prix-fixe meal! Also in the guide: a map, French/English dictionary of menu items, tipping information. Free from Air France, P.O. Box 30729, JFK Airport Station, Jamaica, NY 11430.

DETECTIVE STORY

Dublin bound? Serious about tracking down that touch of the Irish that may be in you? Don't miss the Irish Genealogical Office in historic Dublin Castle. For a small fee, Dr. Slevin and staff will research your family name and give you further clues for your Irish roots-quest.



First international star of the Moscow Olympics: "Misha," *right*, Russian bear cub chosen by Soviet television audiences to be the mascot for the 1980 Games. *Note:* If you want to attend the Olympics, write The Russian Travel Bureau for ticket and tour information—now! Space is limited and going fast. Address: 20 East 46th St. New York, NY 10017.

Each year, New York's Theatre Guild puts together a series of tours especially for theater buffs. This year's premier trip is the Guild's China-Orient Adventure: a month of sightseeing and theater-going in Hong Kong, People's Republic of China, Japan, Thailand, and Bali. Escorted by author/Broadway personality Mrs. Leonard Lyons, this super-deluxe trip costs $5500 for hotels, many meals, theater tickets, airfare from Los Angeles. Dates: April 21-May 18. Note: A three-week version of the tour (omitting Thailand and Bali) costs $4450, returns May 10. Write: The Theatre Guild, 226 West 47th Street, New York, NY 10036.

—RICHARD ALLEMAN

Alaska!

America's greatest travel adventure and the prophetic new vacation.



The image of Alaska has changed. Who would have thought we would be gallery-hopping in Anchorage? Here are the images . . . some of the infinite images . . . of Alaska. A window to the ancient wisdom of the Eskimo. An abstract of the midnight sun. And ourselves. Who would have thought we'd be sporting a tan we caught skiing on a glacier? Glaciers, yes and hot springs. Bawdy bars, yes and museums. Wilderness, yes and sophistication. Alaska is our discovery, the most exciting set of extremes in the 80's. Being here, we are in the State of the next decade. Here is the place for the prophetic new vacation.

Miowak. ©Fred Machetanz 1937
Anchorage Historical & Fine Arts Museum

Ah, wilderness . . .
We're flightseeing Alaska. Our float plane drops like a kestrel to the waters of a remote mountain lake. Glide in among the shoregrass and listen. Nature speaks with her silences, and there's no human voice to mar this great pantomime. Suddenly . . . the raucous laugh of a loon.

Alaska

Russia ruled.

The Czar owned Alaska and all its riches. Gold, oil, furs . . . In 1867 he bartered it all for the pittance of a few million dollars. And Americans called it Seward's Folly.

Years ago in Juneau, black-bearded men built this Russian Orthodox Church, onion-domed like the towers of the Kremlin. Now you frolic on the grass and joke of empire. Alaska was the Czar's folly. Had you been in Moscow, could you have swayed him?

Cabin Fever.
Sultry in the Far North. The only cool spot is the dog's nose. Melons, wine, apples, cheese and candlelight . . . aren't enough. A good book won't do. You have to ask? Ah, there is a reason for the long night.

Alaska!

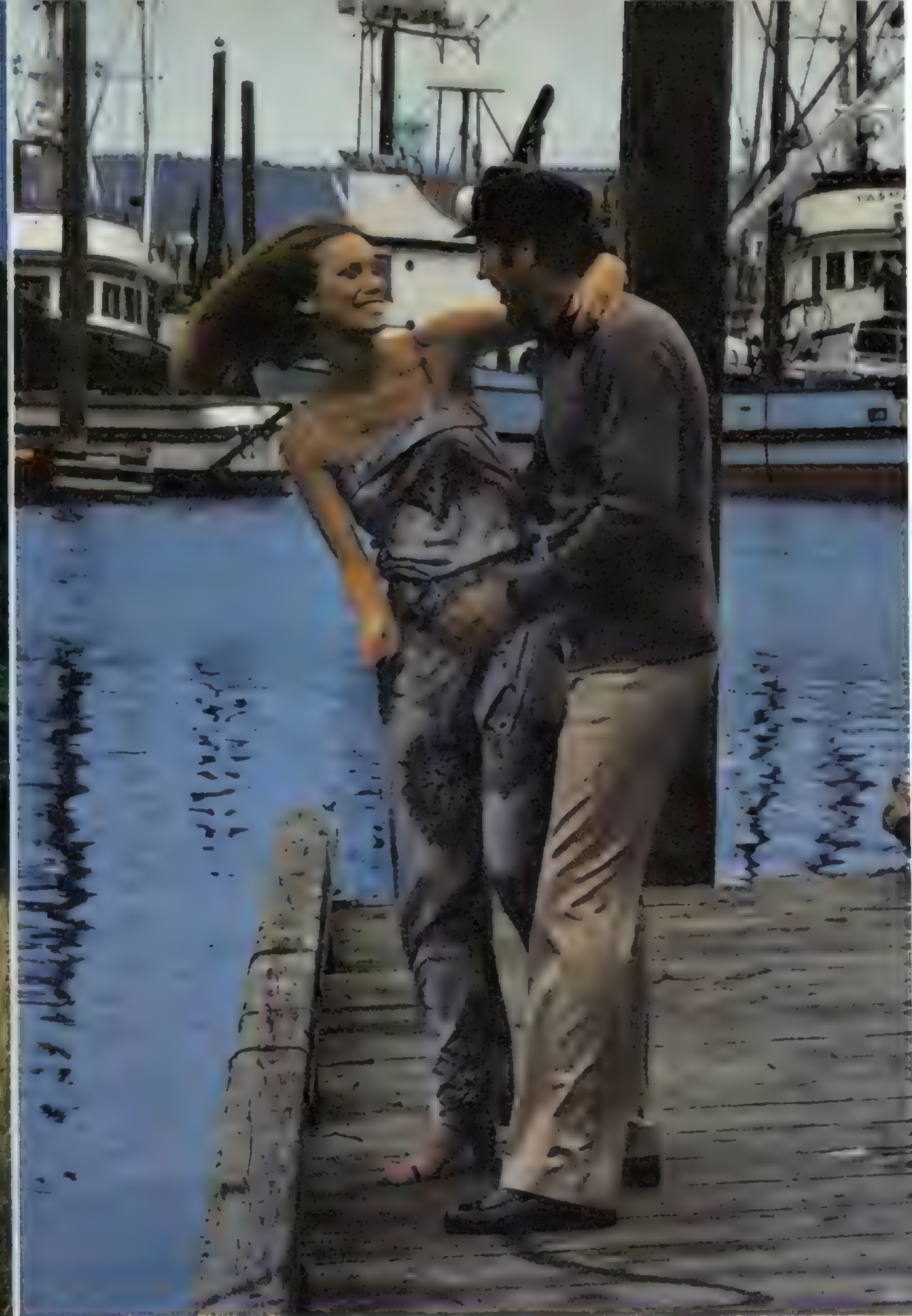
Challenge met. Summit conquered. We're here, half-naked on an icefield and loving it. It's called Ruth Glacier (lovely name for an icedream.) What we thought was cold is bracing. What we thought was high is exalting. Behind us looms 20,320 feet of Mount McKinley, the literal pinnacle of the United States. Gooseflesh? Only from excitement.

Cruising!
I'm taking the wheel. Captain Von Driel. Scenic grandeur of the Inside Passage is all very well, but this luxury liner can use a little more style on the Bridge. Perhaps we'll slip into that fjord for a closer look at a bear.

The Pipeline.
Feel the energy. The lights of cities. The power for factories. The roar of jets and the rush of traffic. It all begins here. The silver snake twists its way through canyons, over mountains, under rivers past solitary bear and herds of caribou to the North Slope. And Black Gold, superheated, comes surging back over 800 miles of frozen tundra. Next time you flick out your nightlight, think of this.

Alaska





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TRAVEL

Key West: Fantasy Island U.S.A.

Notes on Florida's ultimate escape-place—where "people live the lives they used to make movies about"

By Jill Robinson

H.P.H. and I have decided it would not be wise for us to buy this old estate and turn it into a school for the asthmatic children of writers. We are both cranky about this decision and see it somehow as a rejection of each other, rather than as a rejection of an unwieldy project. To compensate, we decide to take a winter vacation together. Still Californian by nature, I don't understand winter vacations and prefer to sulk inside during this untenable Eastern winter. Besides, I detest all outdoor sports save walking by stores. And driving. However, I keep hearing about Key West.

It will be to the 'eighties, people tell me, what Paris was to the 'thirties, New York to the 'fifties, San Francisco to the 'sixties, and, perhaps, L.A. or its Eastern clone, The Hamptons, to the 'seventies: the place where Everyone goes to hide from the Others and still be In . . . where people are doing things before anyone is talking about them.

We are all set to go. Then a friend says, "You can't go anywhere south of Fourteenth Street—there are lizards!" I am so phobic that only after seven years of therapy can I say the actual word. I call Bill Manville and Nancy Friday who have just bought a house in Key West. "Listen, about the lizards . . . ," I say. "Never seen any," they tell me. But then, perhaps they would not notice the way I would. I decide to double-check with the Pier House, which everyone has told me is the only place to stay in Key West.

"Have you got any lizards there?" I ask the man who answers the phone.

"Yes. Hard to tell how many, though," he says. "They get right past the desk. Hardly ever register. I can't keep track of everything."

(This, it turns out, is not true. Jerry Daughty, now manager of the Pier House, does keep track of everything in Key West.)

"I could put you on the second floor," he says. "*You* may be scared of lizards, but they are really scared of heights—hardly ever go up there. What color hair do you have?"

"Sort of brown," I say, looking in the mirror.

"Well, you shouldn't worry. They are only attracted to blond hair. They probably wouldn't jump on you."

Easier to deal with that "probably" than disappointing H.P.H. I think traveling is something like moving. You start out looking at the idea of it because you've seen beautiful pictures (of houses, of places to go) and then, suddenly, you're really in the middle of it and wonder how you got yourself into all this organization of plans, all this changing of everything. The idea of change is so much more appealing to me than its actuality. Which may be why people like to travel where there are friends. Some people. Me.

Tuesday

We are on a no-frills flight to Miami. I could have used the organdy ruffles, thank you. However, here we are with the sandwiches. And my portfolio and the first flight:

H.P.H.: "I thought this was going to be a vacation."

Me: "I didn't get some work done."

H.P.H.: "Some vacation."

Traveling with me when I have deadlines is like taking a child somewhere with its homework. Irritability and anxiety go along. We discuss, during the flight, how he likes to sunbathe anyway and how I will work while he is doing that and it will all be fine.

H.P.H.: "Wonderful."

Me: "Not wonderful. But fine."



Old Key West street sight: restored Southern Victorian mansion

First mistake. Do not take the daytime flight to Miami—if you plan to drive to Key West by car (which is the second mistake).

We had been advised to take one of the connecting flights to Key West from Miami. Not for me, I had said—there is no place that is not made better by having a car in it. And, of course, it must be the right car. The taxi that drives us from Miami to Fort Lauderdale to pick up the right car is driven by Quintana. He drives with verve and is not excited to learn that writer Joan Didion has a daughter named Quintana.

On the way to Key West, finally, I realize I have left my portfolio somewhere. The three-hour time for a drive from Miami to Key West is a figment of someone's imagination. It is more like five hours of driving time, not including stops to call airports and car-rental places to locate portfolios or to buy fresh orange juice while considering the amazing beauty of oleanders, hibiscus, and gleaming palms against a resort-blue sky. Winter is suddenly no more real than last year's toothache. And although I expect

(Continued on page 208)

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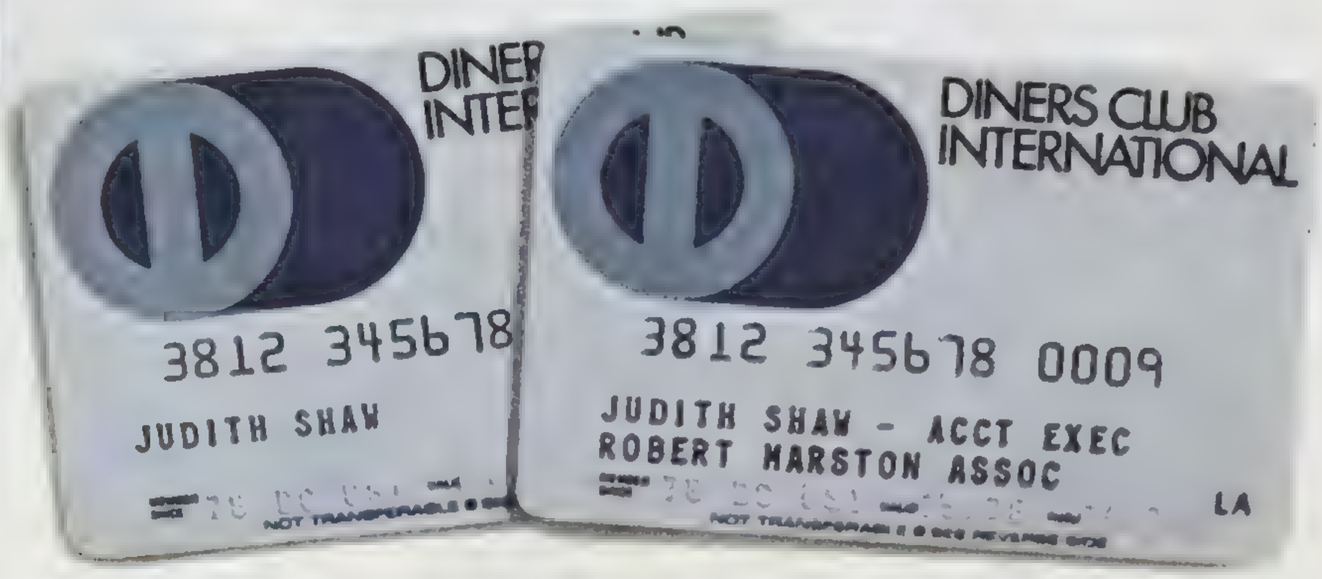


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KEY WEST

(Continued from page 206)

lizards, like streakers, to whisk past every time we stop, I see none. Long after dark, and a way to go, we eat dinner at Cheeca Lodge. This is an adult, well-groomed resort for people who are not entirely comfortable in Greenwich Village. We arrive in Key West sometime after midnight. It is unwise to make judgments after traveling all day. I peer into the darkness all night long, watching for lizards.

Wednesday

It is like opening the door onto Oz to wake up and see the sun on the palm trees and the water the color of Fiestaware turquoise. The Pier House, built by David Wolkowsky, legendary Key West renovator, looks something like Habitat in Montreal. There are atriums, terraces off every room and the dining-room complex is stunning, skylit—with plants. H.P.H. goes out to sun himself. I am on the phone all morning to get copies of books and assignment notes lost with the portfolio. Then I go down to the front desk to get information about things to do that do not involve fish, sand, or water and Jerry Daughty says, "Oh, you must be the Lizard Lady," and takes me off in a fringed kind of golf cart on a quick outline tour of his favorite ancient graveyard, the Turtle Kraals (think "corrals," pronounce "crawls"), and up and down the narrow streets of Old Key West where graceful old houses are being restored. He leaves me off at the bike-rental place. "Everyone rides bikes." This is true. By the time I see my first lizard, about two inches long, in the bike parking lot, late that afternoon, I have been so distracted and entranced by Key West that I am only startled. Phobia, too, for the moment, has become memory, like winter.

H.P.H. has taken turns, lying sometimes in the sun by the pool or on the tiny Pier House beach. Friendly, informal people bring fresh piña coladas to us on the sand (you can have them with or without rum). We rent another bike and go shopping. I



Tourist attraction Key West-style: Ernest Hemingway's jungly house and gardens

am already a jungle flower garden from testing tropical flower scents at the Key West Fragrance Store and I have cased the larger shops nearby and found, for clothes, the wonderfully named Raven Dancing boutique, where they have everything imported you'll want for next summer.

Cranky as we were, getting ready for the trip, we had brought very few things. Feeling now, finally, festive and (somewhat gingerly) getting into a holiday mood, we buy a lot of clothes. H.P.H. is already almost tan and looks fine in a swashbuckling pirate shirt—and I pick up everything gauzy and glittery, plus shocking-pink ballet shoes. In full costume, we eat dinner at the Pier House. Our waiter reports that he works from five to eleven, then dances, sleeps until ten, and goes snorkeling. He has just returned from Alaska: "But it wasn't quite me. Imagine, lumberjacks coming in and there I am saying, 'Table for two?' " We try a fish called grouper, which I thought was a single person who rents in the Hamptons, but it turns out to be rather good. The Key Lime pie is splendid. After dinner, we listen to a singer at the piano bar. A Canadian girl, also listening, keeps saying, "She breaks my heart." I feel as though I am back in the 'forties, or rather, in a 'forties movie. There's something about Key West already that is bringing on waves of nostalgia—nostalgia for something I never really knew. But maybe that's what nostalgia is all about.

Thursday

I have draped glitter-spangled scarves from Raven Dancing all around my room, tarting it up a bit for the morning's work which I do on the terrace. Jerry Daughty says the hotel will be redone by January. After work, I take the Conch Train ride around the island. The part that is not Old Town resembles San Diego or sort of regular Florida. Should have taken a sweater, and, by the way, brought a rain poncho. Sights of blue glass jalousies in pink houses mix with the guide's excellent history of Key West, plus identification of the marvelous trees. New ambition: to be a tour guide, intensified after visiting Hemingway's House. I bike over there after the train ride. The mystique is powerful. You feel you are there alone as you wander through the gardens, see descendants of his actual cats, look at the lush trees he imported and loved, the $20,000 pool he put in. I stand in his study and cry. There will be no more putting down of tourist attractions here. They are popular because they are very good, very affecting, and there's something about the way things are handled on Key West—the island's sense of its own romance, the courtly regard for its dark, sad history comes through. These guides perform: they move you.

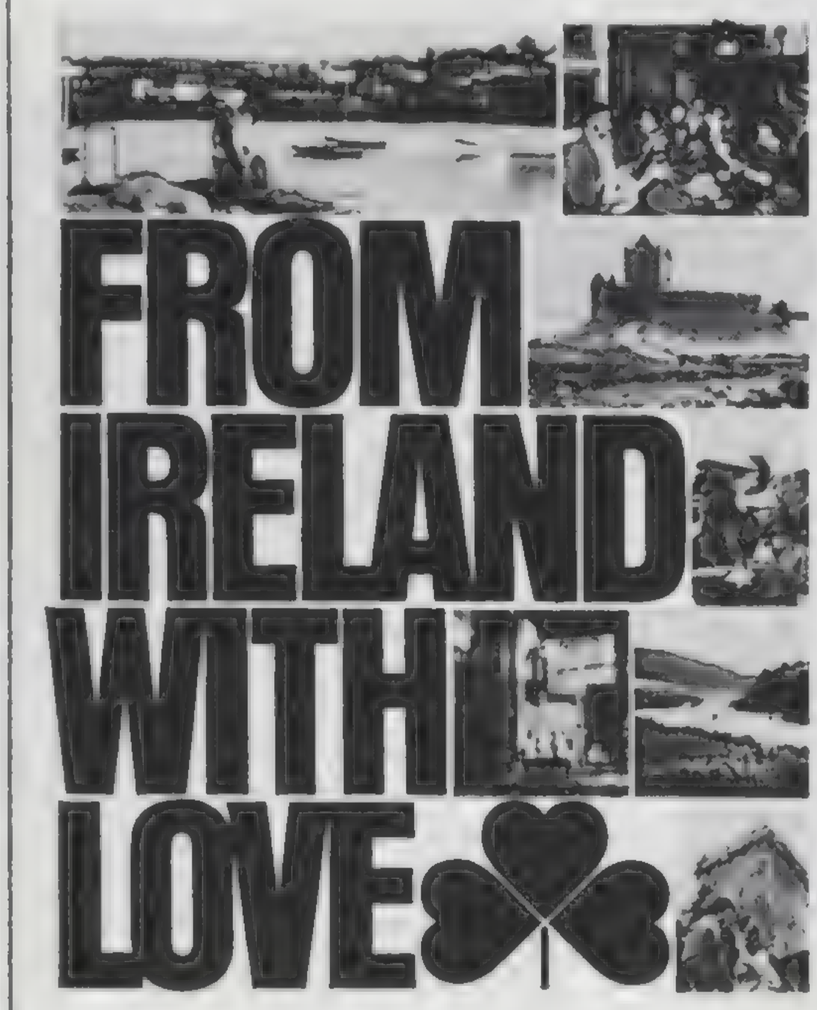
I catch a little shopping on my way back. Everything centers around Duval Street—you just wander and can't go wrong. There are fine striped Guatemalan things at Tikal; chic 'forties-type clothes at Onyin Skin (including actual playsuits); small real-gold shells at Rooftop Gallery; and Parade, a gift store I like very much, has potpourri, hanging glass things—elegant, amusing gifts. Everyone who does not own a store here owns a restaurant or makes jewelry—and absolutely all of the people I talk to, which is everyone, are doing something with houses. Going shopping is going talking. I started with jewelry and clothes and gifts; and, by now, I am thrilled I did not buy the estate in Connecticut—because, clearly, the only thing to buy is a house in Key West.

I stop at Bellisima, and talk to Eddie Ramirez and Bonnie Carpentier, while I'm looking at their elegant collection of lingerie and first-rate clothes, and we discuss real estate and style while Bonnie, on the spur of the moment, whips up a special

(Continued on page 210)

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KEY WEST

(Continued from page 208)

printed, lace-trimmed playsuit for me. Early in '79, they tell me, they'll begin work on the new Duval Inn, very exclusive, to go over the store. There's that sense, all over, of being in on the beginning of something—the last frontier. I pass by Angelo Donghia's octagonal house, and I know I have caught the island fever. H.P.H., turning dark gold now, by the pool, watching a gleaming model from Detroit named Kelly, who is the Gelsey Kirkland of beach-robe wrapping, is almost convinced that we should move to Key West and go into the restaurant business.

We have dinner at Poor Richard's Buttery and meet Richard Lisher, one of the owners. More fish; everyone does it very well here: shrimp, translucent, sautéed with garlic butter, fresh mushrooms, and cherry tomatoes—and I have some of all of the desserts. How to resist airy apple mousse, frozen, very lime-y Key West Delight, and something amazing called "Richard's Super Rich Cake"? Richard explains, "I am not a baker, but I decided to put in everything chocolate, things I shouldn't put in; and, when I decanted it, it looked like a lava storm."

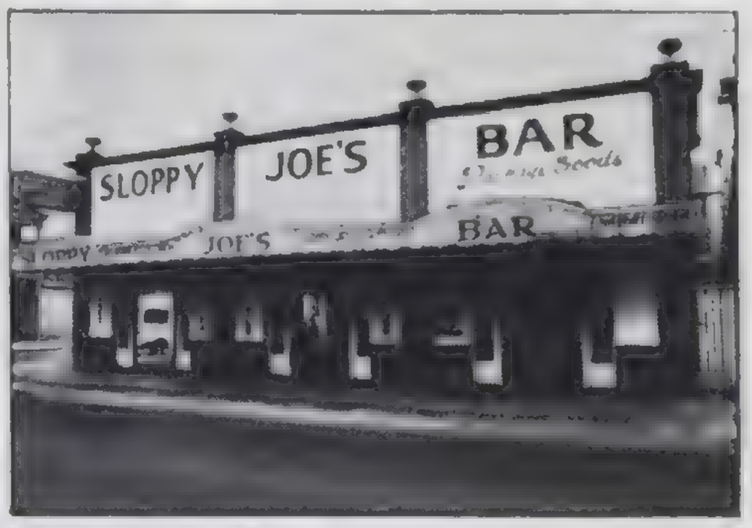
I work all night so I can spend the next day house hunting.

Friday

Breakfast at Rooftop Café. Lobster pots with glass tops for tables. Fresh fruit platter, fresh orange juice, and red currant jam not in dreadful little packets. A little fast shopping in the morning. The Money Gnomes, probably the best jewelry on the Island, run by Mark Defrates; he has ancient coins set in beaded frames, silver flowers (large and small pieces), velvety matte porcelain leaves. I love a large amethyst and lavender coral necklace. There's also Sunlion, owned by Neil Jeffery Goldberg who shows me his "stash" of unset stones, rocks that seem to have rainbows trapped inside, a jelly opal. I pick up a poison bottle at the Antique and Bottle Shop. Outside, the sky is suddenly lowering, dark. There's an air of emergency, a sort of battening-down-of-hatches feeling. "Tornado watch!" someone says, rushing by. H.P.H. has abandoned the pool, comes with me for lunch at the Deck in a little brick garden, where we sit under umbrellas as the first huge drops come down, and the wind blows.

We eat the ubiquitous Cuban crackers. Do not usually like crackers. How to explain that they are both flaky and moist? Like crunchy butter. Really good salad here. Poppy-seed dressing. Their version of the Key Lime thing is called *Tart*. Very wet, very good. Only bad Key Lime thing is at Conch Train depot: "the float." Just regular old lime sherbet. Skip it. Not a day for house hunting. We visit Bill and Nancy, however, and I'm calling my kids and telling them to pack and come down here to help me run my restaurant.

The Manville's house may crystallize best, of everything I've glimpsed, what may be the style of the 'eighties: the Key West look. The sandblasted wood—polished, shining; the touch here and there of Bristol blue; the spanking white clapboard; shuttered windows that have nothing to do with what we think about when we think about shutters; ceiling fans, cooling without chilling; wood against white, spare but not modern; Southern charm combined with SoHo open utility (is that like open sesame?); minimum color, but maximum tradition in the sense of proportion; the careful use of property (land is premium on an island), with miniature jungle gardens, jewel-like pools, appearing like surprises behind prim, very privacy-conscious houses.



Sloppy Joe's Bar—former haunt of Ernest Hemingway on Duval St. in Key West

The storm hits. We use a car for the first time and all go to dinner at Chez Emile. Some say this is the best on the Island. Rather New Orleans or San Francisco. Blue velvet upholstered chairs; grouper elegantly underdone. Very late, I talk H.P.H. into going over to the regular part of the Island for a cheeseburger and Coke at Howard Johnson's which is one of the only places open all night. After all the candlelight and charm and perfect food, I need a hit of fluorescence.

Saturday

Sunny again. Jerry Daughty introduces us to Mel and Deo Fisher who are treasure hunters. We go aboard their treasure ship, which must not be missed, and hear stories about gold, "that inert, noble metal," about bullion, cannon, adventures, intrigue, and piracy—and it's all happening now. We see the treasure. Key West is clearly the place for people who didn't want to be in movies: they want to live the lives they used to make movies about—and they manage to live such lives here.

We meet Jim McLernan, who, along with Honey Wrongo (who has the perfect Key West name), knows everything about every house in Key West. I imagine myself writing a different novel, running a different restaurant or art colony in each one. We see the old Casa Marina Hotel and fantasize a syndicate that will buy it for us to run. Until we learn it has been bought and will shortly reopen. It's a huge, classic resort hotel, same school of thought as The Boca Raton, which I remember from childhood when Hollywood people felt a peculiar urge to go East, to exchange one tropical paradise for another. I fall into complete love with the large wisteria-colored house at the southernmost tip of the island. I imagine just where every chair will be and see myself looking out from this window, at those palm trees bending against the cerulean sea. And I will write a novel about contemporary treasure hunters.

Dinner tonight at Port of Call. Nothing

(Continued on page 212)

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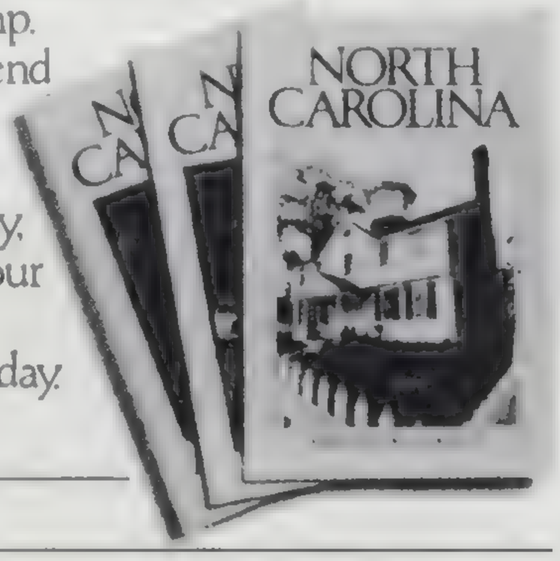


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KEY WEST

(Continued from page 210)

against fish, but lovely to have their braised rack of lamb; taste the veal chop with a sauce of three kinds of cheese. The treat is the Bird of Paradise—a half pineapple carved into a bird with clove eyes, banana-slice wings, a necklace of melon balls. Very pretty, very fresh. And we are *very* tacky

"If I love a place, I must have it forever"

later on. We hit the porn movie palace on Duval. Little booths with awful little pictures. A dive away from the terrifying responsibility and, perish the thought, the commitment of all this talk about houses and restaurants.

I hear roosters calling across the island to each other. The owners train them to fight, love them, name them, but then fight them to their deaths. This, like everything on this island, makes me think of love: we go after each other, then push each other away—make the marriage, then kill it.

Why can't we have a vacation from plans, from the future? Why must travel, too, become a considering of a new sort of project? Does love, if this is what it is, need a goal, a purpose, a house to hold it there?

Sunday

We think of having brunch at Poor Richard's where we might have a Florentine omelet, fritters, or Hawaiian toast which "your waiter will elucidate" (the menu said). Elucidating waiters are a Key West tradition. But we decide to check out Eden House. It is a kind of inn, sort of what Fleur Cowles once called "shabby chic." If my kids had come along, I would have put them up here. There are sunny rooms, a sort of clean, crash-pad ambience.

I feel middle-aged this morning. The age at which one expects everything done well, fast, and efficiently. We feel (do we?) that we know how everything should go and that we can do it better. The old don't want to waste what time they have fussing so much, they have accepted that it won't be perfect; and the young think they have all the time in the world. I feel here, impatience creeping over me like hot wiring. But the homemade cinnamon bread is good; the fruit cup fresh, fine. I am cross, however, with a drifty waitperson with several braids done in such a fashion as to resemble a macramé hanging plant holder.

H.P.H. goes back to the pool. I do not go on the glass-bottomed boat after several minutes thinking about it. Ride my bike down to the old Navy base which, rumors have it, is going to become a chic, internationally developed shopping and resort area. Rumors have everything here. I think about when I was a Navy wife, heating frozen chicken pot pies and calling it cooking.

H.P.H. reports, when I return, that a rock band does a concert on Sunday afternoons at the Sands Motel Beach Bar. It's a sundown celebration, like the one at Mallory Square where everyone goes to watch what they say is the emerald-green flash of light as the sun goes down. However, the Lizard Man also goes there—and has his iguanas and so forth with him. I am dealing well with an occasional small lizard. Will not push it. So we go to the beach bar. H.P.H. sits up close near the musicians. I walk out to the end of the dock. It is like sitting on a perch at the end of the world. Young people, like festive lemmings, are walking into the water, walking out to some battered houseboats moored in the ocean. A boy, wearing a T-shirt saying Pisces, carries his shoes on his shoulders; girls with ribboned tambourines twirl out through the water; a young family with belongings held high over their heads, someone wearing a baby in a papoose, a girl doing a hula with a derby hat on her head—all marching out into the water, celebrants from the 'sixties.

If I look to my right, I can see my wisteria-colored house. Will I do it? Is Key West, for me, a new beginning? Can this lush place ever inspire hard work? Do people who come here to snorkel and skin dive and play tennis and sail—and do the dozens of things one can do—have the real vacations? Is a vacation really a way to get away from this kind of thinking by doing some sort of activity? Can I learn to have a vacation? Ever?

We have a super dinner—best pizza ever, for sixty cents a slice, at the Pie in the Sky Sunshine Rainbow Company. And freshly squeezed orange juice.

Monday

More houses. See Tennessee Williams riding by on his bike. Thinking.

Buy Dover coloring books at The Bookshop, super old-fashioned bookstore. See classic old clothing; excellent collection of 'fifties cashmeres lined in silk, with beads; antique wedding kimono at Gaiety Fair. Pick up a perfect sandwich at the Bodega, popular place to shop. Also Truffles, a small Bloomie's-type deli, very chic. (Where I will go when I have the wisteria-colored house and people are coming for lunch.) Then to the Monster at night. Everyone comes here to dance. They have what they call "The Fairy Garden Room" (yes, they do), where plants sail overhead in shells (from "killer clams," says H.P.H.) like airborne galleons over murals of elf lands featuring giant roses with pearly dewdrops. Here, too, the famous Cuban bread, fresh biscuits, lots of tiny carnations, and a piano bar where I go to listen to Bobby Nesbitt sing old show tunes while H.P.H. dances to disco music in the other room.

Tuesday

Already we have postponed going home for two days. I discover Fast Buck Freddie's, which has bolts of the most wonderful prints, pottery, gorgeous Colombian woven belts and hangings. I buy several belts to use as ties around large linen napkins. Perhaps a couple of dozen for my restaurant. I make sure they have more coming in, just in case. The tassels will hang down so nicely over the edge of a table. But the best thing is this mosquito-netting canopy that swoops down from a hoop and spreads

(Continued on page 215)

"MY HUSBAND DIDN'T WANT ME TO BUY IT. NOW HE THINKS IT'S HIS."

Betsy Novy, Ridgewood, N.J.

When Betsy Novy wanted to buy a Volvo station wagon, her husband John tried to steer her to something else.

"Buy an American car," he said. "You'll get a bigger engine, a big car ride." (He himself owned a Cadillac Sedan DeVille.)

Mrs. Novy humored him.

"We spent weeks test driving the cars he thought I should have. I was thoroughly unimpressed."

When Mrs. Novy finally did get her husband to test drive a Volvo wagon, he was very surprised. He liked the handling and responsiveness. And even at six-feet, 200 pounds, he found it very comfortable indeed.

"Okay," he told his wife, "if you want it, buy it. After all, it's your car."

"That turned out to be a joke," Mrs. Novy says. "We hadn't had the Volvo wagon a week before he was driving it himself. I'd look out the window and my Volvo would be gone. And his car would still be sitting in the driveway.

"I had a hard time getting him into a Volvo wagon. Now I can't get him out."*

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**We're happy to report that things have become a little easier for Mrs. Novy. Mr. Novy recently sold his American car and bought a Volvo 242 GT for himself.*

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KEY WEST

(Continued from page 212)

around a bed like a veil of white or pastel tulle. You suspend it from the ceiling by a loop finished off with a large shell. It is gorgeous. So even a house in Connecticut can look as if it has one foot in Key West.

Lunch at Pigeon House Patio. Potato salad with tiny red potatoes. Try Pigeon Burger, with peppers, spices; and asparagus soufflé. Grouper salad! Mango, guava, coconut cheesecake, and (best of all) Key Lime Cake—sour, moist, marvelous.

Dinner at Las Palmas del Mundo with Nancy and Bill. This is what good, almost vegetarian, food should be all about. To me, perhaps, the best food on the island. Eggplant Parmigiana; perfect, crisp tempura; tacos; zucchini cooked with soy and sesame; and a simple, fresh bread pudding like a celestial cake. There is a grand brunch as well. Homefries with onions, homemade wheat bread, buckwheat pancakes, jelly omelets, yogurt with fruit. The best thing about being a writer is you can pretend eating is research and order everything.

Wednesday

Quickly running all over to buy presents. Shells seem simple and, while obvious, I sense (rightly) that, although ubiquitous here, they will seem rare and special at home. Also many postcards of the flowers, the houses, and T-shirts with KEY WEST and outlines of flowers in glitter (which will come off over everything). I do not say I am leaving. I say to everyone, including Jim, who tells me to think for a few days at least before making a deposit on the house, that we are just going home to pack up everything. Lunch at the Rose Tattoo with its calico table covers, maybe the prettiest restaurant, although this is hard to choose.

And I do this amazing thing. I go swimming. The water is clear, warm. I may come back and do the outdoors Key West.

Dinner at the Half Shell Raw Bar. Jerry Daughty recommends—for the music, the scene. The Big Coppitt Cowboys do folk, hillbilly music, and everyone comes to sing, shout, and eat clams at big tables. It's bad and bawdy and raucous and wonderful, the kind of place you want to run away to sea to get to. I feel, when I close my eyes, as if I am on Mel Fisher's treasure ship, the *Atocha,* and Spencer Tracy and Wallace Beery and Sydney Greenstreet are all on board, and maybe, just maybe, Key West is where they put all the movies, just set after set after set, right here, like rides in an amusement park. We can each be in our favorite movie scene for an hour or so or more . . . that's that Key West, and then there's the one of the future—pacesetting, artful—and the one that's *Hair* playing forever, down by the dock, on Duval Street.

Thursday

We drive back to Miami. It is still *not* three hours. We are almost completely silent. Each of us (me for sure) trying to figure out how to come back, how soon to come back. Wanting to wait to see the Casa Marina, to eat at the new Claire (proprietor, Marvin Paige) Restaurant which Robin Wagner has designed and which will have the great hamburger you can't get yet. I may even sail. Or dive to see the brilliant colored fish. How long will it take for reality to settle in and for the fantasy to fade? We speed through Duck Key; slightly scroungy Marathon Key. I want to remember the Key West kind of news stories: the robbers who turned in a stolen car at the car-rental place and fainted when they were caught. The legend of "Shrimper" Mary who was attacked one night and arrested for disturbing the peace by screaming. She dismissed the charges when the police rounded up her attackers and explained, "What the hell, it's Christmas." The warden who robbed a house where his wife turned out to be baby-sitting. She called the police who locked him in his own jail.

We speed through Long Key, "Atlantis Found—one-stop diving, shopping, boating." Fiesta Key, "Kampgrounds of America, Inc." Next to stories, the Keys may have the best signs since L.A. My mind is full of memories of John Hodiak, Chen Yu, Woodbury Cologne. My suitcases are full of shells and orange plastic harmonicas in the shape of orange wedges and round note pads of orange paper that say "Florida!" We go by Matecumbe Key where the Poirets announce they have a table of fresh coconuts —right here for sale by the road. And then there's Lignum Vitate Channels. And, finally, Islamorada—and Ziggy's Conch, the restaurant they don't tell you about until you have been in the Keys—so good even friends of friends have to wait to reserve.

I have learned these things: No phobia is a worthy deterrent to travel; most likely, one will overcome it. It is the anticipation, rather than the thing itself, one fears. And what I have hated about traveling, I see, is the leaving. If I love the place, I must have it forever. Everything I know about happy endings notwithstanding, everything wonderful must be permanent. I am leaving Key West convinced I will return to the wisteria-colored house. And maybe, I look slyly over at the man beside me, tanned and rested, I will even come back alone. I'm not sure Key West is the perfect place for a love affair because love affairs are so realistic these days we insist upon calling them relationships. The best thing about Key West is that its sensibility stops long before the invention of "relationships." No one expects love affairs to "work out." They are supposed to have what Key West has—that same shabby, tropical transience, the romantic promise inherent in World War II furlough passions: they were possibly terminal, therefore desperate, therefore intense, and, especially therefore, it was possible to say the mad things one longs to say, to be totally glad of each other because you won't be together long enough to notice annoying little habits or to start determining which one is playing what game, giving which "mixed message."

The question of hurricane here (as the question of earthquake in L.A.) keeps it light, keeps it all a little on edge.

Or can you take a house in, say, Connecticut, I wonder, thinking of the winter we are going back to, and paint it the color of wisteria and hang up your mosquito netting and call a relationship "love"? We go on into Miami now, through an archway of sea pines reaching up toward each other the way hands do when praying. ▽

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VOGUE'S *eye view*

dos and don'ts... spring checklist

Everything for spring is coming up crisper, closer, smaller. The droop's gone, and the layer-on-layer bit, and the overwhelming bigness. What it all comes down to: a pared-down, un-fussy, more feminine look. Sexier, too! Here, the dos and don'ts that make it work...the key things to reach for when you reach for something new...and quick clues to turn your look without a complete turnover in your wardrobe.

1. Suddenly... the smallness, the shaping has such appeal ... John Anthony's bittersweet linen jacket. **2.** Anne Klein's slim navy gabardine skirt, just-right slits. **3.** Geoffrey Beene's bare sandal, wonderful touch with John Anthony's lean pants ... rolled above the ankle for dash. **4.** Newest raincoat take: narrow-falling, by Blassport ... held-in with a wide, ridged webbing belt. Marley Hodgson Collection. **5.** Totally different! Richard Charles Glassen's "gold" slender-as-a-thread earring ... as compelling as an exclamation point! Don't miss the sleek hair ... it's news too! **6.** Calvin Klein's multi-striped Moroccan sash. Just wrap your waist, twist the ends, tuck them in. And that's the way you wear everything ... tucked in. **7.** Capezio's black strapless maillot ... just that, nothing more ... under Perry Ellis' linen jacket. **8.** Don't destroy the décolletage! Just one necklace, flat as a collar ... fabulous in blue-flashed vermeil. From Joanne Cooper Peter M. And wear Ralph Lauren's yellow linen blazer over ... bareness. **9.** The way one fitted cuff bracelet makes your wrist seem delicate! In brass with a smoke-black design. By Andrew Hatfield. **10.** Smaller ... but it holds everything you need and it's all easy to find ... Bagheera's cognac lizard bag. Anne Klein turnout.

A shorter, smaller, more fitted jacket
Not an oversized, loose, unstructured blazer

A high-heeled, strappy sandal — AM & PM — with lean, rolled pants
Not boots, not low-heeled or sportive shoes

A narrower, shorter skirt ... wrapped or slit only for design
Nothing full, or flouncy ... nothing randomly slit

A straighter, sleeker raincoat ... worn belted
Not a poncho or cape ... nothing uncontrolled, enveloping

A sliver of earring, needle-thin ... nestled against the ear, the cheek
Nothing dangling, bulky, dropping on the neck

A defined waist ... everything tucked in, held close, wrapped
Nothing blousy, drooping over, hanging loose

A maillot-base for body dressing ... a bare jacket look
Not the usual shirt ... not a clutter of collars or scarves

A clean, spare neckline ... just one ornament
Not a jumble, a clatter of chains

A single, close-fitting cuff bracelet
Not a bunch of slide-y bangles

A smaller, slightly structured handbag
Not a big, squashy laundry-bag shape

Kleinberg

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Baronne Emmanuel Reille. Born May 2, 19...

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FROM THE NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

THE NEW REALITY OF AMERICAN STYLE—

At all the collections this spring, more people, more excitement, more applause. What brought on the cheers, show after show, were the kinds of clothes American women love best and want most. Clothes designed not merely to delight an audience—which takes you only as far as a runway—but clothes designed to delight the woman who wears them.

And the key to American fashion today *is* the American woman. A woman who has a greater need to be dressed for day, a need to "present" herself: she's out of the house, out in the world, and she has to look the part.

What sets American designers apart is the way they identify and provide answers to those needs, the way they keep up with the woman they're dressing—dressing in the most modern, most straightforward way possible. Within that, no question, each designer has his or her own individual style and a particular kind of wearer in mind. And no one is suggesting that all American women do—or should—dress alike.

But what cuts across all categories is a distinct American approach to real-life, off-the-runway dressing. It is—at its best—fashion grounded in reality, a heightened reality. Because real is not a synonym for dull ...and news is not a synonym for fad or gimmick. That's the easy way out....To give you yet one more version of a "working uniform" that's a tailored blazer, trouser skirt, and shirt is to avoid the issue of attractive, everyday dressing. On the other hand, to design a smaller, shorter jacket and a new narrow pair of pants and soft blouse, to wrap the waist in suède and to send the whole thing out in a glorious color/texture combination is to give you a real answer.

And, at night, to put a woman in a skirt that's slit to the thigh and to add a funny little veiled hat and to call it "glamour" is to miss the possibilities. You should expect more from fashion in 1979...more like a little evening jacket in macramé that goes over a beautiful silk shirt, with straight-falling linen trousers. That's a new this-year definition of glamour—discreet, subtle, and much more alluring.

The whole point is: where style "proves" itself is in the clothes—either in something totally new or in a new version of something you know you need. Those differences—done with a modern beat—are the things to look for, to shop for... and they're the kinds of clothes you'll find throughout this issue... clothes that are a guide to the best in the collections....

Starting with a jacket—it's the base of dressing for day and it goes right through evening. The idea of a jacket isn't news. What is: the way the best jackets have been worked out, refined. The size—i.e., the smallness—is a tipoff to the differences. It's a jacket that lives close to the body, belted or slightly fitted. The shape of the season: the little "flyaway" jacket—it has a new line—a new dash—and it appears many ways. Always, with one button to anchor the top, then opened from there, sometimes held again at the bottom. At its most casual, a flyaway jacket in a bright color over shorts...at its sharpest for day, in black linen with the narrowest black linen pants...at night, as the top of a wonderful new two-piece dress in georgette—thin enough to tuck in a skirt, charming enough to just drift open over bare skin.

There's new thinking on a jacket for small evenings. Now, in quilted silk, hardly "bigger" than a vest, over a silk blouse, linen pants—wherever you go, you're dressed in the best sense of the word—and the look is a knockout!

The smallness of a jacket opens up new under-jacket dressing. There's more bareness...in a body-close blouse that wraps over and tucks in at the waist...in the smallest-fitting sweaters of thin—almost transparent—knit...in a silk sweater with the shape and holding of a maillot...and in a maillot itself—symbol for the new body dressing that's everywhere. But the biggest under-jacket change is color. Everything mentioned comes in—looks best in—brilliant color, and it's one of the most effective ways color comes into play.

What goes with a smaller jacket—a narrower skirt or narrower pants. The new interest in skirts doesn't signal a farewell to pants dressing—some of the raciest looks for day still turn on a pair of pants. Pants that are on-the-body narrow, straight, with a held-in waist, a tucked-in top. And with added dash in the soft rolling-up of a cuff...in a bare high-heeled sandal that changes the picture day and night.

For evening, pants have never been stronger. There's a new pyjama dressing that starts with narrowness, with a new line, but color and fabric take it further, sharpen the impression. You find pants in shocking-pink silk satin, with a matching transparent sweater, the hit of a high-color snakeskin belt at the waist. Or narrow pants in hammered satin with a hammered satin small-jacket and each is in a deep intensified color...a wrapped strapless silk jacquard top with narrow roll-cuff pants...or the barest new jumpsuit, pulled in at the waist.

The one thing that keeps coming up—over and over—is color. It's news and the way color comes through in the New York collections is good news. Never outrageous, never for shock effect, but as a special effect. Color worked out differently for the time, the place...the woman. Where there's color in right-now dressing, it acts as an accessory: at the waist (a belt, sash, cummerbund)...it's color that goes under a jacket...it's the color of a sandal...of a cuff that fits close to the wrist. Where color gets stronger and brighter—and where there's more of it—at night (at home, at a disco) and where spring dressing turns to summer dressing.

With all the news there's still—there's always—more to American style than fashion. It's a total concept, one that has to do with natural good looks, with a certain level of energy, a relaxed attitude. And it affects everything....It's part of makeup now. Makeup with a new kind of coloring—deep, total, but *sheer*—used not for a "made-up" look, but for a better look....It's reflected in the attitude women have toward their bodies—in the new concentration on fitness and health (You know how much that's changed when stores can't keep leotards on their shelves, and when, in cities around the country, you can't book an exercise class from 12 to 2.)...It's in recognizing the importance of how clothes feel on—how well a woman can move in them—there has to be a freeing up, a sense of being unencumbered; when it isn't there, it isn't right. American fashion has grown with—and has been identified by—an ease, an ease that started with casual, sports-clothes dressing. The look has changed, but not the frame of reference. The best clothes today touch base with that ease and it gives them a unique, forward-looking... very upbeat American style.

FORWARD-LOOKING, VITAL—IT WORKS FOR THE WAY WE LIVE TODAY

The Americans have it!

STRIKING VITALITY ... A UNIQUE STYLE —IT'S REAL. IT WORKS. IT'S ALLURING

Unmistakable: the strong sense of American style that runs through the best New York spring collections, along with each designer's individual sense of style. No matter what the approach, it has a distinct American edge. And the clothes —for all their differences—reflect that edge.

Always, there's a way of dressing that's modern, sharp, never gimmicky, never flat. It's fashion that doesn't have to rely on colored hats and gloves, on exaggerations or entertainments. The starting point is different—there's an underlying ease, a relaxed attitude. You get the news ...but you get more. You get clothes that relate to a woman—to the way she looks, to the kind of life she leads now. There's a straightforward allure, an upbeat kind of attractiveness—it holds for day, for evening...for all the clothes on these twelve pages.

MARY McFADDEN HAS IT!

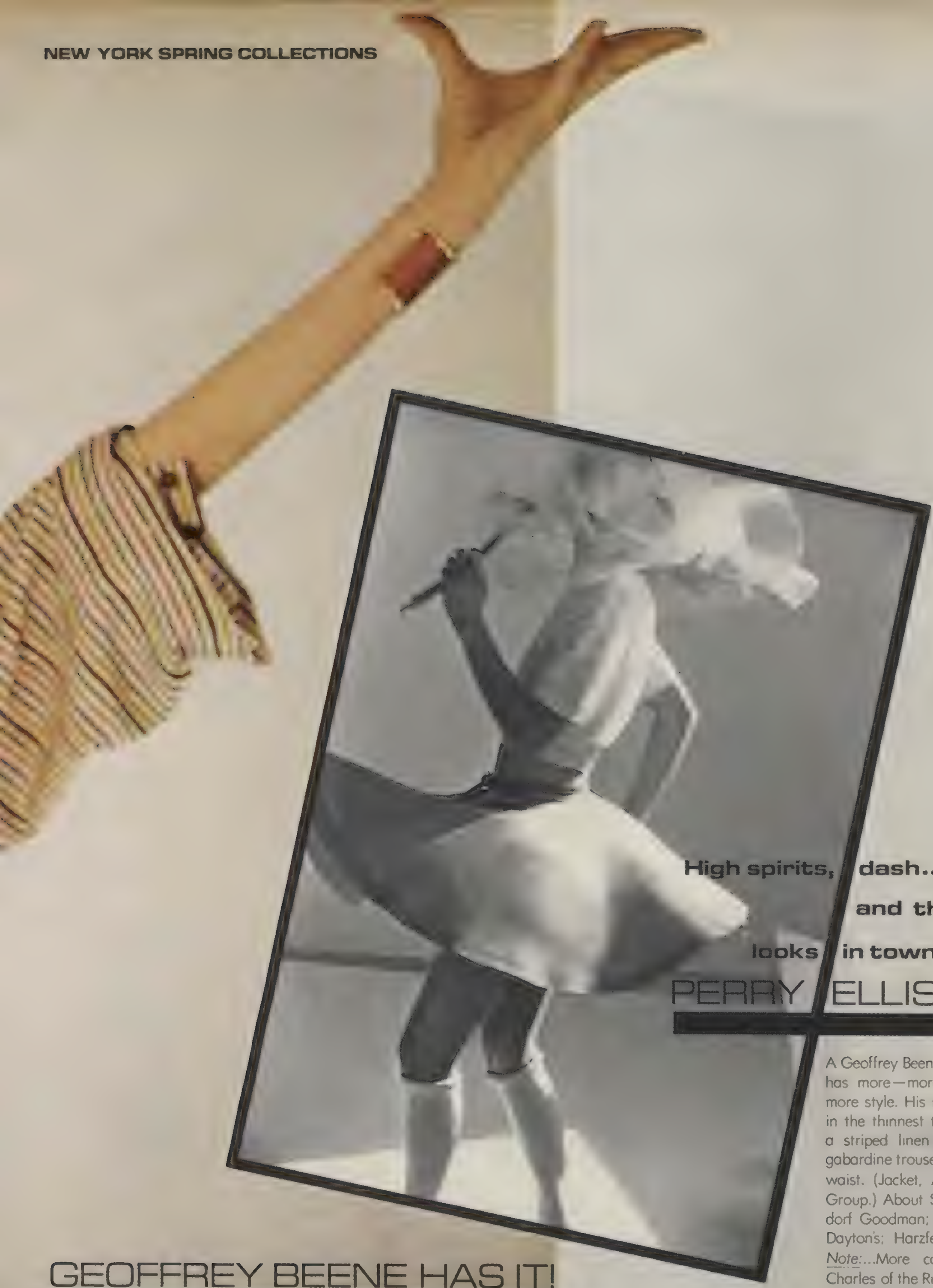
A collection full of color and wit...

and new ways to think about evening

Arthur Elgo

The applause never stopped from the first-out jacket looks for day to the all-out evenings. The news: her unique takes on "small" evenings. One of the best ways: the "jacket" in handpainted quilted silk, a silk blouse (Hori koshi), linen trousers (Michele Solbiati Sasil), and suède waist wrap. About $2,370. Late April to order at Henri Bendel. At Montaldo's: Neiman-Marcus. *Beauty Note* The newest makeup color is sheer color. The news from Elizabeth Arden: Sheer Foundation Pencil, in Umber; Honey Plum Sheer Blusher Pencil: PlumGlaze Sheer Lip Pencil. These twelve pages hair, Christiaan; makeup, Alberto Fava. Accessories next to last pages of this issue.





High spirits, dash...

and the youngest

looks in town

PERRY ELLIS HAS IT!

A Geoffrey Beene suit, *opposite*, always has more—more polish, more design, more style. His new short (key!) jacket in the thinnest thin striped wool. With a striped linen blouse, narrow wool gabardine trousers, and small, wrapped waist. (Jacket, Agnona/The Ideacomo Group.) About $996. Late Feb. at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. *Beauty Note:*...More color in the shine of Charles of the Ritz lipstick—Wild Clove. Perry Ellis goes all the way, *left*, with a free-spirited style of dressing. Even the "bride" wears his bare little sweater, short cheerleader skirt. There's nothing more dressed, more evening—he keeps it loose and young...and it works! More on the look here—and the collection—next page. Accessories, next to last pages.

GEOFFREY BEENE HAS IT!

A definite concept of dressing for day—

strong, pulled together—

a woman always looks terrific

Arthur Elgort

Why Perry Ellis is fashion's hottest new "star," *this page*: his saucy, young clothes, wonderful colors, and a fresh-scrubbed attitude that goes all the way! Key pieces in the collection, left to right: The shrunken cotton knit sweater ($120), short silk cheerleader skirt ($140). Bloomingdale's. Cotton knit bandeau ($34) and skinny, silk below-the-knee pants ($120). Ann Taylor; Frances Kahn, Lynchburg, Virginia; Montaldo's; Higbee's; Dayton's, Bullock's. Same pants, different color, and his jacket-to-watch—a one-button "flyaway"—in rose silk ($160) Charivari, NYC; Montaldo's; Carson Pirie Scott; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Bullock's. With Perry sandals, socks cap! All prices approximate. All late March. All fabric. A.S. Fibre



MARY McFADDEN HAS IT!

The most spectacular evenings always! With her unique sense of color, of drama... to the smallest detail

Beauty Note...Three soft, pretty lip colors from Dior. *Opposite page*, from the left, Afghan Beige, Pale, Andes Pink. A taste of evening at Mary McFadden, *this page*—one of the delights in a group of standout pleated dresses. The one-shoulder top—small on-the-body, waist-wrapped—and narrow-falling pleated skirt, pale turquoise over dusty rose. Of polyester satin (Brochers). About $1,560. Late April, special order at Henri Bendel. At Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. For accessories, see next to last pages.

PERRY ELLIS HAS IT!

A jump on the way young women love to dress—the clothes, the flirt...the fun

Arthur Elgort



You've seen pleats before . but never like Mary's! Opposite, far left: The simplicity of line. the news of vellow with peach. And the way the signature ropes accent the bareness. the body! About $1,120 in shimmery polyester satin (Verron). Special order at Henri Bendel. At Montaldo's Neiman-Marcus. Near left: A fringed gold macramé "Medieval" bib...no half-measures here...on low-key color - misty blue-grey. About $1,090 in polyester satin (Brochers). Henri Bendel: Garfinckel's Montaldo's. The large picture at the right is the dress you saw on the page before this Inset. near right: Macramé kept coming...for day...for every kind of evening. The showstopper—a hemp macramé jacket! The impact over pale-yellow linen trousers, a celadon slashed top. Fabrics, trousers (European Textile), top, silk mousseline (Abraham). About $2,980 Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel: Montaldo's: Maison Blanche. Far right: Everybody did chenille...and slits. But here...the classic quality completely thought out...the allure! A salmon cotton chenille jacket with a creamy linen skirt (European Textile) and grey silk blouse (European Textile)...sashed in teal suède About $2,960. Bergdorf Goodman: Montaldo's: Balliet's: Neiman-Marcus. All late April. Mary McFadden, Jewelry Other accessories. next to last pages....*Beauty Note*... Coming in March...Mary McFadden Perfume! With all the excitement and femininity of her clothes. You'll know the minute the scent reaches you - or even before...when you see the bottle...it could only be Mary McFadden.



A totally original style...

modern, feminine, sophisticated.

MARY McFADDEN HAS IT!

Nowhere else such purity of line,

subtle color, this kind of ornamentation

Arthur Elgort




GEOFFREY BEENE HAS IT!
To count on... for dinner and...
the appealing shape, the color,
the way it makes you feel
JOHN ANTHONY HAS IT!
A new level of dressing... so upbeat,
polished, easy... it re-defines "modern"
NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS


CALVIN KLEIN HAS IT!
The best modern...pure, clean lines...
no gimmicks.
Now...in silky suede...in leather

For "dressed-but-easy" evenings...

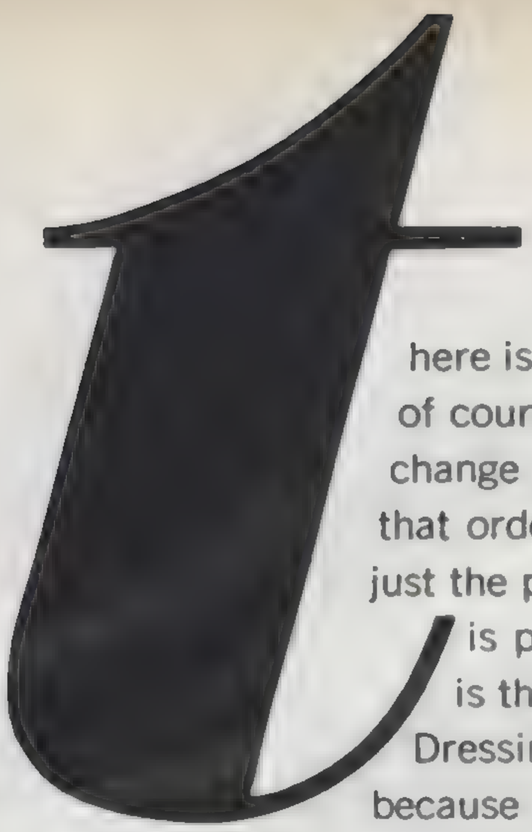
the same shapes as day...but the fabric!...the color!

GEOFFREY BEENE HAS IT!



...ive. For accessories,
...pages of this issue.





By Edith Loew Gross

here is an element of fantasy in all kinds of fashion—most especially at night. Clothes are part of it, of course, but it has as much to do with what goes on in our heads as what goes on our backs: we change our image before we change clothes—romanticize it—we change our mood, our look. In that order. Children understand this very well; watch any six-year-old dressing up—it's never just the putting on of different clothes. It's preparation and buildup, in which everydayness is put aside and the stage is set for another kind of experience....Dressing at night is the adult equivalent of dressing-up: ritual in anticipation of something special....

Dressing at night is being profligate with time—taking hours to get ready. And not because of anguished indecision about what to wear. You know perfectly well what you're going to wear (and whatever it is—a sweater and pants, a lace dress with no more substance to it than a bathing suit—it is not a sweater or pants or dress or anything you would ever dream of wearing for day), and you get around to it slowly, luxuriously—the lie-down, the facial mask, the long perfumed bath, the extra-careful makeup. Dressing at night is an ego trip; you take time with yourself....Dressing at night doesn't need a Major Event to justify the effort, only a sense of occasion. It has to do with attitude: going to a friend's for dinner is easy and familiar. Going in your usual pants suit is easy and familiar—like fast-food cooking, it won't kill anyone but it isn't especially exciting, either. Dressing at night is exciting, not in a thrill-a-minute way but in the unexpected, out-of-the-ordinary way that violets in winter are exciting: they refresh the spirit and delight the eye....Dressing at night is the expectation of glamour—that is, glamour in the dictionary sense: the power to bewitch, fascinate, enchant. Which is nothing more than most of us have always secretly ascribed to certain ways of dressing. After all, weren't we brought up on a feast of Miraculous Transformations—all those good, persevering girls from Cinderella to Eliza Doolittle to Bette Davis in *Now Voyager,* all suddenly transformed and triumphantly glamorous at night. Does anyone ever outgrow the expectation...does anyone want to?

A sense of adventure...of anticipation. Across the California desert—a fast car, a sensational dress...it's evening and anything can happen....On an evening when you feel like being in a long dress...the best from Bill Blass Ltd.: very narrow, bare—the whole point is the body! Navy silk crêpe de Chine, with an acid-green silk taffeta jacket. Both, Lafitte fabric. About $1,300. March, at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Westmoreland's; Halle's; Jacobson's; Leonard. *Beauty Note*...New makeup possibilities at night from Ultima II Bordeaux '79 colors. Redwine Super Luscious Lipstick; Satiny Creme-On Blush in Sparkling Bordeaux; Wine Chateaux/Gold Seal Bordeaux Dual Pan Patina Eyeshadow ...The car is a Cadillac custom-built by American Custom Coach Works, Ltd. of Beverly Hills, California. These eight pages: hair, John Sahag; makeup, Ariella. Accessory information, next to last pages of this issue.

EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT —WHERE YOU GO ...WHAT YOU WEAR ...WHO YOU ARE

EVENING ...A WORLD APART

NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

Chris Von Wangenheim





A "SWEATER-AND-PANTS" CAN BE AS BARE AS SENSUOUS AS THIS. AND THE COLOR...!

A quick flight .a look to light up the sky...any landscape! *Opposite,* far left: The Bill Blass way ..a hug of hand knitted silk sweater...the fall of georgette pants against legs! (Silk georgette by Yves Gonnet) For Bill Blass Ltd About $900. Special order at Saks Fifth Avenue· Nan Duskin· Maison Blanche Halle s; Jacobson's; Neiman Marcus Left· John Anthony s purple transparent sweater . shimmering silk satin pants . green snakeskin belt for a stinger. Acrylic / rayon sweater. Silk satin by Taroni / The Ideacomo Group. About $980. Martha: Nan Duskin Montaldo's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Marie Leavell May D & F Frederick & Nelson. Here and the next four pages, tuxedos by Cerruti 1881 Homme. Accessory information next to last pages.

A WORLD APART

Chris Von Wangenheim





REVVED-UP, READY-TO-GO GLAMOUR— THE BARENESS... SLEEK BODY SHAPES...THE DIFFERENCE A SCENE-STEALING PRINT MAKES

Nothing overshadows these looks! *Opposite:* Romantic, intriguing black lace...what it does for you in Oscar de la Renta's honed-down slip dress! (Cotton/rayon/nylon lace by J.V. McConnell.) About $500. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Wanamaker's; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. *Left:* From Geoffrey Beene ..not a garden-variety print...just a few, exotic large orchids, widely spaced! On olive silk jacquard that wraps and ties and slides over the body. (Gandini silk). P.S.: Watch for these "spaced-out" prints. About $1,780. Late Feb.: Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus. *Beauty Note*...The way you wear your hair...it's part of the glamour. Keep it thick, shiny, bright. Use L'Oréal Ultra Rich Instant Hair Conditioner / Extra Body Formula. Accessories, next to last pages.

[redacted]

A WORLD APART

Chris Von Wangenheim

THE STAGE IS SET...FOR A DIFFERENT KIND OF JACKET —SMALL, ORNAMENTED —FAR FROM EVERYDAY

Wherever you are...there are jackets at night and options. One of them: a more decorated, more body-conscious jacket...with something black ...something bare! From Oscar de la Renta, *right:* jet-beaded white piqué, peplum belted, and a long slit crêpe skirt. (Polyester/cotton jacket, acetate/rayon skirt). About $700. March at Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's; Marshall Field; Swanson's on the Plaza; Leonard, Houston; Bullocks Wilshire; Frederick & Nelson. At Bill Blass Ltd., *far right,* pink linen with passementerie—the smallest jacket over a narrow, body-revealing halter dress in silk crêpe de Chine. Linen by Yves Gonnet, Lafitte silk. About $1,190. March at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; John Baldwin; Maison Blanche; Higbee's; Hudson's. These eight pages photographed in Lucerne Valley, California, near Palm Springs. The chairs here from Patios Plus, Inc., Rancho Mirage, CA. All pages: hair, John Sahag; makeup, Ariella. Accessory information, next to last pages, this issue.

A WORLD APART





JACKETS

Top priority dressing

The impact of a jacket; smaller, pulled together, with a new polish that provided the force for change in every collection. On these four pages, four versions that sum up the "message"—both strong and attractive —that a jacket brings to dressing now

Avedon

Opposite: Halston re-thinks a "suit": subtle, carved in on the body. In (his favorite!) black — he "saves" it for the most polished shapes in every collection. Single-breasted fibranne jacket and skirt (Yves Gonnet fabric), about $500. Halston Originals. In March, at all Halston Boutiques. Also at Altman's; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. 18k-gold jewelry by Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Beauty Note With black — stronger makeup: Halston's Poppy Cream Rouge, Chinaberry Lipstick. This page: Calvin Klein's new — different line on jacket dressing, in black (the surprise) for day: a notch-collared linen jacket that closes high, opens over a waist wrapped in stripes — the only coloring and a double-breasted white linen shirt that follows the line exactly. To wear with narrow black linen pants. Jacket, about $200; shirt, about $120; pants, about $100. Late Feb., at Bonwit Teller, NYC; Nan Duskin; Lazarus; Hudson's; Famous-Barr, I. Magnin. Hair and makeup, these four pages, by Rick Gillette. Accessory information, next to last pages

JACKETS

Top priority dressing

This page: The statement Anne Klein's alabaster linen jacket makes with navy—a silk sweater and narrow wool gabardine skirt...the "strength" is in the smallness, the contrast. Donna Karan & Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein and Co. Jacket (linen, Sarti/The Ideacomo Group), about $230; sweater, about $56; skirt, about $110. Mid-Feb. Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Woodward/Lothrop; Higbee's; Marshall Field; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin.

Opposite: The new impact of pieces "tailored" together: not tough, but pretty. Oscar de la Renta's red wool jacket "arrives" at the waist with all the precision a jacket brings to dressing now, with a white silk shirt and black wool skirt. (Wool by Anglo.) Suit, about $520. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Balliet's; Frederick & Nelson. Concord Watch at Tiffany.

Beauty Note... The new impact of color on the lips—Payot's Colorouge Gloss, lip-lined in Brique. Accessory information, next to last pages.





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



They sing outrage and hilarity: Nacha Guevara, Alberto Favero

Here she is: Nacha Guevara *(left,* with husband), the Argentine singer like no one else in the world, a performer of the most passionate political convictions, fearing neither convention nor censorship, exile nor retaliation. Looking like a wound-up boy waif from an English music hall, she uses a light-blue soprano for her mocking, sometimes sorrowful songs of satire and lost love—but then the same voice grows huge and rich with the darkest fury when she sings *(Continued on next page)*

Avedon



MARLON BRANDO
The greatest gives the mostest

Normalization, the '79er word for a reciprocity of goodwill, exchange of ideas, technologies, even traditions, as with China, the U.S.A. and the high-flying mutual-regard kite they've launched. . . . **Marlon Brando,** with the screen public greedy for him and getting more of him than ever before—elegant, other-worldly **Superman**'s Pa; desperately convinced American Nazi leader **George Lincoln Rockwell** in upcoming TVer, sequel to *Roots*; a god-man in *Apocalypse Now*. Brando, undisputedly our greatest screen actor, can read the telephone book and make it sound like **Shakespeare.** To a *Playboy* interviewer, Marlon explained: "*Everybody* is an actor; you spend your whole day acting. Everybody has suffered through moments when you're thinking one thing and feeling one thing and not showing it. That's acting." . . . Clamming up and Princeton's **Dr. Ida Thompson**, who, after years of studying growth bands on clams, concludes that some get to be 150 years old but don't age and are sexual wows all their long lives. And, says Dr. Ida, her discoveries can ultimately lead to greater knowledge of causes of senility, of perennial youthfulness—not only in clams but in man.

Striking gold

"Our director!" That's what soprano **Beverly Sills**' husband **Peter Greenough** calls her now that America's Superba will put aside the golden glories of divahood to become, on July 1, the director of the New York City Opera. Public and colleagues' reaction: delight. Bubbles' reaction: ecstasy and, "I'm so full of plans, ideas, I can't wait to get started!" . . . Energy saving and a simple positive approach to diet what with these startling findings by **Dr. Bruce M. Hannon** and **Dr. Timothy G. Lohman** of the University of Illinois: "If all of us ate less food, the energy saved in growing it, fertilizing it, processing and packaging it would be enough to electrify four U.S. cities. Eating one hundred or two hundred fewer calories per day is a very simple, practical way each of us can help." . . . The *Gold of El Dorado Exhibit,* London's follow-up to Tutamania. This time **Tut**-long queues clamor to view pre-Columbian gold, other violently fought for Conquistador-age loot—domestic objects, lip plugs, penis covers, lime containers, votive humunculi. . . . Washington-based **Robert Orben**, who hammers out funnies for executive speeches, and this winger about the economy: "It's very discouraging. My eight-year-old thinks 'falling dollar' is one word." . . . England's **Barbara Cartland**, Empress of the Love-Love-Love novels, whose millions of fans also adore her dazzle coiffure, her glitter prosperity and practical fantasy approach to life, has made an LP. On *(Continued on next page)*

(Nacha Guevara, continued)

the music of misery and exploitation that made her so famous and controversial in her own Argentina. She can no longer perform there since rightwing terrorists bombed a theater where she was playing and caused two deaths.

La Guevara prefers to sing in Spanish. Language does not matter: those huge wicked eyes and a small astonishing body—which can curl, strut, mock, and command—help us to understand what the words mean, what her feelings are.

"Her body can curl, strut, mock, command"

Her husband, Alberto Favero with gleaming lacquered hair and the same ability to race from wit to tragedy—arranges her music, often writes it, and always accompanies La Guevara on the piano. After leaving Argentina, the two worked in Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, and Spain—but not until New York producer Harold Prince and his wife, Judy, saw them in Madrid, did La Guevara have a chance to show her awesome presence here. After a recent Prince-produced show in New York, this is certain: Nacha Guevara and Alberto Favero should be coming back to us—sometime this year.

(People Are Talking About, continued)

Barbara Cartland's Album of Love Songs, B.C. sings, backed by the Royal Philharmonic, massed voices! Like her prose, her singing style is orchidaceous. Says this septuagenarian thrush: "You see, I have the voice of a virgin." . . . Surprise of the season: a Manhattan bookshop more interested in serious writing than best sellers is the town's mingle spot. Cause of the commotion: co-proprietor **Burt Britton**, a bearded fast-talker man compulsive about creators. Frequently seen chatting up the other everyday customers at Books and Company: **Susan Sontag, Woody Allen, Diane Keaton, Larry Rivers, Octavia Paz, Dustin Hoffman, Bernice Abbott, Tennessee Williams**. . . . **Youri Egorov,** a slight, dark, humorous-eyed, good-looker Russian emigré who, at twenty-four, is suddenly making piano-playing history in the Western World. Audiences act as if Egorov were creating **Bach, Mozart, Chopin, Schumann**. . . . The late **Margaret Mead**'s noble legacy of hope. In her 1978 revised *Culture and Commitment*, her clear, reasonable, infinitely informed voice tells us: "The planetary community is now made up of *all* the inhabitants of the planet, its wholeness and safety dependent upon all of them. . . . Today the demand that everyone listen and be listened to is the hope of an endangered but potentially self-healing world." . . . Jock epics, the zoomiest Hollywood movie trend—which means startime for our fitness/health passion—what with the **Barbra** throwing punches at the **Ryan** for *The Main Event* (**Voight** punches out in *The Champ*); **Michael Douglas** ninemiling a day for *Running*; **Ali MacG.** lobbing it to **Dean-Paul Martin** for *Players* and a cast of thousands loving America by cycling, jogging, skateboarding, roller skating for *Americathon*. . . . Chili hotting out of Texas into an all-over-the-map party-food high. And this chili secret from the heart of Texas: boil large dried red chilis, scrape out the pulp, use it—judiciously. . . . Historian, teacher **Christopher Lasch**, who tells us, in *The Culture of Narcissism,* a hard-headed book packed with craggy truths: "Americans have not really become more sociable and cooperative . . . they have merely become more adept at exploiting the conventions of interpersonal relations for their own benefit." . . . Tents, as a way of life, with all sorts of enterprises, commercial to domestic, investigating possibilities, and this from a department-store chief who's already installed a brace of fabric roofs on a branch store; he's reported to have said: "I'm anxious for it to rain. The sound is going to be delightful."

Amazing the eye with his calculated abandon, Stella stays young after more than twenty years of painting

By Robert Rosenblum

Problems of middle age are usually harder for artists than for the rest of us, especially for those who once stormed the art scene as young prodigies. The pattern is sad but familiar. Artists who arrive with rebellious ideas first make us sit up and take notice; but, when they go on quietly to produce ripe variations on early themes, they turn into Establishment figures who may make us yawn respectfully rather than tingle with the alarm signals of innovation.

Frank Stella's recent work (one example, *right,* "Ramgangra") is an eye-opening exception to this rule. In 1959, age twenty-three, he turned the New York art world inside out with his monkish, symmetrical paintings of what appeared to be nothing but black stripes, shutting the door on everything the older generation stood for—impulse and flexibility, bravura brushwork and Epicurean color. But after these Puritan beginnings, Stella has been steadily adding so many new ingredients—rainbow arcs, irregular polygons, shallow reliefs of collaged plywood and felt—that now, almost two decades later, his art has arrived at a delirious about-face. Both young and old spectators in the last few years have been loving or hating, but never ignoring, these outrageously youthful works by a master in his forties. For, in 1975, Stella began to cram his surfaces with such a profusion of shrill hues, Jackson Pollock-like scribbles, glitzy metal sprinkles, and floating French curves that, by 1978, the works were literally *(Continued on page 296)*

FRANK STELLA'S NEW ART:

EYE OPENERS

"Rāmgangra," a painted relief from Frank Stella's recent "Indian Birds" series. Other series are in "Stella since 1970," a show now in Vancouver, traveling to Washington, DC; Jackson, MS; Denver, and Des Moines.

SURPRISES IN A WO

The things no one ever tells you, things you yourself—twelve women talk about chance,

NORA COBLENCE

"Nothing prepared me for the psychological shock of becoming a mother"

Recently, thirty-one-year-old Nora Coblence, a Parisian-raised New Yorker who heads the export side of her father's tire and industrial repair material business, wife of lawyer Alain Coblence, gave birth to their first child, Nicholas—an event that has caused a major shift in her priorities.

Nothing prepared me for the psychological shock of becoming a mother. I never realized what having a baby would mean to me. Books I had read, friends with children talked more about what was going to happen before and during the birth—how I was going to stand the pain (which is relative)—than how I was going to feel after the baby was born.

"That first week at home with Nicholas, I felt so emotionally vulnerable, so alone, even with friends dropping in for visits and a nurse to help. It hit me that here I was with this little thing that didn't ask to be put into this world—completely dependent on me—and **it was like no responsibility I'd ever had before.** Certainly, running a business is not the same kind of responsibility at all.

"Another shock for me was the realization that for a long time to come I have lost my independence. Even during the last weeks of my pregnancy, if Alain and I wanted to go out in the evening, we'd just go. And I worked almost until the last minute before going to the hospital. In fact, the business was becoming a neurosis with me—everything had to be exactly right. I was really a gung-ho businesswoman; I probably was putting too much emphasis on my work. Now, it's amazing—**everything seems much less dramatic in comparison with having Nicholas.** He is the new center of my life, and I'm arranging my business life differently so I can spend time at home with him.

"Someone from my office comes here to the apartment for a few hours every day, and I'm finding that that is really a much more efficient way to work. I still care about the business, of course; but I'm no longer as worried about it as I used to be. Things are more in perspective. And when I catch myself worrying too much about the baby, I say to myself, 'Now, stop it—this is ridiculous,' and I take a deep breath. I know I have to protect myself—after all, Nicholas is going to grow up and leave me very soon. I'm sure there are many surprises yet to come."

FRANCES FITZGERALD

"I really thought, if I were only smart enough, I could figure it all out"

Smart enough to have won a Pulitzer Prize at the age of thirty-one (for her book about Vietnam, "Fire in the Lake"), as witty as she is gently wise, Ms. FitzGerald has recently figured out some things about American self-image: her new book, provisionally titled "The American Dream," will be published in fall '79 by Atlantic/Little Brown.

The thing, actually, that comes to mind is the phrase invented by my friend Bill Hamilton [a *New Yorker* cartoonist] which was, 'I got what I wanted but it wasn't what I expected.' And something else he said, 'I always put the words in the mouths of women in my cartoons, if you'll notice, because you never know what women are going to say anymore these days.' And I think that has very much to do with what we're talking about. His point is that what men say is fairly predictable now, and what women say is not predictable; women are just not predictable anymore and they're more interesting as a result. That's what the 'sixties did for us.

"I grew up in the 'fifties—I was twenty in 1960. I have a mother who works and there was never any question but that I would work: that wasn't the change for me. But from the point where a woman working was something odd to the point where it's a necessity for almost everyone, where one's relations to men are very different, where our relations to our own lives are very different—to put it in the most abstract possible terms, it's institutional breakdown [she laughs, to deflate the phrase].

"A great friend of mine who has been divorced once and may be divorced again said that he brought up his girl children by telling them, 'Look, you don't have to do what I did. Don't follow my example. You'll have a nice happy marriage that'll last forever.' And he turned around on himself just recently and said, 'What have I been doing? I've been preparing them badly for life. What's to say that their marriages will last? Indeed, they ought to be prepared for the fact that they might not.' But he wanted to give them history, the past, a sturdy conventional upbringing. But he couldn't do the whole thing—he couldn't control the whole society. And those girls may grow up to be model women but they aren't going to be able to control their lives."

The unexpected and age: "I'm surprised to be as old as I am. I don't feel it. I feel . . . I don't know, a little wiser and a little less smart. Going to Vietnam at twenty-five made me grow up very fast. I was forced there to deal with the most serious possible issues. I was forced to consider myself a grown-up because I had to argue with people twice my age. Since then, I don't feel I've changed that much. I became fifty at twenty-eight; fifty as well as twenty-eight."

. . . and friendship: "As an independent

MAN'S LIFE

have to find out for change, and choice



Nora Coblence



Frances FitzGerald

woman, one who has never depended on a man for any enormous length of time, I find that I depend on my friends a tremendous lot but also vice versa; and what surprises and interests me is that I've maintained a lot of the same friends for twenty years now. They remain intimates, and they're the most sustaining people. Even when I'm not around them all that much—perhaps I'll be away from New York for a year—I just know they're there, like some star shining in the distance. They don't change in regard to me. And that is really extraordinary. I guess I wouldn't have counted on that when I was twenty. I would have thought that world would have ripped everybody away from each other."

. . . and marriage: "I don't suppose I expected to be single for so long. I look at a lot of successfully married friends of mine and ask myself, 'What is this? They look just like me.' I can't understand what the difference is. They complain a lot and I complain to them a lot, and then it's not clear to me which of us is better off."

. . . and success: "My idea of what success was has changed a good bit and not necessarily always for the better. Coming out of Radcliffe, where the soul was terribly important, success seemed to be Rilke and Nietzsche and I was not interested in people floating around at parties. So I spent long years attempting to be a Bohemian poet, but also I really wanted to be in the same room with the people floating around. And then you get in the same room, and maybe you like some of them and maybe you don't; but you find that your life is not really improved by being in the same room. Your life is only improved by being able to think about subjects, or to do something, yourself. Pressing flesh is not success."

. . . and morals: "Often in the 'fifties, when morality was mentioned, what was meant was sex. And that is now an area where I find it difficult to see any moral questions anymore. It's very morality-free to me, whereas other things seem much more important morally than I would have suspected, all the moral questions brought up by war, for example. How should you know at eighteen that you would get on different sides of a moral fence from somebody over an issue about a treaty? You couldn't know that you would feel *morally alienated* from somebody. And this goes for various issues that are not so much political as cultural, where it's a question of deception, where you feel that there are a lot of people putting things over on a lot of other people: the issues of how the market deals with culture. And then there are moral issues that simply nobody bothers about, which include what are jokingly called 'non-worries' like the bomb, the population explosion. . . .

"All that turns out to matter, and the things defined for us as morality don't seem to matter. What matters—what is morality—has *not* to do with: do you do X and Y, but do you do what you say you're going to do? Are you honest? Are you clear about things? Do you not deceive others? Do you not try to gain personal advantage? These things matter a lot."

. . . and the physical: "When I was at Radcliffe, it was distinctly unfashionable for women to have anything to do with sports. The concern was all for soul. In fact, I'd grown up in a rather muscular Christian fashion, doing a lot of healthy outdoor stuff. Gave it up completely in college. Now I've picked it up again, I'm in better shape than when I was eighteen. Makes me feel marvelous. Then, I look at all the girls at Radcliffe now and they're rowing up and down the Charles River and they're running—there's a whole new dimension to their lives, very freeing."

. . . and men, and women, and diversity, and complication: "I went to a girls' boarding school, and men—boys—at that point seemed to be absolutely magical creatures and you would go off to the sunset with one of them who was absolutely undifferentiated from the rest of them. It never occurred to me that there could be as many different sorts and that my own personality would matter so much as to which one I could get along with and which one I couldn't. I also thought relationships with women were not difficult, because after all they were just like you so therefore any two women ought to be perfectly good friends. Why not? Turned out the whole thing is much more interesting and difficult and complicated and all those things. And that nothing is ever resolved.

"You see, there's another thing. Here we all are, children of the twentieth century. We, at school, if we were lucky enough, read about Einstein and Planck and we read Joyce and Proust and so on, but we still didn't believe that nothing was a stable state, and that everything was relative. And to get that into our heads has required almost an entire reeducation. It's hard to take in, but I do believe it now, and life is more interesting when you know it; when you know, for instance, that things are not *either* true *or* false but relative, changeable.

"And I've gotten to distrust myself less because of this. Before, I would shut out things that didn't accord with what I saw. For example, you may look at your friend. You may look at how his hand is working and it appears to you bizarre. Maybe it's because you have never noticed a hand before, properly. Or maybe it's because at the time that hand is doing something that the friend shouldn't be doing at the time or you wouldn't expect the friend to be doing. But you have to trust your perception of it, and that's very hard to do; and people resist that, and for good reason: we really desire stability—everyone does—and consistency and we want the story to come out well in the end."

. . . and life: "I really hoped to be able to figure it all out. I really thought, if I were only smart enough, I could figure it all out and settle things. I guess I have more the sense that artists do—not that I am one—about the world, that it is wonderfully complicated and elusive and nothing ever gets settled."

(Continued on next page)

"Women are just not predictable anymore"



Lee Krasner



Muriel Siebert



Mary McFadden

LEE KRASNER

"I never expected to hear art talked about as 'cash flow' or to find cultists worshipping art as religion; I never prepared myself to argue with God"

With the reevaluation of Abstract Expressionism, painter Lee Krasner has emerged as a dominant force of this movement. Early this month, the Pace Gallery will exhibit her large gestural paintings from 1958-1962. Krasner continues to work both in New York City and in her home in Springs, Long Island.

MURIEL SIEBERT

"There is no such thing as a lousy morning; you are not owed today"

As New York State Superintendent of Banks, in charge of regulating four hundred billion dollars, Muriel Siebert has one of the biggest financial jobs in this country. In 1967, she became the first woman member of the New York Stock Exchange ("I made the Stock Exchange co-ed," she says with a grin) and, in 1969, formed Muriel Siebert and Co., Inc., her discount brokerage firm.

One of the biggest surprises in my life was deciding to become a member of the Stock Exchange. The thought of buying my own seat on the Stock Exchange had never occurred to me until a client of mine suggested it. I was a partner in a small brokerage firm and wanted his advice about larger firms that I might work for, and he said, 'Why work for someone else? Why not buy your own seat?'

"Up until then I had always assumed that the Exchange was an all-male place; but I took the bylaws home and read them, and there was no prohibition against women, though there had never been a woman admitted. Then, I did a lot of soul-searching. It took me about six months to get up the guts to go through with it. I asked myself, 'What do I want to do this for? How is it going to change my life? How will people react to me when, instead of just being Mickey Siebert, they realize the amount of money that I'm making?' It's a very funny thing—when you're suddenly known for being successful, you pick up a few new friends and you find jealousy in friends you didn't think were jealous. At that juncture of my life, buying my own seat was a much more major step than becoming superintendent of banks was.

"It's amazing how things work out. I'm a college dropout. It's only recently that I gave up my C.D. (College Dropout) degree, as I call it, to accept an honorary doctorate from St. John's University, and I debated long and hard before accepting it. **I had to lie to get my first job; I told them I had a college degree.** Then, I was scared stiff for years that someone would find out that I didn't. I realize that I was very lucky that no one checked. . . . If they had, I might never have gotten started in business. But I feel so strongly that people *should* have college degrees that before I took this present job, I used to spend one day a month lecturing and doing career counseling with college students. After all, not everyone can count on being as lucky as I was.

"You go either of two ways in this world; you either take the challenges that present themselves, or not—and none of us has any guarantees. I remember this cab driver I had once—I was running like mad because it was raining and I said to him, 'Thank God you're here, it's such a lousy morning,' and he turned to me and said, 'Lady, there is no such thing as a lousy morning; you are not *owed* today.' I've thought about that many times since. When things get to be too much I think to myself, 'You're not owed today, be glad that you have a chance, a crack at it.' "

MARY McFADDEN

"I didn't expect to do anything I've done"

Mary McFadden is one of America's top fashion designers. In 1972, when she founded her company, she had no degree in design, she hadn't studied business. But the uniqueness of her own style—passions—experiences—made for standout clothes.

My whole life has been a surprise. I didn't expect to do anything I've done. In school, we were always told to do something with our lives. But we were never told how. Certainly, one learns a lot by experience. I've learned a lot since I started my own design business. When you're in a business situation and you're on the line twice a year, you *have* to learn. You constantly have to search yourself and create. You're forced to become an expert in management, in organization, in leadership. At times, I could have chosen more intelligent advisers. You're really the sum product of your advisers. And your friends.

"You're always on quicksilver in this business. All gods can tumble. You have fewer bosses as a designer, but a new set of masters. Your boss is sales. And the press. Money is really just a science—the science of numbers, as opposed to designing, which is show business."



Pat Montandon



MaryAnn Graf

PAT MONTANDON

"It's marvelous to realize that age doesn't mean anything"

Pat Montandon is a mover and shaker in San Francisco—a woman who makes things happen—and an author of two books: "How To Be A Party Girl" and "The Intruders," about her experience with the supernatural. She is now working on a novel, to be called "The Best Revenge."

On reaching fifty: "It was certainly a surprise to me to realize as I approached my fiftieth birthday that it didn't bother me and that I could talk about it. I'd always felt, 'Oh dear . . . now I have to start lying; people will think less of me.' It's marvelous to know that you're not afraid of an age, and it doesn't mean anything. Or rather, that it *does* mean something; but what it means is so positive as opposed to what I thought it would mean. Because, if we're lucky, it's going to happen to all of us: we will all get old and we should get old. But I don't believe 'with dignity.'

"I think *dignity* is a terrible word anyway. What does it mean? What counts is to grow old with fun and verve and life and achievement, and to know that all those years that we put in *do* amount to something. We have to keep allowing ourselves to grow and not to get into a rut—to remain open to new ideas.

"It's good for younger people to be around older ones and vice versa. If we can keep that in mind and never feel we have to cut off now because we're a certain age, it's a positive, wonderful step."

On founding The Name Choice Center: "I once was involved in a lawsuit and the lawyer for the defense kept questioning me as if I had used aliases because I'd been married before and therefore had had other names. **It dawned on me then that a man would never have to be in such a position; most men never change their names from birth until death.** That turned me on to the fact that there isn't any more reason for a woman to change her name when she gets married than there is for a man (as feminist Lucy Stone realized in the 1800s) and, therefore, she does not need to become fragmented in her identity.

"You are who you are, not whom you are married to. I went on to found The Name Choice Center for California Women because I felt so strongly about it, and I later had legislation introduced to educate women as to their choices in using their own names."

On the hospice movement: "Becoming interested in the hospice movement [the creation of special care centers where the terminally ill are helped to live as normally as possible] was a revelation to me, because I could never deal with the idea of death before. Now, I feel I can cope with it with peace and with strength, and I feel more comfortable with myself for feeling this way. I went to visit a friend of mine who is dying of cancer and her attitude was so wonderful that it affected my attitude. **Allowing her to talk about her own death—and, in a sense, having me talk about my own—was a wonderful gift to her and to me."**

On starting her Round Table: "I was drifting along in San Francisco society, when **I suddenly realized one evening that I was absolutely bored out of my mind**—that it isn't often in San Francisco that one can enter into conversations that have deep meanings. As a result, I founded my Round Table, and it's been going on now for six years. At the first lunch, I was a little apprehensive; I invited people I'd been acquainted with for years but didn't really *know*. It worked so well and was so stimulating that I knew I had hit on something important. Another thing I learned from this experience is that you can't sit back and hope that things will happen to you or that people will come to you. Whatever it is you want in life, you have to reach out and say, 'I'm going to make this happen,' and then be willing to take the risk."

MARYANN GRAF

"It never occurred to me that there was any difference between men and women in the job market. Then came the surprise"

MaryAnn Graf, winemaker at Simi Winery, Sonoma County, California, was the first woman to graduate from the Enology Department at the University of California in Davis, the leading school for winemakers in the United States. She is the acknowledged "dean" of women winemakers.

During my college years, gender wasn't the determining factor for doing what I wanted to do, even though I was the only woman in the class. The determining thing was whether I had the *brains* to get through—as it was for everybody else. It never occurred to me that there was any difference between men and women in the job market. The surprise came when I got out and realized other people thought differently about it. When I graduated in 1965, there was a demand for winemakers, so I never encountered prejudice that kept me from working.

"I guess the most surprising thing about my career is the sort of 'public person' I've become. I went into it as something that was challenging, interesting, and creative. But the winemaker in California is a personality. I didn't expect that. I mean, after all, who knew the winemaker at Lafite?"

(Continued on next page)



Joyce Susskind



Kitty Hawks



Nan A. Talese

JOYCE SUSSKIND

"My mother never told me how much fun sex could be"

Joyce Susskind, wife of television host David Susskind, is a television personality in her own right in Canada, where her "Joyce Davidson" show is broadcast for an hour every weekday morning. American viewers will have a chance to see Mrs. Susskind this year: Time-Life has acquired syndication rights to her show and plans to air it here this season.

One of my biggest surprises as an adult—really a shock—came about the realities of money. At twenty-two, with children to support, I took out my first mortgage, borrowing money from a finance company. No one ever told me about interest. Months later, when I thought I'd paid off the entire mortgage, I found I'd barely paid the interest rates. I was devastated. **I'd thought I was strong, I was smart, I could take care of everything.** But I learned this painful lesson well. After borrowing again, this time from a bank, in order to pay off the finance company, I developed a subsidiary business of buying first mortgages around Toronto.

"What my mother never told me was how fast time passes in adult life. I remember, when I was little, thinking I would live to be at least as old as my grandmother, who was dynamic even at ninety-two, the age at which she died. Now I see those ninety-two years hurtling by me. And my mother never told me how much fun sex could be, or what a discovery it is. Of course, I'm of an age when mothers really didn't tell you much about anything. My mother never told me the facts of life. My father did—he handed me a book about the subject."

KITTY HAWKS

"Surprises are for other people"

Kitty Hawks, daughter of the late film director Howard Hawks and Slim Keith, had a very successful career as a literary and talent agent, which she gave up after her marriage to Ned Tanen, president of Universal Pictures, "to avoid a conflict of interests." She is now studying architecture and Far Eastern art at UCLA.

It's not that I don't believe in surprises, but I think you put yourself in a position in your life to be prepared for whatever happens to you. We're really talking about how adaptable you are. My upbringing prepared me for life; I was brought up to believe you had obligations to your friends, your school, your city, so there was a sense of preparedness for all of that. Our generation was somehow equipped from birth. **I didn't emerge from my family as a spoiled girl who had to face the big world.**

"I don't mean that everything was easy. There were obstacles to be overcome and moves that required courage; but, even when things were unexpected and unpredictable, I adapted to them because I believed inside that they would work.

"This is true even for my marriage—which is the most important thing that ever happened to me. The actual meeting was matter-of-fact. I certainly didn't expect, when I walked into the restaurant, that this was the man I would want to spend the rest of my life with. I remember thinking, 'I can't *believe* this has happened to me,' and knowing it *had* happened and that it affected my behavior with him from that moment on. But I had done a lot of homework for that moment, had gone through a lot of pain and mistakes. I had a clear idea of whom I could live with and be attached to and be good for and love and respect, because I had enough information to know what the signals were. I didn't get married before because something inside said, 'You're not ready'; and, when I did marry, it was because I found the man I hoped to find.

"I think it is possible that, given the way I am and the way I was brought up, I can recognize events that are important but don't classify them as surprises. Or, perhaps it's just that surprises are for other people."

NAN A. TALESE

"The most overwhelming surprise of my life was marriage"

Nan Talese is a senior editor at Simon & Schuster and has among her authors: Margaret Atwood, A. Alvarez, Suzanne Massie, Oriana Fallaci, Ted Morgan, Richard Selzer, and a new novelist, Ian McEwan. At home, she is unofficial editor for her husband, Gay Talese, whose new book, about sex in America, is set to be published this fall by Doubleday.

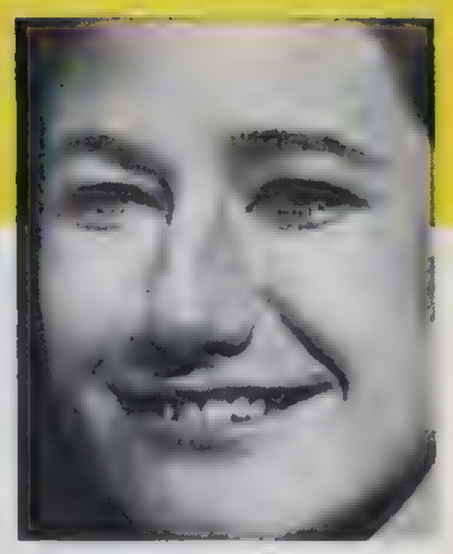
I don't see how people can be sure how things will happen in their lives. The main things in my life have turned out to be surprises. The one most overwhelming surprise in my life was marriage. What I'd feared in marriage was being trapped. I thought I'd feel encumbered, a loss of independence. But once the ceremony was over, I had the most amazing sense of freedom. And I have it to this day. Nineteen years later, I still have that sense of freedom in being married."

On her career: "I hadn't planned to have a career. I wasn't ambitious. I thought, as I went along, I'd see how it worked [managing a career around her children, who are her top priority]. If the strain became too much, I'd give up my work. I simply did what I did well. I loved what I did. But then, around 1970, I turned around and I discovered I had a full-fledged career."

On being a mother: "The thing I find remarkable is the energy I get from the children. That's not what most other people lead you to believe . . . they talk



Michelle Trudeau



Anne T. Fleming

about how draining children are. At the moment, it all works. I'm perfectly aware that it may not next month. But I have a terribly clear idea of what's important to me . . . like Gay and the children and my authors."

MICHELLE TRUDEAU

"That serendipitous meeting coming back from Africa changed my life"

Michelle Trudeau is a twenty-eight-year-old research associate at The National Academy of Sciences, Washington, DC, and sister of cartoonist Garry Trudeau.

Six years ago, I was going to Europe by plane after a trip to Africa and I happened to meet Jane Goodall, the biologist who was studying chimpanzee and baboon behavior in Tanzania. I am still amazed by the serendipitousness of that meeting. Up until then, I was in pursuit of a career in the theater, as an actress and director. But the appeal of Jane's life style and the sheer adventure of it made me decide to give up my plans for the theater and to apply to Stanford University to become a student in her department.

"Later, I was one of several Stanford students chosen to go to Tanzania to work with Jane for a year. That year changed my life on several levels: the animals were very important in understanding myself and my friends; animals adapt to their environment in such a flexible, wise way. The kidnapping of some of my friends at the research station in Tanzania while I was there was an adverse experience that had a positive impact on my life: because this was a life and death situation, **I realized how important it is to treasure the present and to recognize the specialness of each moment."**

ANNE TAYLOR FLEMING

"I never meant to be an older woman"

Anne Fleming is a twenty-seven-year-old writer living in Los Angeles, who has come to fame with her two-part dissection of Truman Capote in "The New York Times Magazine" section. Here, she writes about herself.

There are now in my life, at parties, behind counters, in offices, men young enough and earnest enough to perceive me as an older woman. This surprises me always and delights me sometimes. I never meant to be an older woman. Falling in love very early and very firmly with a man twice my age, I meant to be the child-female, the perennial Lolita, pig-tailed, pampered, and protected. I meant to work, yes, even risk success but only under the protective wing of my mentor-husband. Why, I am not sure.

I have a mother who, while strong, never made an ugly show of her strength, a woman who had two daughters and a full work life and who, for the last twenty-five years, has lived alone, years when I, watching her, learned to need men in ways she never had. I never meant to know more than the men in my life, to be older in any way. Yet I am often older in both ways. This confuses me. **Young men expect me to know about sex; older men expect me to know about love.** Their expectations make me giddy and rather pleased and quite frightened. I skitter away from their expectations even as I invite them. I act wise and tough and grown-up one minute and childlike, coy, and needy the next.

This does not please these men, this inner tug-of-war, what I call the manic-depressiveness of liberation. I know of no woman who has blossomed or tried to without, at many moments, wanting to crawl back in, wanting to be taken care of by a man. But the effort of blossoming requires a bravery, a bravado, that wobbles the affections of men. In those giddy, manic moments of freedom, the wobbling does not matter; in the sobering, sorrowful moments that follow, when one is small and scared again, it does matter, a lot. It matters then that the man one loves no longer sees the need beneath the bravery. It happens, this invited misperception, to me, to most women. It never fails to surprise me and to make me bitter as a child is bitter when his or her parents go away on a trip. This bitterness, of course, costs me more love. I am again surprised, stunned, as I am only ever stunned by matters, rather failures, of the heart.

I am never stunned by practical matters, by the time, for example, that it takes me to write a story or by the amount of time that it will take me to raise a child. I know I underestimate both, and will; I underestimate the call of my career—my need to work, my sense that I am nothing without work—just as I underestimate the call of a child. I realize my miscalculations, am even quite fond of them, just as I realize many things about myself, many limitations, of my imagination, of my capabilities. I will never be truly civic-minded; I will never be a writer of pithy, crystalline short stories; I will never nurse the wounded in any great war nor fall in love with a tightrope walker.

But how do I know that, that last part, about falling in love? I don't really, that is the one thing always left to surprise, the one thing we all have to surprise ourselves with—our choices of love. **Falling in love is always a surprise, as is falling out of love,** as are those small diminutions of love we occasion in those we need and for which we are sad. It is only these that surprise me, taking my breath away, making me realize that I am not, as I grow up, very easy to love.

Interviews by: Alexandra Anderson, Sandi Cushman, Amy Gross, Sharon Harts Wick, Kathleen Madden, Sandra McElwaine, Jill Spalding. Photographic credits: Frances FitzGerald by Stuart Bratesman, Kitty Hawks by Berry Berenson, Nan Talese by Mary Ann Barcelona, Lee Krasner by Irving Penn, Pat Montandon by John Horvers.



BARN APPEAL

Comfort American style: cozy, airy, light — completely inviting — and so easy to maintain it practically takes care of itself. These are also Mica Ertegün's requisites for a year-round vacation house — and what she has created for a renovated old barn outside of New York City. The high-ceilinged, wide open space of the living room (*left*) called for "a pure, uncluttered look" — that applies to the rest of the house as well — based on oversized furniture ("I started with the idea of putting an enormous sofa in front of the fireplace," Mica says, "then found a huge antique table to back against the sofa"), tall potted trees, a large "Veil" painting by Morris Louis. *(Continued on next page)*

Attractive, with American ease — Mica Ertegün's vacation-house design for an old Long Island barn



By day, living room, left, is flooded with sunshine from skylights, new glass doors; at night, illumination comes from floor cams, candles. Where barn doors were, fireplace warms the room; designer Mica Ertegün, right, extended front for seating, sides for storage.

Karen Radkai



2



3



4

BARN APPEAL

Luxurious and all-out attractive rooms can be uncluttered and livable, too, as Mica's design for this transformed barn proves. "I didn't want this house to be overly modern," Mica says, "because, in the country, it's nice to have some warmth." Softening touches: Mica's English antiques, her use of fabric (linen on living-room sofa, banquettes was dipped in tea for a color that blends with barn-wood walls). Tucked against wall of upstairs hall, a cozy afternoon tea spot from which to enjoy the flames crackling in the living-room fireplace below. More comfort: three guest bedrooms, each with its own bath. Floors throughout the house are easy-clean white vinyl because, as Mica says, "in the country you shouldn't have to worry about tracking dirt inside or about dogs running in and out." But, in winter, library and bedroom floors are warmed with area rugs.





5

Karen Radkai

1

Sweep of space with barn-wood warmth, modern American comforts

1. Unmatched Hitchcock chairs for a dining-room table, set with American plates, Danish decanters, wooden candlesticks because, "who wants to polish silver in the country?" A Mica favorite: old pharmaceutical chest found in London. Back wall: American scenes in charcoal, bought on New York's Bleecker Street. 2. Upstairs hallway, with Kilim rug, was once part of barn loft, serves as afternoon tea spot. 3. Library, one step up from living room, has original barn-wood walls, inlaid Indian desk. 4. Master bedroom opens onto large, luxurious dressing room/bathroom that is, as Mica says, "typically American in its comfort." 5. Bedroom dressing table, covered with Liberty fabric, holds ivory brushes, combs, bottles. 6. Remodeled barn's new glass doors give access to porch and garden, nearby swimming pool.



6



JACLYN SMITH

IT'S ALL IN THE BODY!

That's where everything starts — the body as a base for a new way to look, a new kind of revealing, a whole new attitude...

Jaclyn Smith — *Charlie's Angels* star and star of a television movie-in the-making, *Love's Savage Fury* — gets the message across fast: There's a new free-spirited, unencumbered way of dressing the key to which is the body. A body in top condition — healthy, fit, lean — it makes possible the looks you'll see on these four pages, the news you'll see this season. Because fashion now is more than the clothes you wear — it's how you feel and how you move in those clothes ... and how your body shapes up to them!

No other designer did it the way John Anthony did — a collection based on the most sophisticated, most modern concept of body dressing. Wonderful new shapes — for day and for evening — his wrap-over blouses and strapless tops, the best (and best thought-out) sarong skirts, the narrowest-leg trousers — everything with a different kind of revealing that goes beyond bare. And if you had to pick one look to tell the whole story, *left:* his small-fitting wrapped-on-the-body blouse in spice silk charmeuse with lace — a key color — a key touch — in the collection. And narrow rolled-cuff trousers. Lafitte silk. About $1,590. Mid-March at Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Higbee's; Frost Bros. *Beauty Note*...The kind of makeup that enhances healthy, glowing skin starts with warm cheek color. From Estée Lauder, Burnt Brick Tender Blusher dusted all-over with shimmery Sun Streaker powder. Sheer color for the mouth — Alfresco Brick Tender Lip Tint...The strength of body dressing! And the new seduction, *right:* John Anthony's wrap-around strapless top and sarong skirt in melon butterfly silk jacquard...it holds the body but doesn't hold you down — you move in these clothes, in these thin fabrics — and it's a difference that always comes through. G.E.M. silk. About $940. Mid-March at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's; Harzfeld's; Amelia Gray. These pages, hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last pages, this issue.

Avedon



JACLYN SMITH

IT'S ALL IN THE BODY!

There's something about black against bare skin...and the look of lace. It's the ultimate in femininity, in sexiness. Well worth getting into your best shape...and that's exactly what's needed...no place to hide in these clothes!

More John Anthony, *left*. the bareness goes on and the wonderful way he reveals the body when it's sexy and. A sashed and slit black charmeuse dress. a bare v there to bare and a be hater. For big evenings when nothing less than a movie star feeling will do. All the ornament it needs. ...s flashing earrings. sleek, shiny hair. Dress, Lalitte silk, about $1,350. Mel March at Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; Wolff Brothers; Neiman Marcus. Opposite. Base for all the body dressing, the lightest, the crest bare-bracket... to hold the body close in a weightless, unrestrictive way. Valentino's knockout bra in black with the unexpected charm of bare-stitched lacy cut-outs. And nobody says it has to go in the water! Think of it under a long narrow skirt...with pants and a jacket. Maillot, for Concorde Fashions, of nylon and Lycra, about $270. Valentino Boutique, NYC; Hattie, Neiman Marcus, I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Accessories, next to last pages.

Avedon





Penn

SIMPLE BEAUTY: THE SOAP AND WATER RITUAL

What could be more natural than soap and water—it is simply the basis of all good skin care

Soap is one of the simplest things in the world—and one of the most wonderful. A fact which many of us tend to lose sight of a good deal of the time. Even though we reach for a cake of soap almost as a matter of course whenever we go to wash our hands, take a shower, or bathe in the tub.

But now, suddenly, there seems to be a fresh awareness of soap. As soap. Just because it is so wonderfully simple. And, by inference, so pure. It is as though the daily ritual of washing your face and body with soap were a whole new take on "natural," the very plainness of certain kinds of soap having a special virtue all its own. There is the undisputed charm of Johnson & Johnson's pristine little white cakes of Baby Soap—or, to take a few other good examples, Texas Pharmacal's Lubriderm Soap or Westwood Pharmaceuticals' Alpha Keri Soap or Doak Pharmacal's Formula 405 ("pharmacal" and "pharmaceutical," as you can see, appear to be very "in" words!). And then there is the attraction of a glycerine soap like two-hundred-year-old Pears, or Neutrogena: clear soaps suggest 100 percent pureness —and, as such, are absolutely irresistible.

There is, as it happens, no gimmick about this simplicity. Soap can be made in a very simple way. All you basically need, if you set out to make a plain bar of soap, is some lye and some vegetable fat or animal fat—or a little of both. You boil the ingredients up together. Then, to separate the soap from the lye, and from the glycerine that forms, you add salt. This makes the soap granules rise to the surface and the lye and glycerine sink to the bottom. Next, you draw off the lye and glycerine, reheat the soap mixture, add water until you get the right consistency, stir vigorously, and pour into "frames." When cool, the soap is ready to be cut into slabs, blocks, and finally, bars. That is all there is to it—at least, according to the basic recipe. But there probably is not a single brand of soap on the market today that is in fact quite as simple as that. Even the plainest —the big crude squares of Marseilles Soap that are still made in much the same way as they were in the eighteenth century in Marseilles—boast a few well-chosen refinements. *(Continued on page 264)*

SIMPLE BEAUTY: THE SOAP AND WATER RITUAL

continued

The one thing that all soaps have in common is that they are made to clean. And in *Between You and Me* (Little Brown), Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, M.D., head of the department of dermatology at Harvard Medical School and his coauthors John A. Parrish, M.D., and Barbara Gilchrest, M.D., also of Harvard, list the seven principal types of "soil" that are removed by the cleansing process—including natural by-products of the skin as well as airborne substances of one kind or another and materials that are purposely applied to the skin. The seven are: "1. dead skin cells; 2. excess natural oils; 3. salts and other components of sweat; 4. microorganisms such as bacteria and fungi; 5. airborne dust and pollens; 6. miscellaneous chemicals and other matter picked up in a job or hobby; 7. cosmetics, ointments, lotions, and creams." In terms of cleansing, the three Harvard doctors go on to divide "skin soils" into three groups: water-soluble, oil-soluble, and insoluble. "Used with warm water," they say, "soap will satisfactorily remove all types of soil from normal skin. While it does not dissolve oils, it disperses or emulsifies them in very fine droplets, which are suspended in the soapy water. The air bubbles in the lather probably help by lifting the soils farther off the skin, so they can be more easily rinsed away."

Just about any bar of soap you buy will accomplish all of the above. The choice is wide. There are soaps expressly formulated to use on oily skin. Soaps to use on dry skin. Soaps to use on skin that is somewhere in between—including what is often referred to as "combination skin," which simply means that some areas tend to be oily, some dry. Often you will find that a brand of soap comes in two different formulations, one being specifically for an oily type of skin and one for a dry type. Clinique's Facial Soap is a good example: there is Mild (for dry to normal skin) and Extra Strength (for oily skin). The same is true of Estée Lauder's Basic Cleansing Bars—one is for skin that tends towards oiliness, one (with a touch of butterfat added) for skin that tends to dryness. Borghese's Simply Cleansing Bars also come in two formulations: Type A, for normal to oily skin, contains oil-absorbent clay, among other things; Type B, for normal to dry skin, contains a moisturizer.

You find soaps that are purposely made without fragrance. Etherea's Complete Cleansing Soap says "fragrance free" right on the wrapper. Neutrogena has an "Unscented" soap. Clinique Facial Soap states flatly that it is "Clinically formulated. No perfume." And Elizabeth Arden's Extra Benefit Soap is labeled "No Perfume Added"—the only perceptible odor is a pleasing whiff of herbs such as sage, rosemary, and juniper, which are there to be useful. The point of unscented soaps is that they can be used even on the most sensitive and easily irritated skin.

There are various other kinds of soaps that are meant to do more than just clean. Grainy soaps, for instance. Some are shot through with pulverized pumice, as Coty's Sweet Earth Suds is. Some, such as Sassoon's Treatment Bars, are flecked with sea kelp. Yardley's Oatmeal Soap has minute specks of the gritty cereal grains mixed in. Soaps like these are intended to polish your skin as you scrub. Then there are superfatted soaps—Almay's great big bars of Cold Cream Soap are a perfect example of this. And, of course, there are all sorts of moisturizing soaps to help hold moisture in the skin: a brand-new one is Revenescence's Moisture Rich-Treatment Bar. There is also the good simple protection that silicone gives—Riker Laboratories' Buf Beauty Bar, for instance—so that you have a chemical barrier between you and the elements.

"Soap is often believed to be the culprit in skin dryness because it removes natural oils," Drs. Fitzpatrick, Parrish, and Gilchrest point out. "This complaint is frequently heard in the wintertime, in northern latitudes, though if the removal of natural oils really were responsible for skin dryness, it would be heard of just as often in summer. Some drying out of the outer layers of *(Continued on page 296)*

The real marvel of soap is that it is not just a simple necessity —it is such a pleasure, too

Penn

the

finished look takes shape



Line! Narrowness! Waist! The body barely held! This is what really counts in clothes today

Finish! That is the thing that is so great about all this spring's great looks. They have a finish that comes from a very subtle use of control—something you sense rather than see. There is never anything hard or fixed or unyielding about it. On the contrary, there is a certain release. Freeing you from ever having to think about what you have on.

You do, of course, want to be in good shape to wear these clothes . . . and carry off these looks. Because anything that has to do with clothes today has to do with fitness. And a firm, fit body can make all the difference in the line the clothes have . . . in the narrowness . . . in the hold there is at the waist. An underlying sense of the body is implicit in everything.

Look at Calvin Klein's mocha suède top and tomato-red linen pants, on the *opposite page*, and the easy way the waist is held with just a twist of cloth. Here you see exactly what we are talking about—you could not possibly wear these clothes without being aware of the body beneath . . . as it touches the cloth, moves with it, is revealed.

What can you do to get in the kind of shape you would like to be in? So your upper arms are beautifully firm? And your bosom? And your waist? And your bottom? And your thighs? On the next two pages are specific exercises for each of these specific areas, so you can start to shape up right away.

TAKING SHAPE, *opposite:* the finished look that color gives now—especially the way Calvin Klein does it here. For the clothes, he uses a spectrum of shades from beige to chocolate, mocha, brick, and tomato red. For the makeup, a Plum Face: Black Lapis Powdered Eye Shadow on the upper lid, Black Chocolate below; Rose Plum Powdered Blush; Parma Rose Lip Color. Makeup by Rick Gillette. For fashion and accessory information, see next to last pages of this issue.

Avedon

THIGHS



Curled Walk. Head and shoulders off the floor, form a crescent shape with your back (how much of a crescent you can form depends on your strength), and bring your legs up in the air — being careful not to straighten out your back. "Walk" with your legs, switching them back and forth ten or twenty times. If you find your shoulder blades are touching the floor, relax and try again.

The Pretzel. Take the position shown. Hold onto the back of a heavy chair to keep your torso upright. Lift one leg a few inches off the floor. Hold to a count of ten. Relax. Lift again. Press up ten times. This is a good exercise for the whole torso.

BOTTOM



BEAUTY NOW

These five terrific exercises have been worked out for you by Lydia Bach, director of the Lotte Berk Method Studio in New York City and author of *Awake! Aware! Alive!* (Random House), in order to help you firm your upper arms, bosom, waist, bottom, and thighs. Each exercise works more than one set of muscles and so helps more than one area. Done together, the exercises complement one another in such a way that they tone and firm from head to toe. In order to zero in on the specific muscle groups being worked, we have photographed these exercises being done in the nude. When you do the exercises yourself, either at home or in exercise class, Miss Bach says that you must wear a leotard — and tights with feet because she feels it is important to keep the muscles warm. Before doing these, or any exercises, be sure to check your doctor.

taking shape—
the finished
look



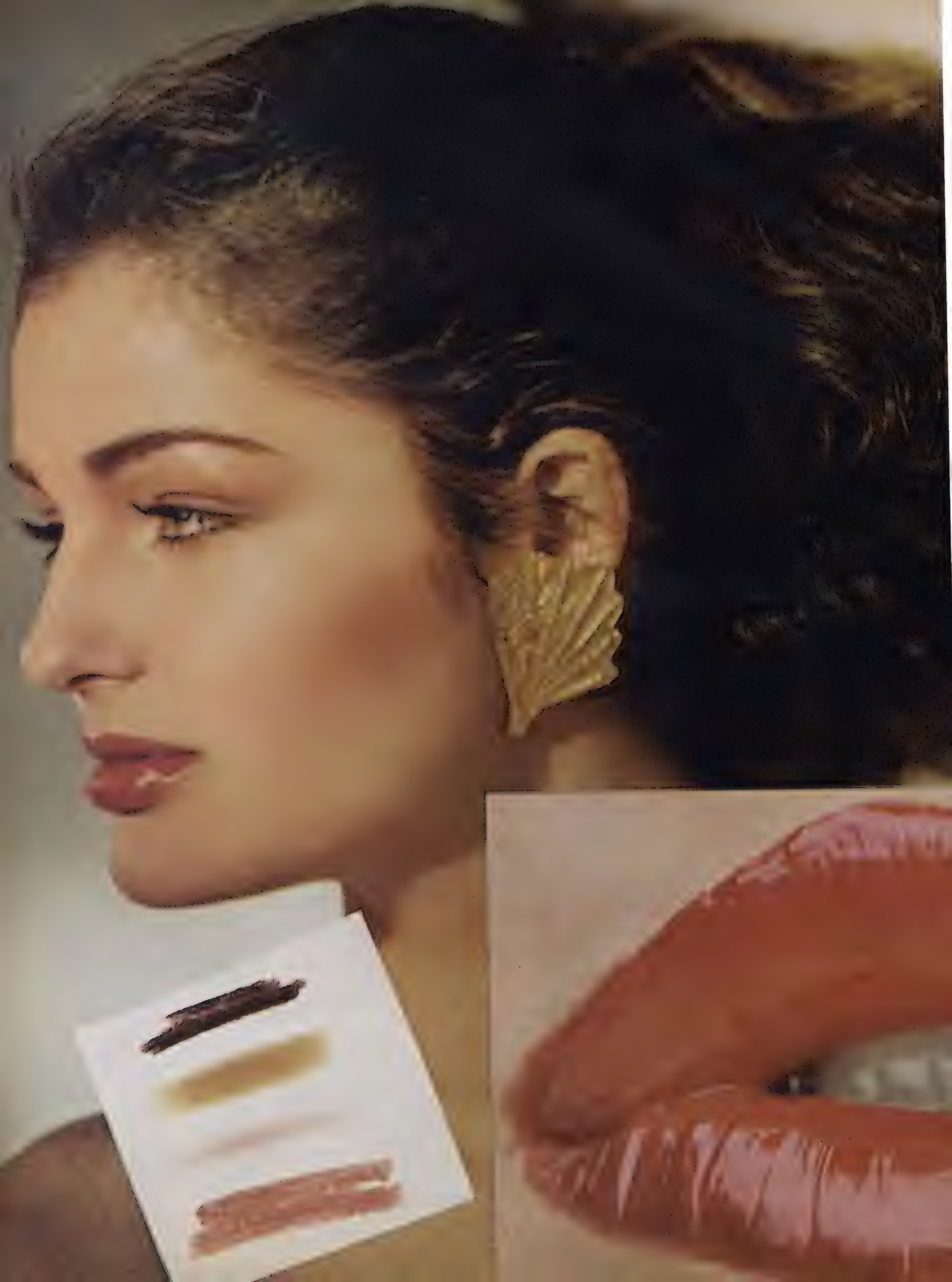
UPPER ARMS

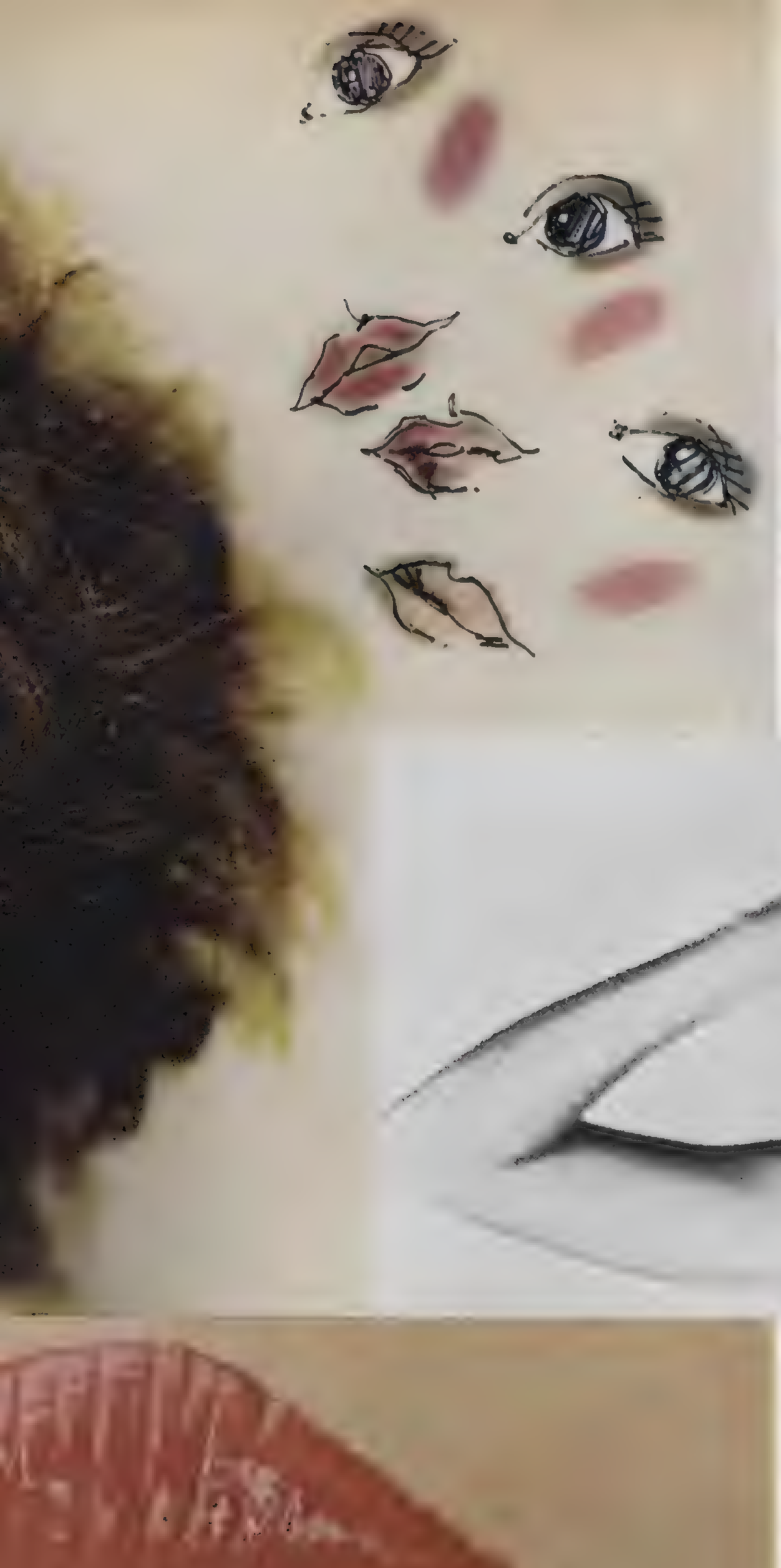
Backswing. Lean way over forward so that your back forms a flat horizontal line. Caution: pull in your abdominal muscles continually throughout the whole exercise to support your lower back, and do not let the back arch at all. With a three-pound weight in each hand, swing arms up and back, and press up twenty to thirty times.

Crisscross. Holding a three-pound weight in each hand, crisscross arms twenty times.

Here are five exercises for five key areas— so you can be beautifully fit and firm

Zebbs. Start two feet away from the wall. Use a door knob to push up on. Keep your back round — never let it straighten out. Scissor legs twenty times.





BEAUTY NOW

Color takes shape— the finished look

THE PLUM FACE

One wonderful thing about Calvin Klein's makeup is that you always have a finished look. And this spring is no exception: he has put together all the makings of his new Plum Face for you to use. All of which work all sorts of ways, as you can see in the croquis *at left*. The shades are intense but so sheer they seem to be all color and no substance . . . and just bathe your skin in light. Application is important, because you want to blend any excess color away. You also want to apply the lip color with a brush so the edge is sheer but sharp. It does take a bit of doing, but what you get is worth it: the beautifully finished look you see four pages before this.

FINISHING TOUCH

Powder! There is probably no word in the whole vocabulary of makeup that implies a finish the way powder does. The more transparent, the more finished. Here, *at far left,* a Translucent Light shade of Translucent Loose Powder does just that for the Princess Marcella Borghese makeup you see: Mauve Mist and Cappuccino Eyeshadow Mist; Aubergine Frost Contour Blush; Quince Currant Principessa Lipstick glossed over with Naturale.

A CORAL CAST

What this pretty rainbow of shades, *far left, below,* adds up to is: a very subtle, controlled use of one color. Coral! These Shades of Marrakesh from Elizabeth Arden's new spring collection are all tinged with coral — from the Java and Casbah Camel for your eyes to the Sienna Sand you put on your cheeks and the Sand Coral on your lips. Everything about your look has the barest suggestion of a coral glow.

COLOR GELS

Color — at its clearest, brightest, shiniest! We are talking about Estée Lauder's Double Shine Lip Gloss, which you see *at left*: Candied Cherry over Ruby Wine. Gels have never been bigger, and the great thing about this new Lip Gloss is that you get total color and total shine — and all of it is totally clear. But don't just use the Gloss the way it comes out of the tube — take two extra minutes and put it on carefully with a brush.

BACK IN SHAPE

The two looks for hair you see on these pages share the same point of view — both have an easy suggestion of shape without looking worked over or stiff, and both focus interest on the back of the head . . . giving you a pretty, new profile. The look *at left* is lifted up and back and just lightly held. The one *above* is a little chignon flip. Both are by Christiaan, the makeup is by Alberto Fava. The gold earrings are by Mary McFadden. Accessory details, next to last pages.

I. Nobu/Arthur Elgort



LOOK AT SWEATERS NOW!

Andrea Blanch

A new, smaller-shaped sweater with more definition – with different textures, different kinds of bareness. A sweater that goes under a jacket . . . on its own . . . instead of a blouse, a shirt, a T-shirt. For day, late day, evening – a sweater is news this season. . .

All the bareness – sleekness – of a maillot, far left: Small, body-hugging tank top in brown silk knit, tucked in and held at the waist. Bill Kaiserman/Rafael. About $100. Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Hattie, Me and My Lady, Royal Oak, MI; Leonard, Houston. . . . The most finished look, left: A V-neck pewter silk sweater with 3/4 sleeves – thin and cut close to the body to go with the narrowness of a skirt. Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein and Co. Sweater, about $56. Mid-March at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Kaufmann's; Garfinckel's; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz. Hair, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Mark Nahmias. Fashion and accessory information, next to last pages.

All-out texture, color, left: taffy/orange/red/cream V-neck pullover in thick nubby wool/viscose, with a narrow poppy suède skirt. Bill Atkinson. Sweater, about $170. March, Elizabeth Arden Salons, Shillito's, Hudson's; Sakowitz; Bullocks Wilshire. . . . Pretty and bare as a camisole, above: "lacy" rayon/nylon chenille sweater in mustard seed, with a matching front-wrap wool skirt. Betty Hanson and Co. Sweater, about $80. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres; Jackson Graves; I. Magnin.

Andrea Blanch

NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS

SWEATERS NOW!





The difference – the interesting textures of new knits in cotton, silk, wool. Always – shorter, prettier, body-revealing

Newest look in a pared-down sweater, this page, left: a sleeveless, midriff-baring top – handknit in peach cotton – one of the stars in Perry Ellis' smash collection. Here, over a side-slit linen skirt. Sweater, about $86. March, Beau Brummel, Forest Hills, NY; Hudson's; Dayton's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz. . . . The way a casual look turns on a great sweater, above: beige-green/coral ribbon-knit pullover in rayon/linen, narrow-legged silk tweed trousers. The Beene Bag. Sweater, about $130. Late April, Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Sakowitz. Opposite page: hair, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Mark Nahmias. This page: hair, Marc Pipino of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Vincent Nasso. Fashion and accessory information, next to last pages.

NEW YORK
SPRING COLLECTIONS

For warm-weather dressing, for disco/at-home evenings now—the excitement of rainbow-bright color...from every designer...the new ways it's used...the difference it makes!

color is on!



Starting here: the winners . . . (and the prices are easy) . . . always close-to-the-body . . . in soft, slide-y fabrics. And always, the high color, the bareness keep going. Down to the strippiest, glossiest sandals. **1.** From Bill Blass for Blassport . . . the full treatment . . . a pink camisole (about $38) over two skirts . . . an orange skirt wrapped over a bright green one (about $58 each). All in polyester crêpe de Chine. March at Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's. **2.** For lots of women, red is a "turn-on." James Daugherty's skivvy-of-a-dress, slit for a leggy look . . . with an easy, unstructured jacket; its own belt. About $240, in polyester. Late March at Wanamaker's; John Baldwin. **3.** If you're in the mood for a jumpsuit . . . Cathy Hardwick's is great . . . smooth lines, the rich grape color. About $106, in cotton poplin. We added the red snakeskin waist wrap. Mid-March at Lord & Taylor; The Stagg Shop, Coral Gables; Bullock's. **4.** The happiest color mix . . . red tube top, lilac skirt, acid-green cardigan. Terrific when it's hot and you're moving fast! Kimberly designed by Howard Lawrence in cotton jersey knit, about $120. Mid-March at Altman's; Jacobson's; Marshall Field; Bullock's. **5.** Kasper's clean, uncluttered look . . . the boldness of the cobalt blue, the bite of the red sash. Smashing! For Joan Leslie, in silk crêpe de Chine. About $170. Late Feb. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. **6.** The feeling Diane Von Furstenberg has . . . for what does more . . . for most women. It's always deceptively simple. Like this turquoise dress . . . the surprise of its hot pink piping. About $158, in silk. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; Bullock's; J. Magnin. Beauty Color: For vivid clothes . . . you don't want a pale mouth . . . bright lipstick does it. The bright color here: Coty's Silkstick in Hot Crimson. These eight pages: hair, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon, Howard Fugler, Kerry Warn at Molton Brown, London; makeup; Ariella, Mark Nahmias, George Newell. For accessory information, see next to last pages this issue.

Alex Chatelain

1

2

3



Color like this catches you, gives you a lift... every time...every way— on its own...one bright on another...with black. And how it sharpens all the new spare lines!

1. The best jacket now — narrow, short, pulled in at the waist. Even better — in neon-bright red. And what impact it has over a black side-wrapped skirt and matte jersey T-shirt. By Richard Assatly Ltd., about $298. Jacket and skirt in rayon/silk. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Montaldo's; Higbee's; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz. **2.** As "dressed" as most women need/want to be for evening. DDDominick's zingy multi-striped pants, a black jacket wrapped over bare skin and held with a wide teal belt. Added shine . . . the silk charmeuse (House of Silk). Pants, about $110. Jacket, about $90. Mid-February, Lord & Taylor; Oodles, Philadelphia; Bullock's. **3.** From the people who have always believed in dresses Morty Sussman for Mollie Parnis . . . a new, high-voltage take . . . in jade green . . . wrapped . . . piped on-the-diagonal and sashed in shocking pink. About $250, in silk (Valdine). Late Feb., Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Dayton's; Sakowitz. **4.** It's not only that the colors are so vivid. It's the unexpected way they're combined! An amethyst jacket lined in mustard over a mustard camisole, amethyst pants . . . and all very narrow, very body-revealing. By Scott Barrie Blouserie. Jacket, about $114. Pants, about $68. Camisole, about $42, in silk crêpe de Chine. Late March, Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. **5.** There's always the shirtdress. This season . . . all the classic ease . . . but it's slimmer, un-frilly . . . and you get the jolt of the electric yellow! By Robert Krugman, in Trevira/rayon/silk (Reltex Fabrics), about $100. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Jacobson's. Beauty Color: The bright-ness, the shine . . . go down to your toes . . . and your fingers. A good way to get it . . . Clinique's Basecoat, Brandied Red Glossy Enamel, and Top Glaze for Nails. Accessories, next to last pages this issue.

Alex Chatelain

Color is on!

NEW YORK SPRING COLLECTIONS





color is on!

nothing shows off color...like more color. And nothing shows more of the body than this season's best warm-weather looks—bare, bright, leggy—it's the most upbeat way to dress!

1. All the things that make a difference now: narrow line, interesting texture, wonderful color: Dominic Rompollo's bared silk cloqué jumpsuit — ivory camisole top, green sash, mauve narrow-leg pants. Bianchini/Sormani fabric. About $450. Sara Fredericks, NYC; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Swanson's on the Plaza. **2.** Sizzling color is always a Stephen Burrows signature. What's new: his side-slit cut-like-a-maillot purple dress under a small jacket — cyclamen cotton corduroy, red lining! (about $210). Dress, polyester/cotton, about $100. Both, for Pat Tennant. March at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Chuck Jones/Jack Parker, Palm Beach; Ann Lavigne, St. Louis; Leonard, Houston. **3.** To update a dress: bright color with brighter color accents — Richard Assatly's cerulean-blue crêpe de Chine shirtdress over a bare, red jersey tank top . . . red waist wrap . . . strippy red sandals. Polyester dress, about $190. March at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Godchaux's; Shillito's; Higbee's; Claire Pearone; Carson Pirie Scott; Sakowitz. Beauty Color: More red — of course! Aziza's Natural Lustre Lipstick in Red with Tawny Lustre. Plus — for eyes — Two-Tone Lustre Shadows: Gray Blue and Ivory, both with Spungold Lustre . . . **4.** An easy way with evening . . . a new way with a waist — Gil Aimbez's soft top (about $38) and leggy roll-cuff pants (about $64) in brilliant marigold cotton jersey, held by a wide wraparound "obi." For Genre. March at Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward/Lothrop; Hudson's; Balliet's; Bullock's. **5.** Color when it shimmers . . . from Pierre Cardin Chemise, a bare V-neck top in periwinkle jacquard and matching side-slit skirt — perfect out-to-dinner dressing. Of polyester. Top, about $45; skirt, about $38. Late Feb. at Macy's, Herald Square; Woodward/Lothrop; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Charles A. Stevens, Chicago; Bullock's; Liberty House of Hawaii. Accessories, next to last pages.

Alex Chatelain

The new focus on a waist . . . the new narrowing-in of a dress—this season, you won't see one without the other! Albert Nipon's small, surplice-wrap top and skirt in sand-colored glazed cotton, pulled in by a beige-and-brown striped sash. About $158. (We added the belt.) March, Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Higbee's; Jacobson's; Dayton's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson.

the waist is in! *Changing a dress now—the way a waist is held.*

Soft and silky, a little bit bare, held at the waist . . . everybody's favorite kind of warm-weather dress. From Adele Simpson a lilac-and-white striped crêpe de Chine top — bateau neck, dolman sleeves — tucked cleanly into a side-buttoned skirt of tobacco-and-white stripes, the waist wrapped with a matching sash. Abraham silk. About $498. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's; Rich's; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Sakowitz.

At Albert Capraro, one of the prettiest crêpe de Chine prints — a small grey-and-white leaf pattern. And one of the prettiest-on the-body dresses: narrow, wrapped to a low V, with soft wide sleeves. Abraham silk. About $158. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Dayton's; Jacobson's; I. Magnin.

Everybody's doing it...here, four designers who always do dresses best...

A dress with as much polish as a suit . . . more softness! Gloria Sachs cream-and black silk crêpe de Chine camisole, shirt jacket, and narrow border-print skirt — front slit, waist-wrapped . . . it makes the whole idea of being in a dress again very, very appealing. Camisole, about $80; shirt, about $150; skirt, about $170. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Garfinckel's; Montaldo's; Higbee's; I. Magnin. These two pages photographed on Roosevelt Island, NYC. Accessories and additional stores, next to last pages.

Andrea Blanch

Seven things to do about anxiety:

CALM FOR YOUR NO-NAME FEARS

Simple changes in your life can stop panic that seems to come from a cloud-free sky

By Ellen Switzer

It's Sunday. The sun is shining and the sky is blue. You've been looking forward to a trip to the country. Instead, you are sitting in your room suffused by a feeling of dread. Your palms are damp, your fists clenched; there's a lump in your throat, and your stomach feels tight and tense. Your breathing is irregular, and your heart is pounding. Worst of all, you don't have a clue to why you feel the way you do or to what set off your panic.

As you try to overcome that sudden attack of acute fear, you realize that, for several months, on and off, you've been nervous, irritable, and apprehensive. You can't trace that fear to any specific cause, either. Your personal relationships seem to be in fine shape; your job is satisfactory; your finances reasonably stable; and a recent medical checkup showed you to be in good health. So, what's wrong? Are you coming down with some obscure physical ailment or an incipient emotional collapse? Probably not. You are suffering all the symptoms of an exceedingly common psychological problem: free-floating anxiety, which in your case has culminated in an acute anxiety attack.

Because this generalized anxiety condition is so miserable and so prevalent, scientists in recent years have been considering some previously unsuspected causes and new ways to treat chronic and acute anxiety.

What exactly is anxiety, and why do so many of us suffer from it? The physical symptoms are very much like those of fear, but the basic causes are very different. Fear is a necessary danger signal that alerts us to a real threat. If you are faced by an overeager Doberman pinscher or a shady-looking stranger on a dark street, your immediate reaction is to save yourself, either by fighting or by running. In order to prepare you for fast action, your nervous system forces your glands to excrete increased amounts of certain hormones (adrenalin in particular), your blood pressure rises, your heart beats faster, your muscles tense up, and your breathing rate increases to provide the additional oxygen your body will presumably need for the projected fight or flight. The same physical changes occur with anxiety. You crackle with tension and breathe unevenly with anticipation . . . but you can't get release from your uncomfortable emotions through constructive protective action, since there seems to be no fearful object to fight or from which to flee.

Almost everyone suffers from anxiety some of the time. *The American Handbook of Psychiatry* cited a recent study that indicated 75 percent of all New Yorkers consider themselves anxious most of the time. And their anxiety cannot be traced entirely to urban conditions: muggers in the elevator, pollution in the air, and rising property taxes; other studies show that anxiety rates are just as high in the suburbs and in calm rural villages.

Herbert Kleber, M.D., professor of psychiatry, Yale Medical School, and director, Substance Abuse Treatment Unit, Connecticut Mental Health Center, estimates that one in every three adults in the United States takes anti-anxiety drugs at least some time during his or her life. Statistics on the number of tranquilizer prescriptions bear him out. An FDA study showed that tranquilizers had surpassed antibiotics as the most frequently prescribed class of drugs in the United States: in 1977, physicians wrote about sixty million prescriptions for Valium, the most popular anti-anxiety medication, plus 19.5 million prescriptions for Librium, Valium's cousin.

For many years, these two drugs have been prescribed, without a second thought, for any number of minor emotional problems. Most patients and their physicians considered Valium and Librium effective, harmless, and non-habit-forming; but scientists recently have taken a close second look at these tranquilizers and have decided that, although they are undeniably effective, especially in combating anxiety, these

drugs are neither harmless nor even totally nonaddictive.

Marie Nyswander, M.D., a psychiatrist who has specialized in mood-altering drugs, thinks that Valium is the most addictive drug now in common, legal use. This opinion is not shared by the vast majority of other psychiatrists or drug researchers, but most believe that the medication is certainly habit-forming to patients who may be "addiction prone."

Valium is also known to cause some temporary retardation in mental functioning and physical reaction time in a great many users. The number of automobile accidents that have occurred while drivers were under the rather subtle effects of a minor tranquilizer has alerted the FDA, as well as the manufacturers of these drugs, who now include, on their labels, a strong warning against driving an automobile for several hours after taking the pills. Unfortunately, many physicians who prescribe the drugs don't inform their patients of this danger, and it's only rarely included on the labels drugstores put on prescription bottles.

There is also a suspicion that many of the minor tranquilizers may cause birth defects, if women take them early in pregnancy. Some physicians feel that overuse of these tranquilizers might cause sexual problems: impotence in men and orgiastic difficulties in women. Because of the increased scientific concern over these drugs, the FDA recently set up a new standard for their prescription and use. Some years ago, anyone with a prescription for Valium (or any of the minor tranquilizers) could get unlimited refills, unless the physician specified the number of times a prescription could be renewed. In 1975, the FDA changed the rules: now a prescription may be refilled only five times, and it expires after six months.

Physicians and psychologists for decades have disagreed about the causes of and cures for anxiety. At first, the causes were believed to be strictly in our heads, and only psychological methods were recommended to eliminate or alleviate them. In the 1920s, for instance, Otto Rank, noting that anxiety seemed to afflict all of us at least some of the time, traced it to an experience we all have: birth. Birth trauma was at the root of our irrational fears, he maintained. Sigmund Freud disagreed. Birth trauma might be a factor, he admitted, but certain other life events added to the problem: fear of losing a loved person or object, conflicts between our deepest desires and our consciences, and our need for approval

(Continued on page 293)

Bioethics, key new medical study:

HELP WITH HARD DECISIONS

By Leonard C. Lewin

It is three o'clock in the morning, and two emergency cases have just arrived at the door of the only hospital in the region. An intern is on duty. He quickly determines that both of the arrivals badly need the facilities of the intensive-care unit—but there is room for only one of them. What does he do?

The more critical case of the two is that of a very old woman, quite frail, who clearly will not survive the dawn unless she is put on the one available respirator in the ICU. Her prospects beyond that are obviously poor. The other patient is a one-year-old girl, whose need for the same respirator is less urgent, but whose chances of eventual recovery will be greatly reduced by delay. These, roughly, are the givens of the situation. The intern has no way of knowing how much the old woman wants to live, or to fight for more life, nor how limited the future of the infant may be even if she does recover. Again, what does he do?

Doctors, patients, society at large—we need to draw on wider philosophical resources in the live/die choices of today's high-tech medicine

Calling a senior physician will not resolve his dilemma, since it is not medical, but demands a value judgment—playing God, so to speak. This is a role in which the senior physician has no doubt had more experience, but for which he has no more professional authority than the intern. But the decision must be made—right now. And so it is.

Only one thing remains to be added to this invented and oversimplified case: the intern had had the benefit in medical school of a course of study in bioethics, a new discipline that has come into being over the last ten years or so. It deals with the ethical and social aspects of the life sciences—the value questions—and it may well become before long a standard part of medical training. Having taken such a course did not provide the intern with a "right" answer in weighing the value of these two lives against each other; no one can claim such wisdom. But it did provide him with a background of how others have considered such problems and, more important, with the experience of having had to think seriously about the nonmedical value judgments that physicians have to face in real life every day.

This kind of situation—who gets the last bed in the ICU, who is put on the respirator, who is assigned the first available kidney for transplantation, which of the busload of accident victims is treated first—is actually only a lesser example of the kinds of issues with which bioethics is engaged, one more read-

(Continued on page 295)

Opposite inset Sums up the crisp, new no-extras look. A very short aqua jacket, elasticized to hug the waist (about $170) over black city-shorts, trim as trousers but leggier and cooler, of course (about $110); and a simple black shirt (about $110). By Catherine Hipp in Italian linen (Solbiati). Mid-February. Barney's New York City, Nan Duskin, Featherstone, Dallas; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Wilke Bashford.

Above: There's something easy, un-serious about coats for spring; not Chesterfield-y, not "coat" coats. They're as uncomplicated as flexible as jackets — and you just slide into them. This narrow, 718 white wool, for instance (about $245). Works over so many things. One of the best: slim navy wool pants (about $85) and a navy cotton sweater (about $70). By Jaeger. Jaeger International Shops.

PULLING IT ALL TOGETHER

with a new dash for day... a smaller jacket, a narrower coat... a polished look to everything



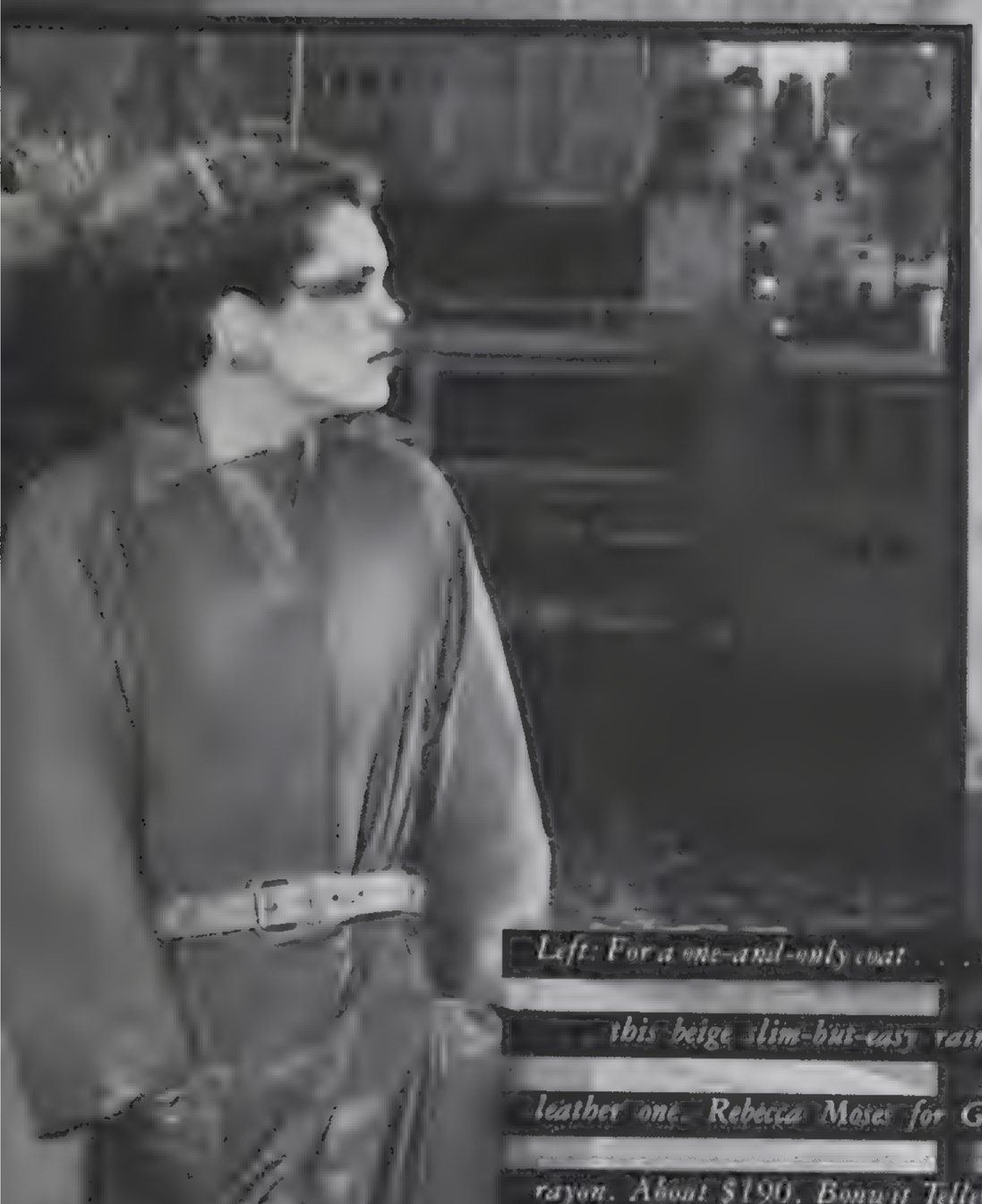
Above: Security is a suit that starts in the morning, goes on to dinner ... looks smashing all the way. The smallest creamy silk jacket and pencil-slim skirt, a brown wrap blouse with its own sash. Gare by Tom Masarre, Erlanger-Blumgart silk suit, polyester blouse. About $300. Late March, Bergdorf Goodman, Nan Duskin, Woodward& Lothrop, Lillie Rubin-South & West, Dayton's. These two pages: hair, John Sahag, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Way Bandy. Accessories, next to last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

Below: A navy-blue coat — slim, spare, simple-as-a-bathrobe. Slip it on, wrap it up, go. If the idea grabs you, you've really caught the message for spring. In worsted wool flannel (about $280). Great over white polyester/wool gabardine trousers (about $130), and a pinstriped silk shirt (about $65). Paul Schnell for Ernst Strauss. Coat at Saks Fifth Avenue, pants and shirt, special order. Turnout at Saks-Jandel; Jacobson's; Harold, Minneapolis; Harzfeld's; Balliet's; Nordstrom. Right: The suit that could be the backbone of your warm-weather wardrobe. The news: a narrower jacket (about $76), and the way you wear it — belted, [illegible] a straighter, shorter button-skirt (about $58). In café au lait linen-cotton. Frames Henaghan. Late March. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Bullock's, Westwood, Carol & Mary.

Patrick Demarchelier

PULLING IT ALL TOGETHER



Left: For a one-and-only coat . . . works beautifully every time, any weather this beige slim-but-easy raincoat. Comes with its own belt or use a leather one. Rebecca Moses for Gallant International, in polyurethane/rayon. About $190. Bonwit Teller; Craigs, Milwaukee; Harold, Minneapolis; I. Magnin; Nordstrom. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Way Bandy. Above: Foolproof way to look and feel well-assembled . . . a creamy silk suit with clean, uncluttered lines, a small self-check that has the look of texture. Rona by Mario Forte, about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Jacobson's; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Hair, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, George Newell. Opposite page: Hair, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; John Sahag; makeup, Way Bandy. Accessories, next to last pages.

PULLING IT ALL TOGETHER

Above: Most clean-cut statement on day dressing—a pared-down jacket held at the waist over a matching slit skirt in beige wool gabardine. By Joey Garguilo for Abe Schrader. About $220. Late Feb., Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres; Dayton's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz. Right: A new look to a suit that turns on a smaller, shorter jacket in mushroom wool gabardine. With a matching slit, side-buttoned skirt. New look under a jacket — the surprise of a bare camisole in thin, thin mushroom suede. By Bill Haire for Friedrick Sport. Jacket, about $220; camisole, about $132; skirt, about $136. Bloomingdale's; Halle's; Hudson's; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii.

Alex Chatelain



Left: Fresh . . . polished all-day dressing — a narrow-on-the-body suit in off-white — the short jacket pulled in at the waist, matching straight skirt. By Leslie Fay. Of Encron polyester by Enka. About $62. Lord & Taylor, Kaufmann's, Bullock's. Right: The best kind of day/late-day dressing — pulled together, easy, it never misses a beat — sand Ultrasuede short jacket, narrow button-front skirt, soft-tie blouse in mushroom acetate/nylon. By Nat Kaplan. Ultrasuede Fabric by Springs Mills. About $454. Late February, Bonwit Teller, Montaldo's, Rich's, Jacobson's, I. Magnin. Hair, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon, makeup, George Newell. Accessories information, both pages, see next to last pages of this issue.

wines

After dinner—little luxuries: the good-life drinks

By Barbara Ensrud

Had a Melancholy Baby lately? Or a Highland Witch? You probably know the Black Russian but have you tried a Red Russian? They are some of the new drink sensations based on cordials and liqueurs. The cordial market is booming: sales are up more than 26 percent since 1970.

"An explosion is developing," says Marvin Shanken, leading forecaster of trends in the wine and spirits industry. "Consumers are reaching out for taste." Historically, people drank liquor just for the kick, in spite of the taste. Today, apparently, we need a better reason to drink—and the reason is flavor. People drink *liqueurs* (the word is almost interchangeable with *cordials*) because they are delicious. By 1990, Shanken predicts, the liqueur market will be double that of Scotch.

"It also has a lot to do with the return to good food and more sophisticated life styles," said one wine merchant. "Liqueurs are a natural follow-up to an evening of fine wine and well-prepared food."

Boredom and affluence are part of it, too, with more people, both men and women, willing to experiment with new taste sensations as never before. Producers of cordials and liqueurs have been more than happy to oblige. A dizzying array of flavors is available today, including ones based on such improbable substances as honeydew melon, pistachio nuts, cranberries, cherry blossoms, and Darjeeling tea.

Another aspect of the appeal is versatility. Traditionally, liqueurs were imbibed straight up in small liqueur or brandy glasses, almost exclusively in winter because of the warming attributes of their potency—86 proof or higher. Today, even such classics as Chartreuse, B & B, Grand Marnier, Drambuie are taken on the rocks or in mixed drinks like cocktails. Liqueurs are also used in cooking—in marinades and sauces for meat or chicken—but more often in desserts like flambéed crêpes, as exotic flavoring for sherbets, in glazes for cakes, or over fruits and ice cream.

To my way of thinking, a fine liqueur like Benedictine or chilled Peter Heering, the cherry liqueur from Denmark, is a dessert in itself. And I find green crème de menthe over cracked ice is marvelously refreshing after a big rich dinner.

But the rash of "pop liqueurs" that has proliferated in recent years has given the biggest boost to the cordial boom, and their mixability is the key. They are lighter, mostly 40 to 60 proof, and less complicated than more austere after-dinner spirits like Cognac, Armagnac, Calvados, or the colorless *eaux-de-vie* such as framboise, poire, mirabelle, and kirsch. Usually, a single flavor dominates.

New drinks are constantly being created for these new liqueurs, like Melancholy Baby: Midori (honeydew-melon liqueur) and lime juice on the rocks—very citrusy and refreshing. Or the Red Russian: Cranberria and vodka. The Highland Witch is one part Strega, two parts Scotch.

Some of the new liqueurs are better, of course, than others and can stand fairly well on their own *if* you happen to like the flavor. Tiffin's Tea Liqueur is the very essence of a steaming pot of Darjeeling in aroma; Regnier's Cranberria has the astringent but pleasing tartness of sweetened cranberries; Frangelico, the light hazelnut cordial from Italy, would be lovely with hazelnut cake.

"A fine liqueur is a dessert in itself"

The newest liqueur on the market is Ambrosia. Its producers at Schenley refuse to say what flavor it is. They want to establish their new product among top proprietary brands like Grand Marnier and Chartreuse, which stand on their own and cannot be imitated. But the best thing about Ambrosia may be its name, undeniably a brilliant choice with its connotation of nectar of the gods. But the drink itself lacks definition. It seems to have "hints" of almonds like amaretto, as well as coffee, chocolate, toffee, butterscotch, vanilla, citrus—but so vague that no clear impression comes across. It's rather pleasant on the rocks, but is it exciting enough to create a hard core of "ambrosiacs"?

Generic liqueurs, like amaretto, peppermint schnapps, anisette coffee, crème de menthe, crème de cacao, and various fruit-flavored brandies are made by many different firms with extensive lines of cordials—Marie Brizard, Bols, Leroux, Arrow, Hiram Walker, de Kuyper, and others. Some of them use natural or artificial extracts to flavor their liqueurs instead of the real thing. I prefer the genuine ones—mostly to be found among such imports as Marie Brizard, Zwack, Regnier—because they have more interesting flavor and aroma. Real strawberries, for instance, are used in Dolfi's Fraises des Bois from Alsace (fabulous mixed with Champagne as a Kir Royal), and real German blackberries for Thienelt's Blackberry Liqueur. It takes six hundred tons of orange peel annually to produce the best of the triple secs, Cointreau.

Old liqueurs have begun to fascinate me, not only for their taste, but for their beauty—they look like liquid emeralds, rubies, topaz. Perhaps that's one of the reasons so many people are now collecting liqueurs—both "antiques" and the newer ones. New York wine merchant Peter Morrell has a wonderful collection. Much to the delight of myself and everybody else one evening, he brought out a string of them for us to taste. Most were old, odd bottles acquired through the years as curiosities, among them a hundred-year-old muscatel that had become very liqueur-ish, a ginger brandy from Germany that left us breathless with the piquant essence of crystallized ginger, and an old Izarra de la Côte Basque, with a deceptively delicate nosegay of aromas from wild flowers gathered in the Pyrenees. Fortunately, Izarra is still available.

My favorite, however, was Maraguja de Saint-Miguel—St. Michael's passion fruit. Nothing was known of it other than that it came from the Azores Islands off Portugal and appeared to be forty or fifty years old. It was rich and perfectly balanced, its guava-like fruit both tart and sweet without being cloying—and a glorious flaming red-orange. If you see a bottle anywhere, grab it!

I've tasted similar exotica on excursions to Europe; one in particular I remember from a swing through the Val d'Aosta in northern Italy. Tyrolean hikers jammed the bar at one tiny inn near Valtournanche, warming up with little glasses of vivid green "firewater," a liqueur locally made and with no specific name. I'll know next time to bring back a bottle and start my own collection of rarities.

The pleasantest way to discover the liqueurs you like best is, some night after a marvelous restaurant dinner with friends, to order several liqueurs by the glass, grouped according to flavor. If you try a number of coffee liqueurs, for instance, you will be surprised to taste the variety of distinctions among them, depending largely on the origin of the coffee bean and how it was roasted. Tia Maria from Jamaica is the lightest and most harmonious, my own preference in this category for drinking just by itself. Mexican Kahlúa is sweeter, darker, thicker, better for adding to café espresso.

As for me, the outcome of all this tasting has resulted in an addiction to crème de cassis—black-currant liqueur. I've long drunk it in kir (a few drops of cassis in a glass of white wine), the aperitif I most frequently order, but now I've found one that I like by itself on the rocks: Trénel et Fils Cassis de Bourgogne 1978, at the outrageous price of $20 a bottle. But it is so fruity and perfectly balanced it's worth it. Besides, I tell myself, currants are crammed with vitamin C. The Trénel family produces only a small amount. It is available only at Sherry-Lehmann and top French restaurants in New York. A mere 15 percent alcohol, this liqueur is vintage-dated as an indication that it should be drunk within a year or so before it loses flavor. Not that it's likely to stand around that long—at least not in my house. ▽

ANXIETY

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from society that often is not forthcoming. He also was the first scientist to point out that basic to all anxiety states was a *feeling of helplessness.* Most recent psychiatric theory bears this out: we feel most anxious when we consciously or subconsciously perceive a loss of control over our lives.

Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, Ph.D., associate professor of human development at the University of Chicago, recently has suggested another almost universal human condition that he feels is associated with anxiety: *boredom.*

In his book *Beyond Boredom and Anxiety,* Dr. Csikszentmihalyi maintains that people who are deeply engaged in activities they thoroughly enjoy don't feel anxious, even if the activities themselves might normally be expected to produce feelings of anxiety.

The professor examined chess masters, composers, rock climbers, ballet dancers, and surgeons and found that enjoyable activities, no matter how different from each other they may be, provide a common experience: satisfying, often exhilarating feelings of creative accomplishment and heightened functioning. He calls this experience "flow" and maintains that a person experiencing flow is neither bored nor anxious.

Within the past five years, many scientists have also started to look for *physiological* causes of anxiety. Could allergies cause it? Were some food additives to blame, for instance? At first this theory got little support; it seemed to fall squarely into the realm of the food quacks. But, recently, several studies have appeared showing that hyperactive children (all of whom were visibly anxious) could be much improved by removing all artificial flavors, colors, and refined sugars from their diets. Now, a new villain has appeared on the scene: caffeine.

In the *American Journal of Psychiatry,* John F. Greden, M.D., assistant professor of psychiatry, University of Michigan, reported that *high doses of caffeine* can produce pharmacological actions that cause symptoms indistinguishable from anxiety neurosis. A high dose turns out to be less than the amount of coffee many of us drink daily. "Anywhere from 50 to 200 mgs. of caffeine can bring about anxiety symptoms, such as increased heartbeat, breathing difficulties, and tensed muscles," Dr. Greden said. One cup of brewed coffee contains anywhere from 100 to 150 mgs. of caffeine, tea (except herb tea) 65 to 75 mgs., and cola drinks (including diet cola) 40 to 60 mgs. Many people drink doses much higher than 250 mgs., which Dr. Greden considers to be the limit for even the sturdiest individual.

To make matters worse, one of the symptoms of anxiety is a headache . . . and the pills we take to relieve headaches may contain additional caffeine, anywhere from 30 to 60 mgs. for most over-the-counter analgesics. So you may find yourself in a vicious circle. You drink coffee to pep yourself up, get a headache from anxiety produced by the excess caffeine in your bloodstream, and take medicine with more caffeine to combat the effects of the first excess dose.

There is a bright side to all this, though. The anxiety symptoms will disappear as soon as you stop drinking caffeine-rich beverages. Dr. Greden cites the example of an Army nurse who at first was found to be afflicted by an anxiety neurosis but, instead, turned out to be a recent coffee addict. She had always been an exceedingly stable person who first noticed her new and disturbing symptoms a few weeks after she bought a new coffee maker. Because the coffee now tasted so much better, she was drinking from ten to twelve cups per day instead of her former two or three cups. She was also taking quantities of headache pills containing 60 mgs. of caffeine per pill. Thirty-six hours after she stopped drinking coffee and switched to a caffeine-free analgesic, the nurse's symptoms were gone; they returned only when she went back to coffee.

Apparently, many patients don't believe that something as simple as too much caffeine in their diets can cause as persistent and distressing a condition as chronic anxiety. One way to convince them, Dr. Greden says, is to encourage them to stop drinking caffeine-rich beverages for a week or so and then allow them to return to their old habits. Usually the experience seems to win over even the most cynical patient, Dr. Greden has discovered.

> "People engaged in activities they enjoy don't feel anxious"

Leonard Cammer, M.D., a New York psychiatrist who is author of the book *Freedom from Compulsion,* agrees that coffee can indeed cause some of us to be excessively anxious; but he feels that most anxiety has a much more complex, psychological cause. Unlike Otto Rank, he does not think that we are born anxious . . . he thinks we *learn* to be insecure and fearful. "Almost everyone we know is tense and uptight at different times," Dr. Cammer said. "Life crowds in on us, its problems squeeze and clutch, and we all try to cope. In fielding the stresses that threaten our security and goals, we often find ourselves caught in compounded defenses and conflicting maneuvers. Out of this struggle, we may emerge either undamaged, or shaken, or so clobbered that we stay perpetually anxious and uptight. Not a good prospect."

But, looking at the optimistic side of the human dilemma, Dr. Cammer insists that "everything we learn we can also unlearn. Many of my patients tell me that they can't help the way they feel," he said. "I think one *can* help the way one feels and one often can change anxious, uptight emotions into more positive, relaxed ones with a certain amount of conscious effort." For those of us who are often excessively anxious, Dr. Cammer has several suggestions.

1. Try to discover exactly what is causing your anxiety. Even for so-called free-floating anxiety, there's a *reason,* although you may not be aware of it yourself. Try to pinpoint dates and events in your life that

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ABOVE ALL

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ANXIETY

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trigger anxious episodes. Often this will give you a clue to what's bothering you.

Dr. Cammer told of one patient, a twenty-nine-year-old woman with a flourishing career in television. For the past few years, she has gone through periods of crippling anxiety that recently had culminated in panic attacks. Her emotional state puzzled and disturbed her, since there seemed to be nothing in her life circumstances to warrant all that anxiety. After a few sessions with the psychiatrist, she discovered that, although she had not been aware of this herself, she was desperately afraid of aging. Her father had left her mother for a younger woman when the mother turned thirty. The patient realized consciously that her own husband was nothing like her father, but subconsciously she still identified with her mother. As her thirtieth birthday approached, the young woman felt more and more panicky. Once she realized what was causing her fears, she was able to overcome them in a short time.

2. Learn to relax. Yoga exercises may be helpful. So may several methods of meditating. You don't have to invest in an expensive course like Transcendental Meditation to learn this technique. It's possible to learn the relaxing exercises from a book or a commercial tape. One of the best self-help books on the subject is *The Relaxation Response* by Herbert Benson, M.D., associate professor at the Harvard Medical School. It's available in paperback.

3. Even if you can't get rid of your feelings of anxiety, try *not* to act on them. Anxiety can make you feel irritable, tense, and jumpy; but try to exercise emotional control . . . if you don't, you'll just say or do something that you will regret later . . . thus adding guilt to your anxiety. On the other hand, if you continue to act normally, you'll gain in self-esteem and self-confidence, making you feel less helpless, and, as a result, less anxious.

4. When a panic attack hits, try to *do* something constructive, instead of allowing yourself to be immobilized by your fear. Action is the best antidote for anxiety. Weed the garden, clean out the closet, reorganize your filing system, or pay all your bills . . . do anything but sit in your room allowing yourself to be swallowed up by your fears. If you feel that you really can't manage something active, do something passive and relaxing: take a warm bath, turn on the hi-fi, or go on a short but pleasant walk.

5. Cut down on coffee and other caffeine-containing beverages. Caffeine may not be the only reason why you are feeling anxious, but it certainly can contribute to your anxiety. If you get tension headaches, take only those medicines that do not contain caffeine. Look at the label of your favorite analgesic to make sure.

Also watch those over-the-counter reducing aids that are advertised as appetite depressants. Many consist mainly of caffeine. Some of these drugs contain 200 mgs. of caffeine per dose, and reducers are advised to take three doses a day: that means a daily ingestion of 600 mgs. of caffeine, on top of the coffee, diet colas, etc., dieting individuals often drink. Anyone who has been taking these drugs, and has felt anxious and jittery, has probably blamed the diet and has been tempted to give it up. The chances are that the medication may have caused at least part of the emotional problem.

> "One can often change anxious, uptight emotions into more positive, relaxed ones"

6. Don't allow yourself to become dependent upon tranquilizers. These drugs can be very helpful in making the symptoms of anxiety easier to bear, but they don't cure what's basically wrong. Tranquilizers, unlike barbiturates, are not physiologically addictive, but they may be psychologically habit forming.

7. If you've tried all these methods and you feel anxious much of the time, get professional help. Those who experience frequent panic attacks will probably seek help sooner than those suffering chronically from persistent low-grade feelings of anxiety. But chronic anxiety, even if it is not disabling, can damage not just your mental but also your physical health. High blood pressure, migraines, ulcers, colitis, and any number of other serious ailments usually have a strong emotional component.

If you decide that you need professional help, you may not have to commit yourself to months or even years of psychoanalysis. Many of today's psychiatrists use short-term behavior-therapy methods to combat chronic anxiety. Your psychiatrist may decide on a combination of anti-anxiety drugs plus individual or group therapy for a few weekly or monthly sessions.

Many mental-health professionals have come to believe that anxiety may be caused by a person's inability to make his or her wishes known and rights respected. For such individuals, assertiveness training may be an excellent method. Assertiveness-training courses are now available in many communities through psychiatric clinics, women's centers, and other community mental-health facilities. It's best to get help early, rather than late. Most mental-health professionals agree that it's much easier to clear up an emotional problem when it first appears, rather than waiting until it has become deep-seated and chronic. Going for help when you need it is a sign of strength, not weakness.

Ellen Switzer *is a free-lance writer who specializes in medicine and law; her most recent book is "The Law for a Woman" (Scribner's).*

BIOETHICS

(Continued from page 285)

ily understood than most in simple human terms. Bioethics, in fact, might well be seen as another kind of advance in the life sciences, a social correlative of the scientific progress with which we have become so familiar.

One may well ask: Why now? These questions have always been around, in one form or another. The kind of case described, for example, even has a name, which dates from World War I. It is *triage,* and it was first used to describe the selection, made in the stress of battle, of those to be treated first and those to be abandoned to die. The term has more recently come back into general use by hospitals, applying to the admission of patients, and has even been extended to the great social questions devolving about allocating resources to rescue one large group of people rather than another.

But even this is not basically new, except in the developing public consciousness of the moral dimensions of social policy. This awareness in turn stems largely from the enormous growth of biological knowledge and advances in medical technology that have marked the past thirty or forty years. This *is* new. One of the most dramatic and conspicuous of these advances is the capability of the medical profession to maintain life, in the sense of breathing, heartbeat, and metabolism, in the bodies of persons in coma, long after they would have died without this technology.

The capability is now so effective that it has given rise to cases in which comatose patients can survive, unconscious, almost indefinitely. A widely publicized case was that of Karen Quinlan, the vegetating New Jersey girl whose parents sought court permission to let her die naturally. It could not have happened a generation earlier; she would have been long dead. And because situations similar to this are now common, a new definition of death—"brain death," irreversible coma, without consciousness or sentience of any kind—is being increasingly applied when a decision has to be made whether or not to disconnect an artificial life-support system. Hospital review committees must deal with more and more of such cases, as well as with those involving patients who want treatment discontinued, usually because they feel the kind of life in prospect for them is not worth living. With those who are already comatose, or are infants, or are otherwise unable to make competent decisions for themselves, or are perhaps simply unable to express them, someone else, usually the next of kin, may presume to make the request to "pull the plug" in their behalf.

Although hospital review committees do not make such decisions on their own, except on medical grounds, they are likely to have, nowadays, either as members or as consultants, bioethicists. These may be philosophers, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, or others; and, although there is as yet no such thing as an "accredited" bioethicist, what these people have in common is a deep and continuing involvement in the study of bioethical issues. Their value to patients and their relatives, and to hospital staffs, is to offer the benefit of their experience, not to come forth with God-like rulings on what is right and what is wrong. Beyond that, they are increasingly active in organizing seminars and in setting up teaching programs, mostly in professional schools, but also in colleges, and even in a few high schools. One could fairly say they are engaged in a kind of consciousness-raising. (Those interested in learning more about what they are doing may write to the Hastings Center, Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, 360 Broadway, Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706, or to the Kennedy Institute, Center for Bioethics, Georgetown University, Washington, DC 20057.)

Although deciding who gets the last bed in the ICU or who gets treated first or whether or not to pull the plug are indeed matters of life and death, bioethical questions go far outside the hospital and have much wider implications. Consider, for example, the ethics of behavior control. When, if ever, is it acceptable to use mind-altering drugs to pacify hyperkinetic children or hard-to-handle patients—not for their own benefit but for that of their custodians? It can often be argued that these and other constraints are exercised in the long-term interests of the patients, or subjects, but this is often hypocritical.

Consider further the ethics of experimentation with human subjects (not to mention that with animals). It is now generally agreed—which was not the case not too many years ago—that a participant in an experiment must be told the whole truth about its nature and about the risks involved, and must give his or her free and informed consent. But there are some arguably valuable experiments in medicine, psychology, and sociology that could not work if the subjects knew exactly what was being tested. And defining just what kind of consent is "free and informed" may not be easy. Many persons, not only children, are simply not capable of *understanding* what they may be in for; others like prisoners—often sought out for experiments because they live in a controlled environment—may be under pressures to participate that make the *freedom* of their consent dubious. And consider still further the kinds of experiments exemplified by those now being conducted that alter the nature of bacterial cells; the controversy surrounding them centers on the possible dangers to the population as a whole, weighed against the possible benefits that may ensue from the research.

Bringing children into the world has always been a chancy business, but it is less so today. It is often possible to predetermine that a particular fetus will become a seriously defective infant, or has a high probability of becoming one, either because of certain inherited characteristics or from analysis of the amniotic fluid during late pregnancy. Is it right to prevent—or, conversely, to permit—its coming to term? If the parents want the child regardless of the prognosis, on what basis should their wishes be respected, as against a presumed societal interest that the fetus should be aborted? As biological knowledge continues to expand, so will the ethical issues of genetic screening. One of the more interesting and troublesome ones we will be hearing more about has to do with the preselection of a child's sex. Already possible, at some

(Continued on page 296)



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V279

BIOETHICS

(Continued from page 295)

point it is likely to become practicable.

Although abortion has recently become a political issue, fraught with demagoguery, it is nonetheless a legitimate bioethical question as well, in the sense that it focuses on what some believe is the taking of an independent life and others believe is a matter entirely of a woman's right to deal with her body as she sees fit. Those who feel strongly about it either way are not likely to be swayed by a carefully reasoned bioethical argument grounded in philosophy and medicine, but they can get one from H. Tristram Englehardt, Jr., M.D., Ph.D. (of Kennedy Institute, Center for Bioethics) who emphasizes the distinction between a "living organism" and a "human person."

Population control is already one of the great political, economic, and social issues of a world that is growing too fast, and the ethical implications of population policies are enormous. Where the governments of some of the more conspicuously overpopulated countries have attempted to promote voluntary contraception and sterilization, they have been less than successful; if and when the question of *compulsory* population control forces itself on to the political agenda, questions of international morality will become paramount. There are even those already talking about a sort of general triage—letting some segments of the world's population go "over the sides of the lifeboat" to save the rest. There are even bioethicists like the theologian Joseph Fletcher who promote the idea of "genetic engineering" in the name of social responsibility: he says that reproduction need not, and should not, depend on the random result of sexual intercourse. Not many of his colleagues agree.

The most important bioethical questions in this country are probably those that deal with the allocation of resources. This is the point at which politicians have to come in. The costs of advanced medical care, impossible for most persons on their own, have by now dispelled the notion once widely accepted that the American "private enterprise" system of health services is either adequate or fairly distributed. And as some form of national health insurance inevitably takes shape, the underlying social and ethical criteria of national health policy will have to be debated. Questions to be answered include: what should be the appropriate goals of public health; to what extent should resources be used for preventive rather than therapeutic medicine; to what extent should, or must, there be centralized control over the allocation of costly technologies and medical practice; to what extent is there a political *right* to health care; and many more. Basic values are involved, well beyond political economics.

There is, in fact, hardly any public issue that does not imply an ethical value. Medicine is only one factor in the national health equation. Apart from such obviously health-related issues as pollution control, food and drug safety, and the like, consider such an item as seemingly far afield as energy policy. Experts in traffic safety estimate that the 55-mph speed limit is currently saving about 4500 lives per year. (A lower limit would be expected to save many thousands more, roughly at the rate of ten thousand for each 10-mph reduction.) How much is human life worth? And to what degree should we "buy" more lives—since we can? Before you may conclude that there is a moral imperative to lower the limit further, consider the claim of Charles Lave, an economist, that the 4500 lives now being saved are costing $1.3 million each, in time lost, and that a great many more lives could be saved for that amount in other ways. (But would they?) Even if one does not accept his premises or his conclusions, the point is made that in some circumstances a dollar value can, or even must, be assigned to a human life—if not in precise numbers, then at least on a general scale.

Even in a small listing of bioethical issues like this one, it is clear that a number of fundamental questions apply across the board to all of them. One is the value of life—how does one compare one against another, and on what basis; should the principal criterion be social utility, potential of growth, or what? Another is social responsibility—to what extent am I my brother's keeper, and at what point am I absolved? Another is conflict of interest, whether between classes or between institutions. What can reasonably be considered to be *rights*, whether of an individual in society, or of the society superseding the individual? On what basis can the competing claims of individuals or groups for limited resources be fairly resolved? When can justice to an individual be fairly compromised in behalf of a greater social good? And, when bioethical decisions have to be made, what person or institution is to make them, and on what moral authority?

One can, of course, go on. One thing is certain: In the years ahead, these abstractions will become increasingly particular, concrete, and applicable to the lives of all of us.

Leonard C. Lewin, *who writes on political and ethical questions, is the author of a political satire, "Report from Iron Mountain" (Dell), and "Triage" (Warner), a novel that deals with institutionalized killing.*

FRANK STELLA

(Continued from page 247)

"off-the-wall," reckless explosions from a once-flat paint surface that, as if in some engineering miracle, are caught in mid-air before they land.

The range of association in the latest Stella works has been mind-boggling. They have been likened, with reason, to the visual assaults of a 1970s plastic world of juke boxes and subway graffiti; but they also evoke, as Stella has indicated in his series titles, the exotic gorgeousness of Brazil, of tropical birds, of India, not to mention the polychrome baroque folk carvings found in old-fashioned circus carousels or Sicilian ox-carts. But, as always in Stella, there is method in this madness; and the astute observer can find the most rigorous calculations of thrust and counter-thrust, containment and release in these crazy tugs-of-war between painting and sculpture, order and chaos. A demonic energy locks horns here with an all-controlling will.

Show-stopping in themselves, the latest Stellas are even more amazing in a New York art-world historical context. For, just as in the late 1950s Stella's ascetic paintings offered what then seemed a tonic antidote to the sensuous indulgences of the kind of Abstract Expressionism personified by Willem de Kooning, these new works startlingly resurrect that once-rejected style. Could this be an Old Master's call-to-arms against the prevailing austerities of most 1970s art, whose spare geometrics, chess-board moves, and celibate anti-colors ironically resemble Stella's early works? By turning upside down his own historical past, Stella may also reshape the future. No wonder younger artists have been looking so hard at his new work.

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Robert Rosenblum, *an art historian, is professor of fine arts at New York University; his latest book is "Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition" (Harper & Row).*

SIMPLE BEAUTY

(Continued from page 264)

skin probably does occur in winter, however, and while the mechanism is not fully understood, the low relative humidity of our overheated houses, offices, and shops may be an important factor."

If your skin feels dry, you should try washing less often and less thoroughly for a while, according to the Harvard authorities. And if you wash often, you should do so very gently—and use a moisturizer after each washing. Or, the doctors suggest, you can try alternating soap and water with a cleansing cream. Or, after washing, apply a simple oily skin lotion—which may help hold the moisture in the outer layer of skin.

A centuries-old custom for soap-and-water bathing which the Harvard doctors believe to be of special benefit to the skin is the Japanese bath. It is, they say, intended not so much for cleansing as for its moisturizing effect. "After bathing with soap and water and rinsing thoroughly, the bather sits in a deep tub made traditionally of an aromatic wood and filled only with clean, hot water. For those with dry skin, the procedure can be modified by adding bath oil (for example, Alpha Keri) to the water and by applying a moisturizing cream to the entire surface immediately after toweling dry —to trap water in the skin."

Jacqueline Cochran, 1930s aviator: she put women in an all-male sky

From a new book about women flyers in World War II, rags-to-regiments successes of a "liberation" pioneer

By Sally van Wagenen Keil

EDITOR'S NOTE: *More than three decades before the Women's Movement found its voice, a courageous woman flyer took her colleagues into our country's wartime service by organizing the WASPs (Women's Airforce Service Pilots), gallant women who only recently have been given full recognition as veterans of World War II. In her book to be published next month, "Those Wonderful Women in Their Flying Machines" (Rawson, Wade), Sally van Wagenen Keil tells the exciting, often infuriating story of their struggles in the man's world of aviation. Here, slightly shortened, is her description of Jacqueline Cochran, already the president of her own cosmetics company, leading the way into the air.*

In October 1934, an air race unprecedented in its distance—halfway around the world—was held between Suffolk, England, and Melbourne, Australia. For aviation historians, it was the most spectacular air race ever, for it began a new era in air transportation. Airplane manufacturers renowned today were already testing prototypes on the 10,000-mile race. Douglas built a DC-2, Boeing a 247, and they placed second and third in the race, to establish reputations that vaulted them to the forefront of commercial aviation.

Over sixty thousand aviation enthusiasts jammed the Royal Air Force base at Mildenhall, Suffolk, to watch the twenty hardy pilots take off for the other side of the globe. To everyone's amazement, two of the aviators were women. One was twenty-seven-year-old Amy Johnson Mollison, an Empire-wide celebrity.

The other was an American named Jacqueline Cochran. Tongues were wagging in the small world of aviation about this fledgling woman pilot. According to rumor, she had completed a rare and coveted course in "blind flying"—flying not by reference to check points on the ground, but by compass, airspeed and the second hand of her watch. Her soft drawl betrayed a rural Southern childhood. But when she talked, it was clear that she was no simple Southern belle. Behind the large brown eyes and soft, vulnerable mouth of the pretty blonde woman was a mind with a businesslike toughness. She had been a successful beautician at the fashionable Antoine's salon at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York.

Otherwise, little was known about Jacqueline Cochran. For air race enthusiasts, the England-Australia competition was her debut. Cochran and her experimental Gee-Bee racing plane would be forced down in Bucharest, Romania, with a sputtering engine and defective landing flaps.

In 1935, back in the United States, Jacqueline Cochran reappeared in Los Angeles at the starting line of the Bendix Transcontinental Air Race. Amelia Earhart had been the first woman to compete in the Bendix Race in 1933. For the 1934 race, women were banned because earlier in the year a woman racer had been killed in a Chicago air meet. But in 1935, Earhart prevailed on air race officials to let women enter again. She flew her Vega to Los Angeles, and was joined by a glamorous newcomer, Jacqueline Cochran, who would fly a Northrop Gamma. Before the race began, Earhart and Cochran had time to get acquainted.

As the starters took off in the middle of the night on May 20, 1935, Earhart got away without difficulty. But by the time Jacqueline Cochran was next on the ramp, the sky seemed to drop like a tarpaulin, as a thick sea fog descended over the airport. Cochran watched anxiously as the pilot just before her roared down the runway and faded from view. Seconds later, there was a muffled explosion and the fog lit up eerily in the distance. Almost involuntarily, because of the training she had had as a nurse in her adolescence, Cochran got in her car and sped down the runway behind the fire truck. But when the fire was extinguished, the pilot was beyond help. He was dead.

As a wrecker removed the demolished plane from the runway, Cochran returned to her Gamma. Bystanders spoke in muted shock about the crash. When she overheard a government aviation official voice his opinion that taking off in such a fog was suicide, Cochran ran behind the hangar and threw up. Then she went to the nearest telephone and dialed her fiancé, Floyd Odlum, in New York. "What should I do?" she asked. "There's a fine line between a course of action determined by logic and one dictated by great emotional urge," Odlum said. "No one can draw that line for another. It simmers down to a philosophy of life." Cochran hung up and climbed into her airplane.

At 3:00 A.M. the Gamma lifted off the runway, but barely. With its heavy fuel load, it flew so low that the radio antenna hanging below the belly was torn off by the outer fence of the field. To gain enough altitude to clear the 7,000-foot mountains to the east, Cochran had to spiral by compass up into the fog over the Pacific. While doing so, her engine overheated with the strain of its load.

By dawn she was into clear skies and heading toward the Grand Canyon, distinct

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JACQUELINE COCHRAN

(Continued from page 297)

in the distance. Suddenly the tail of the Gamma began to vibrate violently, as if to shake the airplane apart. Cochran's eyes darted to the left and right, but there was no landing field for hundreds of miles, only peaks and empty desert. The engine was still dangerously overheated. "At least I started the race," she thought, "and it was a blind takeoff at that. I'm going back to Los Angeles."

Safely back at the Bendix Race starting line, Cochran told reporters she had been "too exhausted to go on." She refused to blame her failure to finish the race on a machine or its manufacturer. When the race finished in Cleveland, Ohio, hours later, Amelia Earhart had placed fifth. For Jacqueline Cochran, success and fame were still two years away.

Five months after Amelia Earhart vanished without a trace, about two hundred people huddled near a wooden speaker's platform by the administration building of Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn. The Women's National Aeronautical Association was paying tribute to Amelia Earhart, but the speaker, Jacqueline Cochran, conveyed the feelings of everyone that, whether or not Earhart still existed somewhere in the flesh, her spirit was very much alive.

"If her last flight was into eternity, one can mourn her loss but not regret her effort," Cochran said somberly. "Amelia did not lose, for her last flight was endless. Like in a relay race of progress she had merely placed the torch in the hands of others to carry on to the next goal and from there on and on forever."

Over Labor Day weekend, 1937, a month after Earhart was given up as lost, Jacqueline Cochran entered the Bendix Race as the event's only woman, and with that race she began to win. Not only did she gain the $2,500 Bendix women's purse, but she finished the race in third place, ahead of several of America's toughest men competitors.

There could never be another Amelia Earhart, but aviation no longer needed a pioneer to champion women's right to the airways. World politics was focusing America's attention away from exploratory flights to the far reaches of the earth, and onto the menacing fascist regimes of Europe and Asia.

Reflections in the press on Earhart's last flight revealed a prevailing change in the country's view of aviation, as well. The DC-2 of the England-Australia air race had developed into the DC-3, the first stable and safe modern airliner, and with it and similar models, American manufacturers were beginning to supply the world.

The airplane was coming of age, and the new First Lady of the Air could no longer be a romantic vagabond—she had to be a competitor, a glamorous, gutsy and influential participant in the growth of the industry of the future. In Jacqueline Cochran, the nation had found her.

Cochran smashed one speed record after another, culminating in a flight on December 4, 1937, when she raced from New York to Miami in four hours, twelve minutes to set a national record, supplanting that of the dashing racing pilot and millionaire Howard Hughes. For the flight, she had calculated her fuel supply so carefully, to eliminate every ounce of excess weight, that as she touched down onto the runway in Miami, her engine coughed and died, absolutely dry. She had to be towed to the hangar, as carfuls of enthusiastic reporters and fans rode alongside as her retinue.

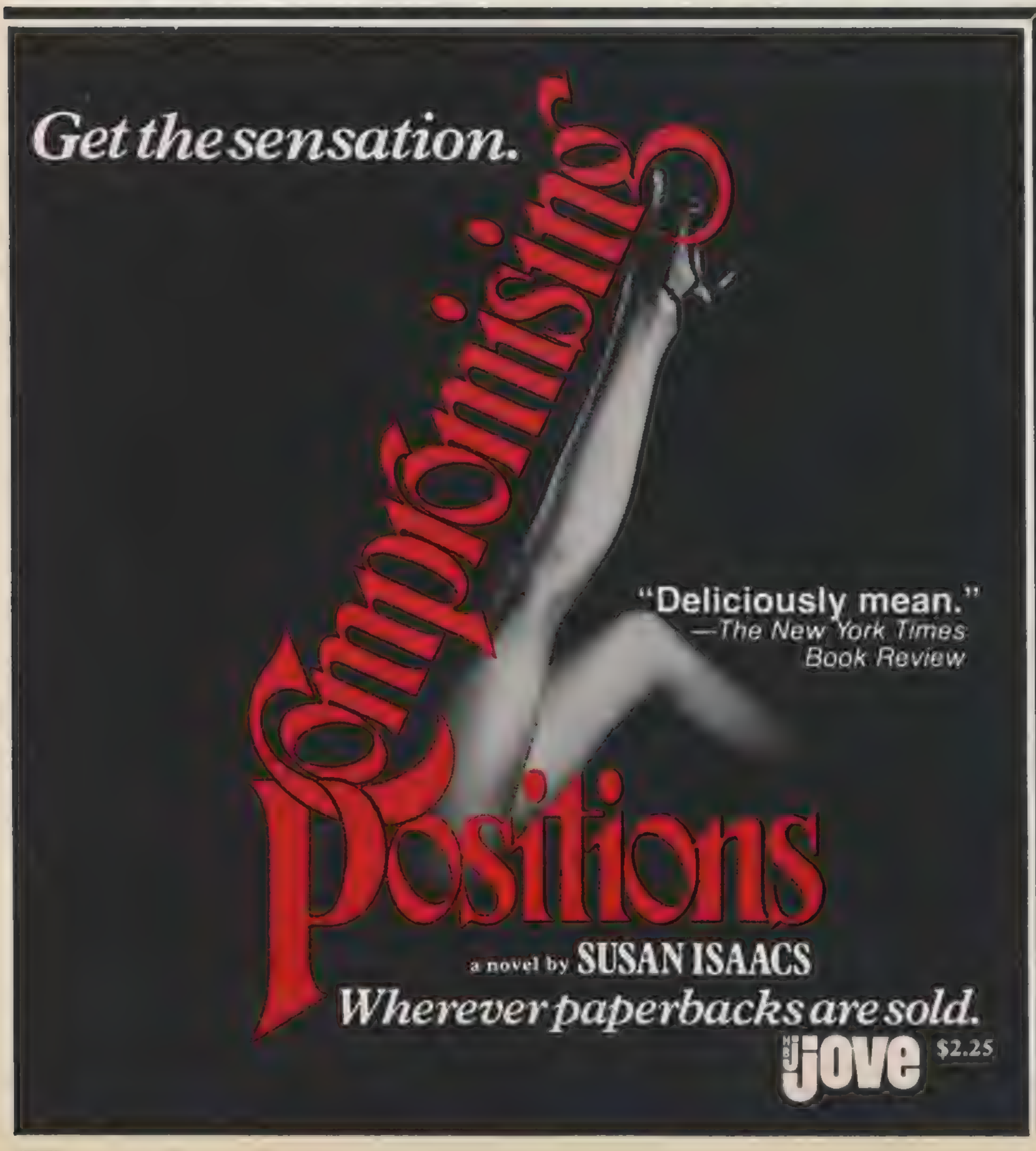
> "In flying, women have the advantage of keen sensitivity and intuition, often show more patience than men"

Though Cochran had placed third in the 1937 Bendix Race, her flying time from Los Angeles had been a full two and one-half hours longer than the air race winner's, Frank W. Fuller. Fuller's plane was a new military-type pursuit plane, the P-35, designed by a Russian World War I Ace, emigrated to Long Island, named Alexander de Seversky.

For many months, Seversky had tried to sell his P-35 model to the Army Air Corps, without success. Pursuit planes, according to prevailing Air Corps strategy, were for short forays to defend an air base from attack. With his P-35, Seversky was offering a fast, long-range pursuit plane which could accompany and protect bombers on raids far from base.

As words were getting him nowhere, Seversky decided to make his case with performance. Over the next few months, as Seversky watched Jacqueline Cochran emerge as the new American air heroine, he got an idea. Frank Fuller could enter his P-35 in the 1938 Bendix Race. But if a woman also flew one, and placed third, as Cochran had done in 1937, the Air Corps would have to take notice. Furthermore, she could test a fuel system innovation he had been developing. In an otherwise standard 1,200-horsepower P-35, he would build extra fuel tanks into the wings so that she might fly the entire race nonstop. When he telephoned Cochran in New York, all of his skillful arguments why she should take the risk were unnecessary. She immediately said, "Of course!"

The 1938 Bendix Race offered the largest purse in history—$24,000 would be distributed to the winners. Out of twenty-one pilots who attacked the pretrial measured course over which they had to maintain 225 miles per hour, ten qualified to enter the



race: nine men and Jacqueline Cochran.

By midnight, September 23, 1938, parked cars jammed streets for blocks around Burbank Airport as the Bendix Race began. At 3:13 A.M. forty thousand spectators watched in tense silence as the third racer roared down the runway in her silver P-35, its rounded, clear canopy top shining in the field lights. After she broke ground, the plane climbed so steeply that the crowd cheered. In seconds she had disappeared into the darkness.

Shortly after dawn, another crowd gathered at Cleveland Municipal Airport for a day of aviation events that would culminate in the arrival of the Bendix racers from California. By midafternoon all eyes peered westward. Rumors were circulating that weather conditions between Cleveland and Los Angeles had turned stormy, and the crowd fell into a restless lull of anticipation for the arrival of the first Bendix racer.

At 2:23, a silver plane swooped down across the finish line. The crowd cheered. The timers clicked their stopwatches, and over the loudspeaker came the announcement that Miss Jacqueline Cochran, in her gleaming P-35, had just won the Bendix Race. She had flown the 2,042 miles from Los Angeles in eight hours, ten minutes and thirty-one seconds—nonstop.

As the P-35 rolled to a stop, reporters ran onto the ramp. Cochran kept them waving their notebooks and press cameras while she put on fresh face powder and lipstick in the cockpit, then slid back the canopy and emerged smiling radiantly. "Where's my husband?" she asked, as her first words to the press. The reporters barraged her with questions about the storms along the route. "Yes, it was pretty tough," Cochran said modestly. "I saw the ground maybe for half an hour the whole trip. But my airplane functioned perfectly."

The reporters surveyed the sleek P-35 appreciatively and took down her words. They also recorded her as the "first woman to conquer the problems of blind flying." Then a car drove up and whisked Cochran away to find her husband, Floyd Odlum.

Cochran did not tell the press that she had landed with less than three gallons of gasoline, only minutes' worth, left in her tanks. Forced to climb up to 22,000 feet above the storms, she had encountered headwinds and the trip had taken twenty minutes longer than she had planned.

Another detail reporters did not know at that time was that the experimental wing tanks in Cochran's P-35 had caused her some anxious moments. After she climbed to 20,000 feet heading toward the Rocky Mountains, her engine had sputtered and quit. When switching gasoline tanks did not start it again, she tried rocking her wings. The engine caught. The right wing tank, she discovered, was not feeding its fuel to the engine evenly. By elevating the wing periodically throughout the trip, she was able to drain out gas by gravity. After the race, a wad of paper was found inside the wing tank by the gas drainage valve. Unlike the streamlined manufacturing processes of Detroit, the airplane assembly line was still far from meticulous. Cochran dismissed suggestions of sabotage.

The beaming blonde Bendix Race winner was on the ground in Cleveland just long enough to see her husband and make a short

(Continued on page 300)

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JACQUELINE COCHRAN

(Continued from page 299)

speech to the stands. Then she took off for Bendix Field, New Jersey, to set a new women's cross-country record of ten hours, thirteen minutes. And at seven o'clock Saturday evening, Cochran boarded a commercial air liner and returned to Cleveland in time to make a grand entrance as the belle of the air race ball.

Alexander de Seversky, designer of the victorious P-35, was also celebrating. His idea to shake up the Air Corps by having a woman fly his plane worked so well that for several days following the race, certain officers claimed that Jacqueline Cochran had not flown the race herself, but had been replaced under cover of darkness by a male pilot. But when the rumors had run their preposterous course, Seversky started taking orders. The P-35 developed into the P-47 Thunderbolt fighter, the most effective long-range pursuit escort of the African and European theaters during World War II.

"She trained for the airplane race like an athlete"

In March 1939, Jacqueline Cochran was awarded her second Harmon Trophy, the highest award given to any aviator in America. But as America's top woman aviator, she refused to bask in the gleam of the rapidly filling trophy case in her Manhattan apartment. The day before the Harmon award was announced, she had broken a women's altitude record by climbing to 33,000 feet above sea level. As she did for all her racing flights, she had trained for the attempt like an athlete, with exercises, special high-protein diets and many pep talks, both from herself and her supportive husband. Such preparation was warranted. For each thousand feet she climbed, the temperature dropped 3.5 degrees, a crucial pilots' statistic that she dreaded on this flight. Her 600-horsepower "stagger-wing" Beechcraft, in spite of its racy sounding name, was in actuality no more than a fabric-covered biplane—with no heat.

She was only at 12,000 feet when her thermometer hit zero. By 20,000 feet, the temperature in the cockpit was minus thirty. As she climbed through 30,000 feet, it was sixty degrees below zero. Nor was the cockpit pressurized. She withstood the cold as long as she could, and had decided to begin her descent, when she felt a sharp throb in her temple, which she learned later had been a blood vessel rupturing in her sinus. She throttled back and pointed the nose of the plane down gently toward the earth. But as she re-entered the richer atmosphere she became totally disoriented. She had no oxygen mask, and the tube on which she had been sucking provided an uneven flow at best. She maintained her glide path but felt so light-headed that it took an hour, circling Long Island, before she could get her bearings and find the airfield.

In June, she met Eleanor Roosevelt, as the First Lady again handed her the impressive bronze Harmon Trophy in a ceremony in Washington, and honored her for the Bendix Race victory and her women's altitude record. Over the next two months, Cochran broke two women's and two national speed records over measured courses, and one intercity record—between Burbank and San Francisco. Before test flying became totally war related, Cochran offered herself as a test pilot—to Seversky, the Mayo Clinic and anyone else who asked. On each of her record-breaking flights, sustained only with a half bottle of Coca-Cola (a full one would explode at high altitudes) and a fistful of lollypops for "dry mouth," she tested new types of oxygen masks, engine superchargers, sparkplugs, airplane fuel and wing designs which would appear in the airplanes soon to become America's air arsenal.

Why did she take such risks on each flight? she was repeatedly asked. The answer was simple. "I might have been born in a hovel," she said, "but I determined to travel with the wind and the stars."

Frequent press photographs of the brown-eyed beauty applying lipstick in the cockpit belied a Dickensonian childhood for Jacqueline Cochran, during which she scrambled shoeless for sustenance, as a foster child, in the lumber milltowns of northern Florida. She literally did not know when she was born, or to whom.

At eight years old, little Jackie Cochran followed her foster family to Columbus, Georgia where jobs were plentiful in local cotton mills. Her family rented a house with a bathroom, Jackie's first. Though only eight, she also got a job, working the twelve-hour night shift in a cotton mill, and the next year was put in charge of fifteen children in the fabric inspection room. Child labor cut off her formal education after only two years. But befriended by a local schoolteacher, Jackie learned to read.

From the cotton mill, Jackie was hired by the owner of a beauty shop to do odd jobs. By the time she was thirteen, she was cutting and styling as a full-fledged beauty operator. In the early 1920s, she became one of the first to learn how to give the newly developed permanent wave. The torturous process took all day.

Independent at last from her downtrodden foster family, which she continued to support for the rest of their lives, Cochran left Georgia to demonstrate permanent waves in beauty shops in Alabama and Florida. One of her customers, a woman judge in Mobile, persuaded the bright young beautician to attend nursing school.

After three years' study at a local hospital, she accepted a job with a country doctor in Bonifay, Florida, a milltown like those in which she was raised. Several grueling weeks later, Cochran reached a moment of truth. When she delivered a baby, by corncob and oil "mojo" lamp in a shack, the family did not even have a piece of cloth to wrap around it. "I had neither the strength nor the money to do the smallest fraction of what had to be done for these people," she recalled in her 1954 autobiography, *The Stars at Noon*, "and I determined that, if I was going to do anything for myself or others, I had to get away and make money. It seemed to me that I was adding as much to the happiness of others

by making many of them beautiful as by making a few of them well—and I would certainly be doing a lot more for myself."

Though only in her early twenties, Cochran was soon hired by Antoine's at Saks Fifth Avenue and commuted between his salons in New York and Miami. The beauty salon, however, became as confining as the shacks where she spent her childhood. Dining at a club in Miami in 1932, Cochran was seated next to a Wall Street millionaire financier named Floyd Bostwick Odlum, to whom she expounded on her dreams of escaping the routine of a beauty operator by establishing her own cosmetics business. Odlum was sympathetic. The son of a poor Methodist parson, he had done his share of manual labor to work his way through college and law school. After a stint as a utilities lawyer, he had set up his own company, the Atlas Utilities and Investors Company, Ltd., which by 1928, when Odlum was only thirty-six, had total assets of $6 million. The canny businessman pondered Cochran's prospects. To cover enough territory with the Depression on and sales competition so very keen, he warned his attractive companion, she would almost need wings.

In the summer of 1932, while crowds cheered Amelia Earhart for her courageous solo flight across the Atlantic, Jacqueline took her vacation from Antoine's on Long Island—at the Roosevelt Field Airport. In two and a half weeks, she had earned her pilot's license. A few months later, she left Antoine's for good and went to San Diego where she persuaded a Navy flight instructor to give her the equivalent of the entire U.S. Navy flight training course. As she was to write in her autobiography, "At that moment, when I paid for my first lesson, a beauty operator ceased to exist and an aviator was born."

After his momentous, if inadvertent, piece of business advice, Floyd Odlum became an ardent supporter, and soon suitor of Jacqueline Cochran. With Odlum's help, Jacqueline Cochran Cosmetics, Inc., was born.

Floyd Odlum and Jacqueline Cochran were married on May 10, 1936. By this time, the sandy-haired, slender and fast-moving Wall Street investment genius, now president of the Atlas Corporation, was being compared to J. P. Morgan in the extent of his control of American industry.

With marriage, Cochran set about creating the homes she never had as a child. The Odlums bought a country estate in Stamford, Connecticut, a ranch outside of Palm Springs, California, and a large Manhattan apartment overlooking the East River. Cochran's cosmetics company offices moved into New York's splendid new Rockefeller Center complex on Fifth Avenue. Their shared passion for aviation pervaded their home as well as their professional lives. On the walls of the Odlum apartment's entrance foyer were murals depicting pioneer attempts at flight. Suspended from the ceiling was a small chandelier fashioned after an observation balloon. Along the entrance hallway was another mural, picturing airplanes which Cochran and their aviator friends had flown.

Relentless with herself as a competitor in the air, Jacqueline Cochran was just as vehement about her womanhood. For Cochran, women were special, with distinctive abilities that she felt made them excellent pilots. "Women have the advantage of keen sensitivity and intuition," she said. "They often show more patience than men. They are accurate in calculations and have a fine sense of detail which nicely equip them for difficult flying."

Having lived by her wits all her life, she was uniquely qualified to achieve what she did for women in aviation. But, her "unfeminine" behavior caused her at times to be unpopular, even openly thwarted. Whatever the odds faced by the self-made men of Jacqueline Cochran's generation, hers as a woman were twice as harrowing, and fighting them took twice the tough self-possession. She was reaching the top of the aviation profession just when it was becoming massively and institutionally male—on the threshold of war.

By September 1939, there was no longer any doubt about the Axis powers' intentions to wage war in Europe. In March, Hitler occupied Czechoslovakia and helped Franco's forces triumph over the Republicans in Spain. In April, Mussolini invaded Albania. On September 1, German *panzer* divisions thundered into Poland, and the world was again at war. With the invasion of Poland, Hitler also gave the world notice that its next war would be fought substantially in the air. The invading ground troops were supported by intensive aerial bombing—known as the *blitzkrieg*. After a month of superhuman resistance, Warsaw at last capitulated on September 27, and the world wept at the news.

The next day, Jacqueline Cochran wrote to Eleanor Roosevelt. Given the drastic events occurring in Europe, it was none too soon to begin contemplating the idea that women pilots could fly in noncombat roles, and thus release men for war duty, she pointed out. But, Cochran continued, the effective use of women pilots "requires organization in advance." Implied in the letter was Cochran's willingness to devote her own time to planning that organization.

Eleanor Roosevelt thanked Cochran for her suggestion, and assured Cochran of her ultimate faith in women's potential contribution in the air and in all war support functions. But both women no doubt knew the decision would not be theirs. During World War I, pioneer woman aviator Ruth Law had offered her flying skills to the Army Signal Corps, to which the fledgling air corps was attached. Instead, the government sent her around the country to recruit men pilots and raise money for war bonds. In 1930, a proposal to the chief of the Army Air Corps to use women pilots in a military capacity was resoundingly rejected as "utterly unfeasible." Women were "too high strung for war-time flying." There was no guarantee that the achievements made by women like Cochran had modified that view.

Nevertheless, as a prominent public figure, Cochran spoke out on the potential role women pilots could play should America go to war.

In spite of the horror of a Europe besieged, America remained ostensibly neutral. But on September 15, 1940, Congress voted compulsory military service—the first peacetime draft in history—and called for

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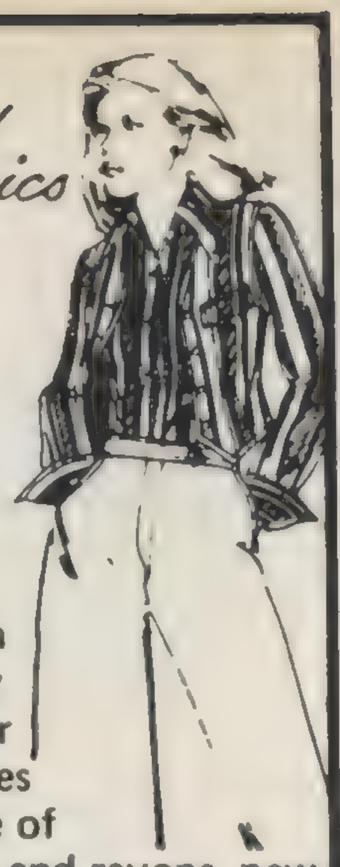
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SURGI·CREAM

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

(Continued from page 301)

800,000 men to be conscripted within a year. The year would be up, and many more men called, three months before Pearl Harbor.

The day Congress instituted the draft, Jacqueline Cochran addressed a meeting of the Ninety-nines, the women pilots organization, being held at the New York World's Fair. "There should be an organized women's air corps auxiliary to the other air forces in the government—controlled, supervised and supported by our government," she asserted. But not until the spring of 1941 was she given her first opportunity to participate in the war effort.

In late March, 1941, Cochran attended an aviation awards ceremony at the White House. Afterwards, she had lunch with General H. H. "Hap" Arnold, chief of the U.S. Army Air Corps, and Clayton Knight, who was directing American recruiting efforts for the British Air Transport Command. On March 11, 1941, Congress had passed the Lend-Lease Act. Among the first American-made war matériel offered to war-ravaged Britain was a fleet of twin-engine Lockheed Hudson bombers. American manufacturers would get the airplanes to Canada; it was the responsibility of the British Air Transport Auxiliary to ship or fly the planes to Britain. With every possible qualified pilot involved in combat, the British ATA was desperate for recruits from neutral nations. It had even enlisted some of Britain's women pilots to ferry planes around the British Isles. But the transoceanic hops in bombers, Knight told his luncheon companions, were proving to be fearsome deterrents to his recruitment efforts.

"What can I do to help?" Cochran asked. General Arnold turned to her and made a suggestion. "Why don't you do some of the ferrying? They need pilots, and as a woman flying bombers you can publicize that need."

Knight was delighted. But when Cochran contacted ATA headquarters in Montreal, her offer met with a chilly reception. "We'll call you," she was told.

After several weeks, no call was forthcoming from Montreal. Cochran decided she had to use her aviation contacts. Lord Beaverbrook, the British newspaper publisher, and a friend of hers and Floyd Odlum's, had recently been appointed Churchill's minister of procurement (formerly of aircraft production) and she wrote him about what she wanted to do. The second week in June, she was invited to Montreal for a flight test.

Testing procedures for the 1938 Bendix Race winner and holder of seventeen aviation records proved to be more a test of will than of flying ability. Over the course of three full days, she was made to execute sixty takeoffs and landings, ten of which were "blind" from the back seat of an advanced trainer called a Harvard. A two-hour flight test is enough to exhaust most pilots, but Cochran was too determined to tire. Only one thing bothered her. The plane had no toe brakes, and she was forced to use a hand brake to the right of her seat in order to slow the three-ton plane on landing and to taxi. Late afternoon the third day, the chief pilot announced that her test was over. She breathed a sigh of relief, and asked if he would do her a favor and operate the hand brake while she taxied to the hangar. After three days, she joked, her arm was pretty sore.

When the chief pilot made his report, he stated that Cochran was qualified to fly the Hudson bomber, but he recommended against permitting her to fly one for the ATA. He felt there was a possible physical disability to handle the brakes in an emergency.

ATA headquarters overruled his objections as petty, and gave the order that Jacqueline Cochran ferry a Lockheed Hudson from Montreal to Prestwick, Scotland. She was assigned a copilot/navigator and radio operator. Immediately, however, protests erupted among the ATA pilots in Montreal. They called a mass meeting and threatened to strike. If the Germans shot her down, they argued, the ATA would be blamed for the death of America's most famous woman aviator. Others complained that if a woman flew a bomber across the Atlantic—and an unpaid volunteer at that—their jobs automatically were belittled.

The ATA high command compromised with its pilots. Cochran would be pilot in command across the Atlantic, but her copilot/navigator would take off and land.

On June 17, Cochran and her crew walked out to their Lockheed Hudson. All three were somewhat disconcerted by its condition. As Cochran checked the airplane, her responsibility as first pilot, she found the window in the pilot's cabin had been smashed. Once inside the fuselage, she noticed the life raft was missing and the wrench used to activate the oxygen system had been removed. While the window was being repaired, Cochran bought a wrench from a passing mechanic.

Finally, late in the afternoon, the Lockheed Hudson took off from Montreal, and Cochran took over the control wheel. Twelve long hours later, Cochran had directed the bomber on course straight across the Atlantic. She set up her final approach into the landing field of ATA headquarters, Prestwick, Scotland, then relinquished control back to her navigator for their landing.

Once again, the British press greeted an American woman pilot who had flown the Atlantic, this time in a bomber. But after proving a woman could fly a much needed bomber across the ocean, Cochran had other business in Britain. She went to London, and met with Captain Pauline Gower, head of the women flyers of the Air Transport Auxiliary, before heading back to the United States of America.

On her return, July 1, 1941, in a news interview at her home, she spoke freely about the results of her trip. She went, she said, "Because I wanted to check up on what those girls were doing, and to see how we could organize a similar group in this country."

When the press finally left the apartment, the telephone rang. She was invited to luncheon the next day at Hyde Park with President and Mrs. Roosevelt. A police escort would pick her up.

After lunch, Cochran spent two hours with President Roosevelt. She left Hyde Park with a note of introduction to Assistant Secretary of War for Air, Robert A. Lovett. In the note, the President gave instructions that Jacqueline Cochran was to research a plan for an organization of women pilots to serve with the United States Army Air Corps. ▽

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FASHION INFORMATION

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Page 290: *Left:* Earrings by Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Bangle by Carol for Eva Graham. Saks Fifth Avenue. Belt, comes with turnout. Trimfit panty stockings. Anne Klein sandals. . . . *Right:* Earrings by Richard Charles Glassen. Bergdorf Goodman. Bangle, Carol for Eva Graham. Saks Fifth Avenue. Trimfit panty stockings. Sandals by Diego Della Valle.
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Reflections: what one old woman taught a younger about solitude

Sometimes a woman/wife/mother has to be alone in order to learn what her feelings mean

By Shelby Moorman Howatt

Several blocks from my home is a vast, untidy Victorian house the neighborhood children believe is haunted. A mysterious, reclusive woman lives there, unseen, although some say they've glimpsed her dashing toward her old car in the driveway at night, or when the weather blots out the sun. My Sunday ramblings with our dog always lead to the cracked sidewalk in front of her house. I squint and stare. Each bit of light reflected from the closed windows suggests an eye staring back. She may be crouching there, daring me to pass the ragged overgrown hedge that is her magic circle, the protective border between her world and ours.

My fascination with the scene, the unknown situation, is complete and powerful, as strong as my need for the solitary walk itself. The two have much to do with each other, but it has taken me years to make the connection. Any woman-wife-mother (with a dozen other hats as well) will recognize the compulsion: There comes a time when it is absolutely necessary to be alone. Nobody has to tell me that our brains operate through electrical impulses. I've short-circuited mine in the bathroom when small fists pounding on the door insisted that even my primary needs were second to somebody else's. I've smelled burning brain cells when bending over my office typewriter while an insistent stranger jangled the telephone. And, side by side with the anger crackling through the brain is guilt. No man I know blows out all his cylinders and then tells himself: Baby, you are one selfish, out-of-control dummy—they *need* you out there.

So it goes with most of us women. I wish it were different, but I somehow know that for me it won't be, not in this lifetime. "And after all," whines the pursed-lipped old crone in back of my eyes, "you asked for it." O.K., old lady, I surely did, and I wouldn't really trade my life for anything. All the same, I go out into the desert on Sunday afternoons. No John-the-Baptist tiger-skin loincloth for me, of course, but shapeless corduroys I wouldn't wear to the office do as well. And those lopsided sunglasses with the funny magnifying bubble in them, too, the better to peer with through the tangled hedge up the way.

What does the woman *do* all day? My answer to this will depend on my mood and has become my most reliable emotional barometer. One grey-green day in late summer, I stood in front of her house weeping, imagining the recluse crawling from room to room. To me, that day, she was ill and blind and hungry, choking with the dust. At work, my words had been leaping onto paper with no more effort than it takes to rub developing fluid onto invisible ink. At home, the kids, for once, were all content. But something was wrong, and a shake of the woman's upstairs blind knocked it front and center: I was frightened of dental surgery scheduled that week.

Another time, I felt certain the recluse was laughing. In my mind, she was watching an old Laurel and Hardy film, eating a fudge sundae. Her hair was swept up in a

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Gibson Girl knot, with wisps of curls framing her face. My walk that day was joyful, punctuated with smiles. After two painful years in a nursing home, my grandmother had celebrated her ninetieth birthday by walking, unassisted, to chapel. "It was wonderful," she giggled into the phone, "I didn't need anybody's help." My recluse clearly didn't need anybody's help, either. I applauded her strength, the strength of all women, and wished her well.

In some countries, the people have holy men who are exempted from work with the hands. They spend most of their lives alone in remote regions knocking their human minds against mysteries too difficult and awesome for the rest. When they come down to the villages, they are fed and revered. This makes perfect sense. I may be a foolish romantic for saying so, but that is what our neighborhood recluse is for me. She may well be "sick"—whatever that means in a culture that spends billions to assure a truly spectacular doomsday via nuclear fission. She is no doubt afraid of life as we know it. So am I. The truth is, I'm glad I'll never know the real story. If her house should burn in the night (she could smoke cigars), I'd rush in to save her, if I could.

In the meantime, I'd like my recluse to know that when all about me are beating on the door, clawing through the telephone wires, I love to think of her. Hey, lady, if you ever do come down to the village, leave your car in your driveway so I won't know. Let's not let reality mess up this relationship. I love you just the way you are. ▽

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